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BLONDE ET BRUNETTE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.
BY HELEN MARBLE.

Out from the revel I see them pass,
And I swiftly follow the two;
To my satin shod feet the wavy grass
Clings, wet with the heavy night dew.
I see him tenderly look in her eyes,
And hear his voice calling her fair;
I can almost see her light blushes rise
As he toys with her long gold hair.

Oh, girl! do you know in whose arms you lay—
To whose soft love vows you now list?
My light form has lain there many a day,
My lips, oft as yours, he has kissed;
He tells you he ne'er has loved maiden but you.
'Tis false—he has told me the same;
And I have loved him as deeply, so true,
And he was all mine till you came.

Your hair is like sunshine, mine like the night,
Your face is as pale as the snow;
Your sweet downcast eyes are brim full of light,
In mine the black shades come and go.
Aye, press her again and again to your heart,
As me you have pressed in times past,
And kiss her soft lips once more ere you part,
I warn you, that kiss is your last.

* * * * * *

Hush! hush! 'tis her chamber, she lies there asleep,
In her innocent beauty and bloom,
With dagger uplifted I breathlessly creep
To her couch, in the dim lighted room;
Her lips are yet softly breathing his name,
Still warm from his last ling'ring kiss,
My steel gleams bright in the lamp's soft flame—
Oh, God! there is no way but THIS!

LONDON AFTER DARK.

On this Tale is Founded the Popular Drama.

CHAPTER XV.

THE BUTLER AND THE TWO COOKS—SUCH A THING AS BEING TOO AMIABLE.

Millington had made a great mistake in believing that by paying the tavern bill of these two needy customers he had effectually get rid of them both.

Mr. Sharpsett, indeed, went his way, having no longer any motive for remaining in that neighborhood, and having, besides, the rest of the day to provide for.

Those two having walked some distance together—

"Which way are you going?" inquired Sam Grover.

"Mine," replied Sharpsett, pointing in a particular direction, "is a left handed destiny."

"And I," said Sam, "am going straight forward—so I'll say good bye."

"Ah, Sam, my boy, if you had pursued the straightforward line over that luncheon——"

"And if you hadn't acted quite so much over the left——"

"Never mind, we got well out of it, thanks to Millington. I say, I should like to know what his little game is just now."

"Nonsense, Fred, what does it matter to us? We ought to be well satisfied that he has got us out of a mess."

"Well, that's true; good bye, Sam, my Briton!"

"Good bye, Fred, my tulip!"

When he had assured himself that Sharpsett was fairly off and had no intention of returning, Sam hastily made his way back to the neighborhood of the hotel he had so recently quitted, and there, well hidden, placed himself on the watch.

He knew that those he wanted were still where he had left them, for he could see the brougham standing in the inn yard.

What followed we know; and when Sam had seen Walter and the men into whose vile hands he had fallen enter the villa, he said to himself—

"Now, what more can I do? Nothing more at all that I can see, except to make haste to Mr. Richard Brandon, and tell him what is going on here."

"Yes, that's it: I've done all I can, I think, and I'll leave it to him to do the rest."

On his way to Richard Brandon he had to pass the end of the street in which his intended resided, and, thought Sam:—

"I will just call and see Caroline, for she must be in high indignation, wondering what has become of me. I won't stop though—just long enough to put her into a good humor and to get something to eat and drink, for I am quite famished again, and Carry has always got something jolly nice in the cupboard."

Bounding into the adored one's presence:—

"Here I am, my duck," exclaimed Sam.

"Yes, I see you are, my goose," angrily retorted Miss Cook; "and I should like to know why you have not been here before. If I am to be neglected in this way before marriage, I may know very well how it will be afterwards."

"My dearest angel, you know that I have been employed on important business for Mr. Richard Brandon—I have told you so over and over again, and he is a very liberal young gentleman—but that will soon be all over, and then, my love, my life, my soul! I shall be wholly and entirely your own, your devoted slave!"

"Ah, Sam," cried Miss Cook, "you have got such a wheedling tongue; you do talk such beautiful language, that you make me forgive you, after I had made up my mind that I wouldn't."

"You blame me for my absence when I can't live without beholding you; even now I have rushed here to see you without stopping to get my dinner, and I feel so weak and exhausted—just for all the world as if I was going to faint away."

"Oh, good gracious!" Caroline screamed in alarm, and, rushing to the cupboard, lugged out the brandy bottle.

"Take a drop of this, my poor, dear Sam!"

"I'll try," he said; "but on an empty stomach, I am almost afraid to——"

"Here, here is plenty to eat."

"As Caroline returned to the cupboard, and while her back was towards him, Sam gulped down a good bumper of the brandy, and then proceeded to make a very hearty meal of the choice and delicate food which his lady love hastily placed before him.

When he had eaten till he felt that he could not hold another morsel, Sam said:—

"There, that will do for the present, I think. Thank'ee for me, Carry, my love—and now I must be off again."

"Off where?"

"Why, I have to go to Mr. Richard Brandon, to tell him something particular."

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself, just to come here and eat up every bit of my victuals, and then want to be off again directly. But your Mr. Brandon, that you make such a fuss about, must wait for you till to-morrow, for you are going out with me."

"I am?"

"Yes."

"When?"

"Now—directly," said Caroline, very decidedly. "I ought to have been gone before, only I waited in hopes that you would come to keep me company."

"Yes, Carry, I do keep company with you, I know, to my extreme delight; but, as I have told you, Mr. Brandon——"

"Well, you can go away to your Mr. Brandon, if you like, only, if you do, I have done with you for ever, that's all."

"My love," hastily cried Sam, "take me where you will, do with me what you please."

"I am going to take you where you will be very comfortable."

Sam had his doubts about that.

"You have heard me talk about my cousin, Betsy Greesby, haven't you?" proceeded Caroline, "she came up here to London to be cook in a gentleman's family, you know?"

"Yes, I remember."

"Well, we are going to see her. I wrote to her to tell her I was in London and was going to be married, and she wrote back fixing to-day for me to come and see her, and to bring my young man with me."

"Is it far to where she lives?"

"Yes, it's a goodish step."

"Then, Caroline Cook, my darling, I can't go, I can't, indeed. My legs are ready to drop off now, I am so precious tired."

"What does that matter? of course we shall go there in a cab."

"No, we can't."

"How's that?"

"Because I came out in a hurry and—and I have got no money."

"Well, but I have got some."

"I can't allow my future bride to pay for me; it wouldn't be delicate."

"You haven't always been so very particular."

"No, but my feelings have got more refined lately. However, I'll just run home and——"

But he was not allowed to escape, and a few minutes afterwards crawled unwillingly into the cab which his intended had caused to be sent for, and took his place beside her, muttering to himself—

"And Mr. Brandon will be waiting at home for me! Oh dear—between this cook in the cab and the cook we are going to see, I shall be nicely dished."

During the journey Grover curled himself up in a corner of the vehicle, uttering scarcely a word, and was, as his lady-love indignantly expressed it, "as surly as a bear."

"Stop the cab, Sam," at length cried Miss Cook, "we are only a few yards from the house now, and must walk, because Betsy's master mightn't like her visitors to come riding up to the door as if they were real gentlefolks."

"Gentlefolks," grumbled Sam, "don't ride in such a dirty old growler as this is."

Sam alighted from the cab, and so pre-occupied was he that he did not even look about him to see into what neighborhood he had been brought; it mattered not to him, he thought.

When they had walked a little way—

"There," said Caroline, "this is the house, but we must go round to the servants' entrance."

Sam carelessly glanced toward the house to which his sweetheart pointed, uttered an exclamation, and gave a great jump.

It was to Mr. Summerford's villa that Caroline had directed his attention.

"Are we going there?" he eagerly asked.

"Yes, certainly—whatever is the matter with you?"

"It's surprise, my angel; it's such a beautiful place!"

"Isn't it? you are not sorry now that you have come?"

"Sorry, my angel—I am delighted, and wouldn't have missed this chance for a thousand pounds, money down."

"Make yourself amiable, Sam, because I don't want Betsy to think that I am going to be married to a stupid young man that hasn't got a word to say for himself."

"Don't you be afraid, Carry, I'll come out strong, and your cousin Betsy shall envy you your young man, and wish to have one herself just like him."

They were remarkably well received by Betsy Greesby, who was very red in the face and perspiring freely.

"I'm glad to see you, Caroline, my dear," said her cousin, "though I shouldn't have had you here to-day if I had known that we were to have people to dinner, because of not making you as welcome as I should like. But, never mind, you shall have plenty to eat and drink, and the bustle will soon be all over, and then we can have a quiet talk together."

About an hour and a half afterwards, Betsy Greesby, full dressed, and no longer ruffled and perspiring, sailed into the room in which Miss Cook and Mr. Grover were seated, cracking nuts and sipping port, in company with the butler, who had, as was well known, given his heart to the cook, and so was naturally inclined to do the liberal to her friends.

Beyond the desire to gratify his intended, Grover had now a very strong motive for making himself agreeable, and in his anxiety made himself at starting rather too agreeable, for so assiduous and overwhelming were his compliments and attentions to Betsy Greesby that her cousin and the butler grew jealous and huffy.

Sam, however, perceived what was the matter, and, changing his tactics, had soon completely mollified his Caroline and assuaged the butler's rising wrath.

Caroline nudged her young man and whispered to him:—

"I didn't bring you here, I think, to make love to Betsy!"

"Nonsense, my angel," Sam responded, in the same way; "I am only doing the amiable, according to your instructions."

"Yes, but you are a good deal overdoing it, according to my mind."

While the butler grumbled to his adored one:—

"Betsy, if you don't leave off encouraging that audacious fellow, something desperate will happen before the night is over."

"Law," simpered Miss Greesby, "if he's struck with me I can't help it, can I?"

But Sam soon made all straight.

"You are a happy man, Mr. Seller," he said, to the butler, "and many men will envy you the place you have obtained in the heart of the charming Miss Greesby."

"Perhaps you would like to cut me out? But I am not to be bottled by such as you, I flatter myself."

"No, I should think not, indeed," returned Sam; "for the little talk I have had with the lady has proved to me that she is all your own."

"Go along with you, do," simpered the cook; while all the butler's former radiancy returned in a moment.

But Caroline had yet to be appeased, so Sam proceeded—

"And as for me, my fate is fixed. My Caroline is dearer to me than the air I breathe, and deprived of her love I should fade and wither, like an early flower nipped by the frost."

That beautiful speech finished the business, and mirth and harmony again reigned supreme.

Sam was all this while extremely anxious to learn something concerning the visit of those whom he had watched into the house, but knew not how to set about it.

But fortune was about to favor him.

"Will the gentleman upstairs stop late, do you think?" Betsy asked the butler.

"One of them, I understand," replied Mr. Seller, "is to stop here till his marriage with Miss Summerford."

"Oh," laughed Sam, "there is then love and marriage going on above stairs, as well as below."

"And this will be a queer marriage," said the cook, "for the two lovers never saw each other till to-day."

"How strangely these rich people do go on," cried Caroline. "I am sure we ought all of us to be very thankful that we are not rich people."

The butler and Sam, gazing tenderly, each of them, on his adored one, declared that they would not have been born a lord or a duke for all the world.

The whole history of the marriage then in contemplation above stairs having become known to Mr. Seller, he, with an air of mystery and importance, proceeded to relate it.

And certainly his relation produced a great effect upon his hearers, on Sam Grover most especially.

"But," said the cook, "you havn't told us the name of the young gentleman who is going to marry Miss Louisa."

"His name," responded the butler, "is Richard Brandon."

"Gracious; what does it all mean!" wonderingly thought Sam Grover.

"Well; how strange," cried Miss Cook; "Why that. Sam. is the name of——"

Sam violently jogged her elbow, and upset over her new dress the glass of wine she had been raising to her lips.

Caroline raved and stormed and Sam made a thousand apologies for his awkwardness.

"Never mind, Carry, dear," said her cousin; "accidents will happen, and I can tell you of something that will take out the stain."

During this the butler was summoned up-stairs, and matters had hardly got smooth again below when he returned.

"There, they are off, thank goodness!" said Mr. Seller.

"Who are off?" demanded the cook.

"Not the lover—he remains, as I told you—but the two gentlemen that came with him."

"And I hope they won't come again in a hurry," said the cook, "giving me such a lot of trouble."

"Well; I heard Mr. Summerford ask when he should have the pleasure of seeing them again, and then the tallest of them, and a fine man he is, too——"

"That's Millington," Sam said to himself.

"He said that his friend wouldn't be able to come, but that he would do himself the pleasure to call and have a little talk with Mr. Summerford to-morrow."

"In the morning?" asked Betsy Greesby."

"Between three and four o'clock.

"Ah," grumbled Betsy, "then he'll stop to dinner again, no doubt about it."

"But isn't it strange," commenced Caroline, "that the name of your young lady's lover should happen to be——"

"Come, my love," hastily interrupted Sam," it's time we were off. It's getting late, and this lady and gentleman, after such a fatiguing day, must be dreadfully worn out."

Almost as soon as they had quitted the house, Miss Cook said, rather sharply, to her lover:—

"I suppose you are not sorry now that I took you to see my cousin?"

"I am delighted, my love," returned Sam; "never passed a more pleasant nor a more profitable evening in my life."

"Oh, yes, you have found it pleasant enough, no doubt, but I don't exactly know what you mean about the profit of it. It hasn't been very pleasant to me, and not at all profitable neither, considering I have got my dress spoiled; that's all I've got to say. I shan't go there again in a hurry."

"Why, you promised your cousin——"

"Yes, I know, and so did you."

"Not until the butler had asked me to come again soon, and——"

"Ah! if he is so easily satisfied I am not. Betsy is too forward to please me; I didn't expect it of her, and if you go there again I have done with you."

"Very well," muttered Sam.

"Very well, what?" sharply demanded Caroline.

"I mean, I won't."

"That's a dear—Betsy ought to be ashamed of herself, and it was as much as ever I could do to keep from telling her so."

CHAPTER XVI.

A MEETING AND A NEGOTIATION—DOUBLE DEALING AND A LURKING DANGER.

Early on the following morning Sam hastened to Richard Brandon, and related to him all that he had seen and heard on the previous day.

"Oh, I understand that infamous subterfuge," exclaimed Richard.

Well aware of the marriage that had been arranged, Brandon, as will not be wondered at, had so far entertained no thought of presenting himself to the father of the young lady who had been chosen for him.

"I am glad you understand it, sir," said Sam, "for I haven't been able to make it out at all."

"That marriage shall not take place," cried Brandon. "My presence shall suffice to baffle all their scheming and to overthrow the imposture. That man—what did you say was his name?"

"Millington."

"Well, some then, conduct me where I may encounter him."

"Yes, sir," responded Sam; "only he mustn't see me, or even suspect that I have any hand in the business, for if he did——"

"No, no, my good fellow, rest easy."

It was barely two o'clock, and Brandon and Sam were ensconced in a private room of that hotel which we have before visited.

"You are certain that he must pass this way?" said Richard Brandon.

"Certain," replied Sam; "coming from town there is no other road by which he may reach the villa yonder."

"And you will know that brougham again, of which you have told me?"

"Yes; but it's my opinion that he'll walk; he is fond of walking, because then he can look out better, and he is always on the look-out for something or somebody, I can tell you."

A little before three o'clock, Sam, who had all along been cautiously peeping from the window, suddenly cried—

"There he is, sir—that's him!—and on foot, just as I expected."

As Millington, walking leisurely, arrived opposite the door of the hotel, Brandon stepped from it and placed himself directly in the other's path, compelling him to an abrupt halt.

Millington looked just a little surprised, and that was all.

Whatever were the emotions he at any time experienced, his countenance was no tell-tale, and the most skilled in reading the "human face divine" could have learned nothing from a perusal of that man's bold and handsome features.

"Mr. Millington, I believe—indeed, I am sure," said Richard.

"And you, sir," quietly responded the man addressed, "may I ask——"

"I, sir, am Richard Brandon."

That was spoken suddenly and abruptly, but judging by outward appearances, the announcement had produced very little, if any effect on Millington.

"Oh," he drawled, "if that be the case, no doubt you wish to have a little private talk with me."

He sauntered after Brandon into the hotel, and into the room where Sam had been left, but of course Mr. Grover had made himself scarce.

"Now, sir," said Millington, "proceed; I am ready to hear you."

"You speak with such cool insolence," passionately cried Richard, "because my brother being your accomplice in this infamous piece of work, you think that I shall not dare to rouse the law against you."

"You have nearly hit it, I confess."

"But I can at least undeceive Mr. Summerford, and so hinder you and that other man, that accomplice, equally infamous with yourself, of all the reward which you——"

"Pardon me," quietly interrupted Millington, "Have you seen your brother?"

"Not yet."

"Ah, I thought not. Well, then, listen—he has given several bills of exchange to my friend and partner in this transaction; the united amount of those, however, is not at all considerable."

"The money that Walter has received on account of this wretched business, I will repay."

"That is very good of you, Mr. Brandon; but those bills are of trifling import, and there is something far greater of which I am about to tell you."

"What can you mean?" said Richard, with an uneasy and anxious feeling.

"Simply that Walter Brandon has attached his name to a bond by which, whether he does or does not marry Miss Summerford, he makes himself the debtor of myself and the third party in the transaction to the amount of five thousand pounds."

"And Walter has really signed to such a bond!"

"Yes, I assure you."

"Unhappy young man!"

"And to be candid with you, Mr. Richard Brandon, your brother, but for your arrival to mar this marriage, would have been worth at least ten thousand pounds to us."

"Vile extortioners!"

"Those big words, sir, are quite thrown away upon me."

"The circumstances under which that bond was signed would, in the eyes of the law, render it valueless."

"Perhaps so. But to sue your brother on it would be to cover the name of Brandon with infamy, and could you endure that? You, whose pride it has been again and again to risk your life in order to illustrate that name."

"Such an exposure would kill me, I confess it," said Richard.

"I doubt it not in the least," smiled Millington.

"But would you dare to venture on that exposure?"

"Wherefore not?"

"Because you would fear lest some of your former misdeeds should rise up against you, and your associate, Sharkey Morris, who, even more than yourself, has cause to dread——"

"You know his name, also," hastily interrupted Millington. "By whom, may I ask, have you been so well informed concerning all this?"

"That is my secret," responded Brandon.

"Which I shall endeavor to penetrate—and," added Millington, "should I discover who has done me this good turn he shall have cause to rue his interference."

"Come, without further parley, tell me what is your resolve?"

"Ah, if you had but remained away a short while longer——"

"To the point."

"Well—I should be unwilling to appeal to the law—"

"Say that you dare not."

"And all circumstances considered, the bond signed by your brother shall be given up to you——"

"Yes—go on!"

"If you will pay the five thousand pounds for which he has bound himself."

"Preposterous!"

"No, that is not the half of what that marriage would have realized for myself and Morris."

"What have I to do with that?"

"And then the honor of your name is at stake."

"That my name may be spared all risk of becoming published to the world, connected with so infamous a transaction, is the only motive which causes me now to say, deliver to me that document and I will give you one thousand pounds."

"That is very little," shrugged Millington, considering. Come, come, Mr. Brandon, say two thousand pounds, and let us make an end of it."

"I will not give a shilling more than I have said," responded Richard, encouraged to be firm because he saw that the other was yielding.

"Positively you will give no more?"

"You have heard my last word."

"You drive a hard bargain with me, but——"

"Silence, wretch," scornfully cried Richard; "give me that bond, and I will write you a check."

"Pardon, me, sir, but a check will not do; I must be paid in good Bank of England notes."

"Well, then——"

"Besides, that is not all."

"What else?"

"Only that the document in question is not at present in my possession."

"Is that the truth?"

"What motive could I have for speaking falsely in the matter?"

"Certainly I can see none. That bond is, then, you say——"

"In the keeping of my friend, Sharkey Morris."

"Go to him, then, and——"

"That I cannot do."

"You cannot?"

"He has been called from London by some particular business, and will not return for yet three days to come."

A vague suspicion, to which he could give no name, flashed across the mind of Richard Brandon.

It vanished, however, as rapidly as it had arisen, for Millington calmly met his scrutinizing glance, while Brandon asked himself what advantage could delay bring to the man with whom he was dealing?

"It is greatly annoying," Richard said, "for I am very anxious once more to behold and embrace my brother."

"Well," said Millington, with au indifference which was far from being real, "you are near enough to him now to render your meeting very easy."

But, other considerations apart, Richard Brandon had a dread of encountering the woman with whom, in obedience to the wishes, and in his reverence for his father's memory, he would be compelled to declare himself prepared to wed.

The wound inflicted on his heart by Eliza, and which had nearly healed, had been re-opened by her supposed terrible death.

His reply to Millington, however, was—

"No, I shall not see Walter till that bond is in my possession, and he is free of the toils into which he has been so basely lured."

"Well, see him when you please, that is no concern of mine. With respect to the document in question, I am as vexed as you can be that I cannot at once deliver it to you and receive my thousand pounds."

"Come, then, tell me when and where——"

"On the third night from this date, at ten o'clock, at that place," said Millington, taking from his pocket a card, and giving it to Brandon.

Richard, having glanced at the card, said, with some surprise—

"A strange place of meeting."

"'Tis a place which is the property of my friend Sharkey Morris, and I have fixed on it because there, and nowhere else, he is certain to be found."

"Very well."

"Good day, Mr. Brandon."

"Stay, one word more."

"Speak, sir."

"I must make it part of our contract that you present yourself not again at Mr. Summerford's residence, and that you attempt not to hold any further communication with my brother."

"Walter Brandon now is nothing to me."

"You promise, then?"

"Readily—once more, good day, Mr. Brandon."

Millington walked quietly from the house, and on the way that would lead him back to town.

And as with seeming carelessness he sauntered along the road, thus communed he with himself—

"How easily the fool was caught! That fortune is my last chance, the only hope left to me, and I shall not suffer it to escape me!"

"That he will not in the meantime see Walter is a piece of good luck for which I had scarcely hoped."

"Ah, Mr. Richard Brandon, you know not your man. You shall find to your cost that I do not allow myself to be so very easily defeated. Until now I have employed but skill and cunning, but since, as it seems, it must be so, I will make use of force and violence."

CHAPTER XVII.

PROSPECTS SEEM TO BRIGHTEN—A GLEAM OF SUNSHINE BEFORE THE STORM.

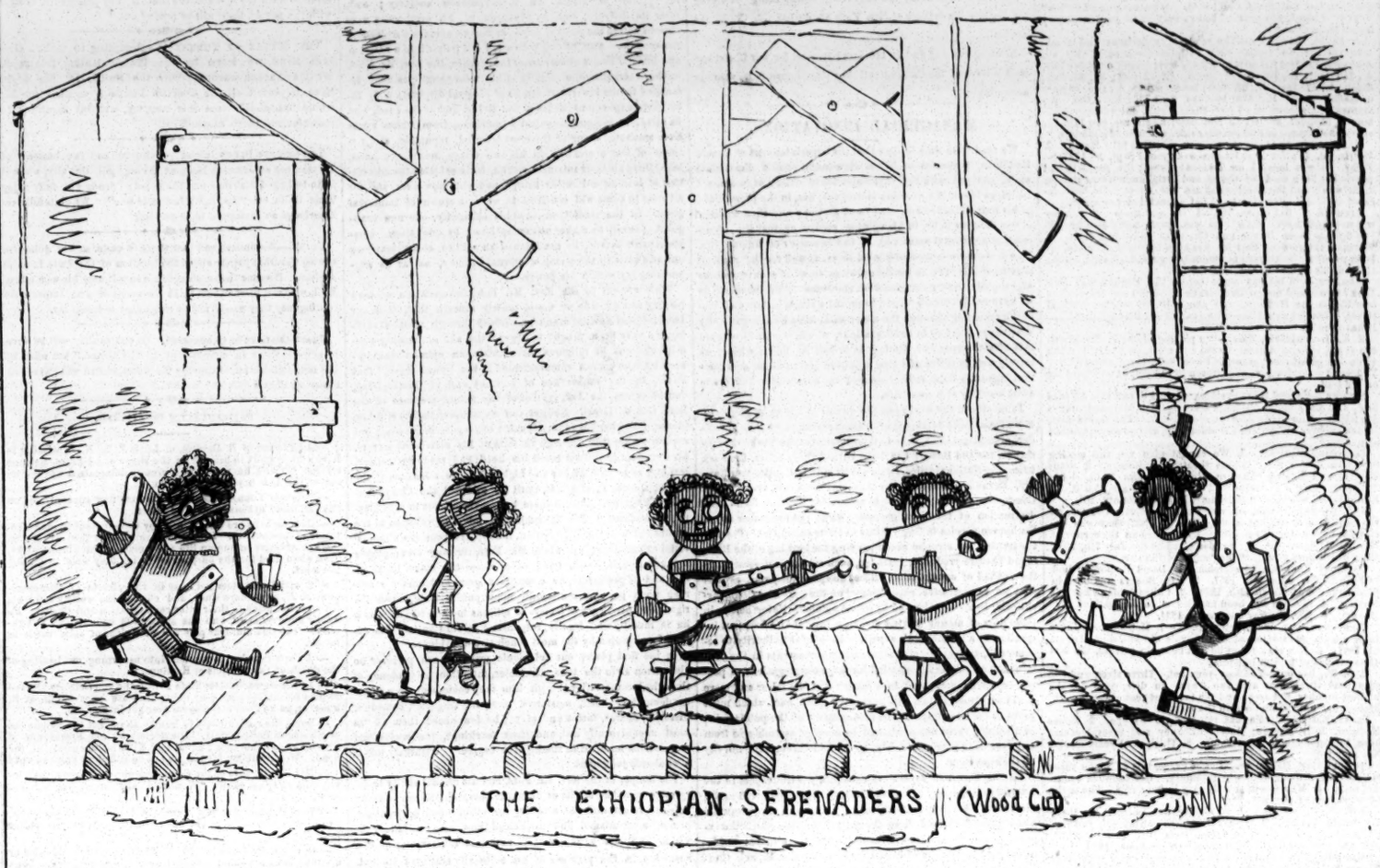
That gin trickling down the wall of the railway arch was as great a torture almost to old Tom Boozey as though it had been blood drawn from his own heart.

Removing his eyes from the harrowing sight he returned towards Eliza, and, clenching his trembling hand, said angrily and reproachfully—

"Cruel, ungrateful girl! You see to what a condition you have reduced me—I have told you that when these paroxysms are on me gin alone has power to soothe and save me—I am, you have said it, the only friend on earth left to you, and you, ungrateful fool, would let me die here, before your very eyes."

"If we are to continue friends," Eliza said with quiet resolution; "the promise you have made to me must be rigidly kept; it were still further to degrade myself should I suffer a drunkard to call me his child. I will not give myself to the control of a man who knows not how to govern himself."

"I am worse than a brute beast," burst forth Boozey; "but forgive me this time and I will offend no more—say that you will always call me father, and I shall be strong to resist the devil that has already undone me."



When Old Tom had become again perfectly calm, Eliza said—

"As I have lain yonder, I have reflected day after day on what I might hope to do to earn my own living."

"Think not of that, my child, at all events not yet. Now I shall drink no more gin I shall be able to earn enough to support us both."

"You have already deprived yourself of too much for my sake, and I will no longer be a burthen to you."

"You are tired of me and would see me no more?"

"Do not think it. I have no desire to quit you; we will dwell always together."

"Bless you, my dear child! But how then——"

"I am a good needlewoman, and by perseverence, by earnestly seeking, might be able to obtain—only——"

Eliza hesitated.

"Only what, my child?" inquired Boozey.

"I—I have neither bonnet nor shawl. Mine were left on the bridge when——"

"If that's all, and if you are really determined——"

"Oh, yes, yes!"

"Well, perhaps you are right; with plenty of employment you will not have time to brood long or often over your sorrows."

"That is what I have been thinking, father. But what was it you were just now about to say?"

"Why, that I have got a few shillings, and that I know a wardrobe shop where you might get what you want at a very reasonable price."

"Please go, then, father, and buy me, if you can, a bonnet and shawl, and with the first money that I earn I will repay you."

"Don't talk like that, there's a dear. But how am I to choose? I am no judge of bonnets and shawls."

"The more plain and simple the better, that is all you have to observe."

Old Boozey started off, and was gone about an hour. When he returned he brought with him a bonnet and shawl, neat and unpretending, and in tolerably good condition, far superior indeed to those which Eliza had cast from her before leaping into the river.

After she had, to Old Tom's great satisfaction, expressed her approval of the articles, and had declared her intention of immediately setting forth in search of employment, Boozey said:—

"Oh, but stop a bit, I have got such news for you, such a bit of luck!"

"Indeed," cried Eliza; "what is it?"

"Why, you must know that, just after I had come out of the shop with the bonnet and shawl, I ran against a young man that I have known for a long time, and seeing me with those things he laughed, and asked me if I was going to change my sex. Then I told him I had bought them for a poor girl that was very clever with her needle, but was very badly off and wanted to get some work. Then he asked me, my dear, if you was a respectable girl—yes, he did indeed!"

"Well?"

"And when I told him that you were an angel, what do you think he said?"

"Indeed I cannot guess."

"'Why, he says, 'I can recommend her to a place where she will get a good job of work.'"

"Oh, what happiness!" exclaimed Eliza.

"It seems, my dear, that he has got friends that live in a house where a young lady, Miss Summerford he said her name was, is going to be married, and that you have only to go there——"

"I will go at once—now directly!"

"But I haven't told you where she lives—and there is a good deal more that I must tell you, before——"

"You shall walk part of the way with me, and you can tell me all else it is necessary that I should know as we proceed."

Leaving the archway, Eliza went forward at so rapid a pace that Old Tom was kept toddling at her heels like a poodle.

"Stop," the old man presently cried, "you are taking the wrong turning; wait for me."

"Come on, then," impatiently cried Eliza, "and tell me——"

"Walk slower then, my dear child, that I may get my breath again, for a man can't talk when he's puffing and panting like a steam engine!"

TO BE CONTINUED.

A CAT STORY.

It was a large gray cat, that sprang through the window of the *hacienda* and clung with tenacious hold to where the lime had fallen from the laths in the opposite wall, its great yellow eyes shining like balls of fire in the deepening twilight, its fur erect, its tail thickened, and a savage feline snarl issuing from between its gleaming teeth.

This was in Central America, under Walker, at the close of a long summer day. I was sergeant of Company B., of the——well, we won't mind the regiment, for the circumstances I am about to relate are of a painful nature, and I know not whose eyes these pages may meet. There were five of us:—Captain Harland; Lieutenant Goodwill; Second Lieutenant Purcell; Surgeon Seton, and myself, Sergeant Holmes. We five were in the long, low room at the south end of the hacienda; the regiment was encamped in the plantain grove between us and the red barred twilight that here and there shone in bright spots through the sombre, thick foliaged trees.

Those were the dark days of the expedition, as dark as any that came afterward. We had been short of supplies for three whole weeks, and all we had had to eat pretty much were the long, fleshy bananas that were just ripening. How gaunt and starved we looked. I am sure I should never have known one of my companions had I chanced to meet them anywhere else, looking as they did then. And I suppose they would never have known me under like circumstances.

Do you wonder then that we hailed the appearance of that cat with a shout of joy? Whence it came, what drove it in among us, were no questions for men in our half starved condition. What! you shudder at the bare idea of a meal like ours that night? Then you have never felt the pangs of hunger as we did, that is all.

The quick, sharp report of a pistol, a cloud of purple smoke that floated like a wreath out at the window, and the cat lay dead upon the floor.

"A good shot, Purcell!" remarked the Doctor; "if that had been a native, eh?"

"He wouldn't make half so good a supper," was the Lieutenant's reply.

"A great site fatter than any of us, this" remarked the Captain, lifting the cat by the tail and tossing it upon the rude pine table at one side of the room. "Now then, who'll skin the beast?"

"I'll do it," said Goodwill, "if you'll let me take that long knife of yours."

"There it is," answered the Captain, handing him the knife already open. "Sergeant, you kindle a fire outside, and be ready to cook the kitten."

Captain Harland was a man I had never liked. He was a man of coarse nature, rude and brutal oftentimes in his manner and speech. Between him and Goodwill there was a decided feeling of animosity. They had never been friends. The latter was one of the kindest and gentlest of men. Although I was only a sergeant in the same company, that absence of strict discipline which characterizes most expeditions of a "fillibustering" nature, was the cause of a closer intimacy than usually exists between officers holding a commission and those who do not; or this, rather than being the cause, afforded the opportunity; for I was drawn toward Goodwill from the time I first exchanged words with him; there was that sympathy between us which mostly any one can understand. Although Harland was brave to excess, he was no more so than was Goodwill, with a keener sense of danger. The latter I knew had something to live for. Often had I seen him, when he thought no one was by, take from his bosom a picture, and gaze at it long and tenderly. Whatever induced him to join Walker's army was to me a riddle. He was evidently a gentleman both by birth and education, and it could have been from no lack of opportunity to do better at home. It must have been from sheer love of adventure, I think. Harland was of altogether another stamp than the lieutenant. He had been used to this sort of thing all his life pretty much. He had traveled the plains and Mexico, had fought the Indians on the borders of Texas, and rioted and feasted in the far away cities of South America. He was fond of reciting his adventures, many of which were anything but to his credit. It was no wonder, I often thought, that these men disliked one another, they were so widely opposite, even in appearance. The captain was stout and of medium height; Goodwill slight, and a little above. The one was dark, with coarse brown hair and beard; the other fair, with blonde hair and moustache, and blue eyes soft as a woman's. But the difference in character was even yet stronger. But to my story.

The cat had been duly cooked and eaten. To say that we enjoyed the meal would give but a slight idea of the satisfaction it afforded us. I never remember to have eaten so savory a dish.

"There's one square meal in three weeks, at all events," remarked Purcell. "It'll be longer, I think, before we get another."

"It isn't good for the health to overeat one's self," observed the Doctor. "To fast is a pure privy creed."

"I'd rather do it from inclination than necessity though," answered Purcell.

"So would all of us, perhaps," said the Captain. "By the way, Goodwill, what did you do with my knife?"

"It's there on the table," was Goodwill's answer.

"It's no such thing," replied the other, barely glancing in that direction. I got up and searched for it myself. I felt certain there was trouble brewing, and hoped to avert it; but the knife was nowhere about."

"See here, Goodwill," said the Captain in an ugly tone, "You've got that knife, and I want you to hand it over."

"I tell you I left it on the table," answered the Lieutenant, firing up.

"You lie!" retorted the other in a rage. The word was no sooner out of his lips than Goodwill made a rush for him. Purcell, the Doctor and I got between. I don't know if we were right in this; perhaps they had better had it out, those two, then and there; but somehow it seemed the thing to do at the time, and we did it.

But the matter didn't end there. I wish that it had. A meeting was appointed for the morrow, at daybreak, in the grove of plantains to the west of the hacienda. It seemed strange to arrange an affair of this nature between two men who had shared so much of danger, strange enough; and all about so slight a thing. I was to be Goodwill's second. The others had consented to waive all considerations of rank, as we five had been the only ones present, and it was advisable not to let any rumor of what was to take place get abroad. I was glad of this, glad that they had agreed to have me act, because now I knew that my friend would be dealt honestly with; although I had not much reason to fear otherwise even if one had been chosen in place of me; for Harland was not popular in the regiment. Still I felt considerable satisfaction in the way things were; but how restless and uneasy was I, as I wrapped myself in my blanket that night and lay down to sleep, thinking of what the morrow might have in store.

When all was arranged, Goodwill had taken me on one side, and requested me, in case he fell, to take the picture, that I knew he wore, from his bosom, and return it myself to her whose likeness it was.

"Do not let her know how it was I died," he said; "make it appear as if I had fallen in battle." He gave me the name and address, and I promised it should be done.

By daylight we were astir. Goodwill and I were the first to leave the hacienda. Arrived in the grove I looked well to his pistols; drew the charges that were in them and reloaded them. When this was done we were joined by Doctor Seaton and the others. The sun was just rising as they came upon the ground, casting long golden beams through the dim purple shadows, gilding the pendant leaves, and the mellow ripening fruit. The birds were singing in the branches, or flying here and there startled at our voices. *Reveille* sounded behind us in the camp, rousing the soldiers from their slumbers. There was a dewy freshness in the air which soon would change to burning heat as the sun climbed higher and higher, and rounded slowly toward his noon. Everything there in the grove, save our presence, spoke of peace.

"I don't half like this," whispered Purcell to me, as he loaded Harland's pistols.

"Nor I," I replied. "Is there no way of avoiding it?"

"The Captain will never give in, he is blood thirsty," answered Purcell.

"The fault is his," I remarked.

"True," said Purcell, "but it would be hard to make him think so."

"Come!" interrupted Harland, impatiently, "what are you wasting words about? Let us have the matter over as soon as possible!"

"Is there no way of settling this difficulty, gentlemen?" asked Purcell.

"None whatever, except by fighting," answered Harland.

"I am agreed," said the Lieutenant, inclining his head slightly.

It was decided that they should fight at twelve paces. I was to give the signal by dropping a pocket handkerchief after the words "one, two, three." The distance was measured, and the principals placed opposite one another. I thought of the picture in Goodwill's bosom, and felt that my hand trembled. "God defend him," I muttered, "and if one must fall, let it be him with whom the wrong lies."

"Are you ready?" I asked, glancing last at Goodwill, and waiting for his nod.

"One! two! three!" and I let fall the handkerchief. Both pistols sounded simultaneously, their echoes reverberating through the grove. Harland remained standing where Purcell had placed him; but Goodwill was lying on his back. The Doctor, Purcell and I stepped to his side, but the Captain stood scowling at a distance.

"Curse him!" I muttered, as the Doctor raised Goodwill's hand and let it fall again helplessly at his side. A gleam of satisfaction shot over Harland's face.

"He is dead?" remarked the Doctor, unfastening the coat front. "It is here," he said, "right here," pointing to the region of the heart.

The undershirt was stained with blood. Beneath it was the miniature shattered and broken. I gathered together the pieces, and took the cord that held it from his neck.

It was as the doctor had said. The Captain's ball had entered Goodwill's heart.

Harland turned on his heel, and moved off toward the camp.

Poor Goodwill! we buried him close where he fell.

As for Harland, he was killed in the very next engagement.

The knife I found standing upright, the point sticking into the floor near to the table. The gathering darkness had prevented my finding it the evening previous. I pointed it out to Purcell.

His answer was: "The cat saved us from starving, but cost one of us his life."

I carried the fragments of that miniature through the campaign, and at last disposed of them as I had been requested to do. I never saw it till it was broken to closely examine, and so cannot say if it were like, the original; if so, it had blue eyes and chestnut hair, with rich red lips, and, oh! such sweetness and gentleness about the mouth. I think she felt that her lover was dead, for he would have contrived to let her hear from him somehow; but when she knew it for a certainty I am sure all sunshine passed from her life.

PEDESTRIANISM.

Miles and Free Matched.—The response of James Miles to Mickey Free's challenge has resulted in a match being made between them, subject to the conditions set forth in the appended protocol:—

Articles of agreement entered into between James Miles, of California, and Mickey Free, of Jersey City, this 9th day of December, 1868, who do hereby agree to walk 100 consecutive hours without rest or sleep, the first man that comes off the platform or sits down to forfeit the stakes. The match to be for $500 a side; $250 a side is now in the hands of Mr. Sam Lyons; the remaining $250 a side to be posted in the hands of the stakeholder, at Taylor's Hotel, Jersey City, between the hours of 8 and 10 A. M., on Wednesday, Dec. 16. Either man failing to be there to forfeit the money staked; the match to take place in the Apollo Rooms, 76 Prince street, on a platform two feet high, 3 feet wide, and thirty feet long, to start at 12 o'clock, noon, precisely, on Dec. 22, either man failing to be there at the time stated to forfeit the stakes. Either man failing to comply with these articles to forfeit the whole of the money staked. It is also agreed that Mr. Sam Lyons be final stakeholder.

Witnesses: { Frederick Payne, John Goulding. Signed { James Miles, Mickey Free.

Weston Abandons His "Great Walk."—Our correspondent writes as follows concerning Weston:—"When I left Biddeford, on the 9th, Weston, the walkist, was still there. He showed no signs of "lameness," but appeared hale and hearty; want of funds was there stated to be the trouble. He showed checks of Dan Rice on a New York house, but they were not negotiable. If Weston has such backers as A. T. Stewart, of New York, it seems queer that he should be compelled to pull up in Biddeford, Me. This, I hear from good authority, he claims. 'The Peoples' Candidate' ought not to start his *protege* on his travels with unavailable 'paper.' The agent, or treasurer of Weston, left Biddeford for Boston or Girard, Pa., to get checks 'converted,' and when he returned the ped. was to 'tramp.' I have not heard from him since." A telegram received from Biddeford last week, states that Weston has abandoned his undertaking. What will his "special organ" say to this?

Bill Clark Challenges George McKay.—Of late a deal of discussion has taken place between the friends of Prof. Clark, boniface of the "Clipper Shades," and George McKay, of 8th avenue and 16th street, relative to their respective abilities as pedalists, and, in order to settle the question, once for all, we have been waited upon by the former, who states that he will make a match to run McKay 100 yards, for from $100 to $500 a side; to run in one month or six weeks from signing; the race to include the "heavy weight championship." The match can be made any time by calling at the "Shades," or at this office, and, if George don't see fit to accept this, Bill says he must forever after "hold his hush."

Young and Richardson.—We understand that articles of agreement were lately signed and a forfeit of $200 a side posted for a match for $1,000 between W. H. Young, of Philadelphia, and R. W. Richardson, of Windsor, C. W., to run 70 yards, flying start, at Cleveland, O., on Saturday, 19th inst., between the hours of 3 and 4 o'clock, P. M. The money was planked at Toney Newell's, Pittsburgh, Pa., from which place Young is backed, while Richardson's friends in Cleveland post for him. It is stated that peds will be in attendance who will be prepared to give anybody who wants it a race from fifty yards up to a mile, so that those who are in quest of a job may be accommodated by showing up.

We were misinformed in regard to Jack Goulding intending to leave for England shortly. He has no such idea at present, but proposes taking a jaunt to the Crescent City, there to sojourn until spring, when he will return to this neighborhood, and be prepared to take charge of amateurs and others who desire instruction in his line, or to fulfill professional engagements.

A couple of young fellows named respectively Henry Parker and John Prune, ran a two hundred and fifty yards race for $25 a side at Philadelphia on the 12th inst., the latter winning by six yards.

Harding vs. Lang.—There is no probability of the hoped for match between Bill Lang and W. E. Harding being made, as the latter positively declines for the present to accept any of the propositions made by the English champion. He states that he will run Lang any distance he wishes "next spring;" had he adhered to the determination he at first expressed not to run until spring no one would have had reasonable cause to find fault with him, but since he once agreed to run Lang this month (without, however, the latter knowing anything about it) the public will think it strange that he refuses upon the plea of cold weather.

Wrestling Match.—Homer Lane, of this city, and Joe Johnson, of Saratoga, N. Y., have been matched, for, it is said, two thousand dollars, to wrestle the best two in three, back falls, on the 22d inst., at Amsterdam, N. Y. The match was made on the 11th inst., Harry Hill acting for Lane and Mr. Fielding for Johnson.

Cozad and Perry.—The seventy yards race between J. Wesley Cozad, who lately beat E. D. Davis, and "Poke" Perry for $2,000, is the present leading topic in pedestrian circles. It is to be decided on the Fashion Course on the 15th inst.

Jas. Miles and Mickey Free.—The match between these men to walk 100 hours without sleep or rest, for, 'tis said, $500 a side, is to commence at Apollo Hall, 76 Prince street, on the 22d inst., the start being made at 12 o'clock M. precisely.

Bill Lang was prevented from fulfilling his engagement at the Paterson, N. J., track, on Monday, 7th inst. He was to try it on the 14th inst.

Madame Moore was announced to undertake the feat of walking 25 miles inside of five hours, at Columbus Hall, Dunkirk, N. Y., on the 12th inst. John Haydock was also to attempt to walk six miles inside the hour.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1868.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

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FRANK QUEEN, Editor and Proprietor, No. 29 Spruce street, New York. Box 3 860 New York P. O.

NOTICE.

Advertisers must hand in their favors before 5 o'clock on Monday evening, in order to have them appear in that week's issue.

To Correspondents.

Clipper.—1. The crew of the Geo. J. Brown, when she rowed against the Shaw and Hop Up, over the Empire City Course, and was accredited with making the fastest five mile four oared time upon record, 30:44¾, were Denny Leary, John, James and Barney Biglin. 2. It was the same four who rowed the Samuel Collyer in the great race with the Poughkeepsie crew, July 18, 1865. 3. The Collyer (or New York, as she was then styled), was manned by John and Barney Biglin, John J. Eckerson and John Blew, when she was beaten by the Robert Earl, pulled by Josh Gil, Hank and Charley Ward, Sing Sing, Sept. 25, 1865. 4. James was born in this city, and John and Barney in Cambria County, Pa. 5. Can't tell you at present. 6. They are living in this city.

Greeny.—"At casino, my opponent is making a pile of six with a four and a deuce. Can I, with a four from the board, place it on his pile and make ten, and with the ten spot I hold in my hand take the trick? Supposing the above is correct, can I take the four spot from my hand as well as from the board to count ten, and then wait until my next play and take the trick?"......You can build from your hand in the case in question, but not from the board. After making the "ten" from your hand, you must of course wait until your next play before taking the trick.

J. K., St. Louis, Mo.—The relative proportions and armaments of the two vessels were as follows:—Length over all, Alabama, 220 feet; Kearsarge, 214¼ feet; length on water line, A., 210 feet; K., 198¼ feet; beam, A., 32 feet; K., 33 feet; depth, A., 17 feet; K., 16 feet; horse power, A., two engines of 300lbs. each; K., 400; tonnage, A., 1,150; K., 1,030. Armament—Alabama, one 7 inch Blakely rifle, one 8 inch smoothbore 68 pounder, and six 32 pounders; Kearsarge, two 11 inch, smoothbore guns, one 30 pounder rifle, and four 32 pounders.

Old Professional, Bowling Green.—1. It is Billy Morris. 2. Morris. 3. The Tremont Theatre was opened Sept. 24, 1827, by Pelby. It was located on Tremont street; the property had previously been used for Gragg and Brigham's livery stables. 4. Selwyn's and the Continental are the latest built, both located on Washington street and not a great distance apart.

Mike Shay, Baltimore, Md.—1. Do not know. 2. Tommy was not much hurt, while Pete was pretty badly used up. 3. The fight between Dwyer and Chandler ended in a draw. 4. Wormald informs us that he was born in Poplar, London, of Irish parents. 5. Coburn is generally regarded as such among those of his weight or anything near it.

Mohawk.—"A bet was made before the election that New York State would not go Democratic by 20,000 majority. It is over 25,000 for Hoffman, and about 10,000 on the electoral ticket. Has or has not the State gone 20,000 Democratic?".... It has gone Democratic by 20,000.

E. K. H.—Pittsfield, Mass.—"In playing billiards, the American game, if I play first on the red and hit it, then carom on the white and go into the pocket, do I lose two or three points?".... You lose two, unless you were frozen to the red, or were playing on the lead.

Euchre.—"A and B are partners against C and D. All pass to A, who plays alone. D plays alone against him and makes five tricks. How many does he count?"......Two points only, for the euchre. Why didn't D order it up, and go alone, instead of passing?

Passenger, Roxbury.—1. We cannot give you the seating capacities of the three largest theatres in Europe. 2. Stadt Theatre and Bowery Theatre, New York, and Philadelphia Academy. The Tabernacle, Salt Lake City, seats 15,000. 3. Edwin Booth was born in Baltimore, Harford County, Md.

G. E. W., Philadelphia.—It was Fox's American Theatre, on the north side of Walnut street, above Eighth, that was destroyed by fire June 19th, 1867. The theatre on the corner of Ninth and Chestnut streets was destroyed by fire July 7th, 1854, since which time no theatre has occupied the site.

Constant Reader, Philadelphia.—1. David P. Bowers died in Philadelphia, June 6th, 1857. 2. Mrs. Bowers was born in Stamford, Conn., March 12th, 1830. 3. Philadelphia, when not playing. 4. She has not been married since the death of Mr Bowers. 5. Mrs. Conway was born in 1834.

First National, Washington, D. C.—1. McCoole beat Jones in 34 rounds, 26 minutes, at Busenbark's Station, Ohio, August 31, 1867. 2. It is stated that he did beat, in private, the best time accredited to him in public.

C. E. W., Boston.—You lose your bet. Three sixes and two aces beat three aces and two trays. In dice, sixes are the highest number, not aces; and the fact that aces at cards count highest has nothing to do with the matter.

Teddy, Boston.—1. He has returned to Europe. 2. James Madigan, Billy Ducrow, Robert Stickney and several others have turned a double somersault. 3. Thirty-four years of age. Not married.

Seymour Boy, Baltimore.—1. The Clipper is $1.25 for three months. 2. See our dramatic summary. Her agent is a married man. 3. Maggie will shortly play in your city. She is the better actress of the two.

J. W. R., St. Louis.—1. J. W. Collier was married to Mary not Maggie Mitchell. 2. Owney Geogheghan beat Ed. Touhey 45r., 61m., April 18, 1861; beat Con. Orem, 19r., 23m., May 18, 1863, and received forfeit from Jimmy Gantz, Sept., 1859.

Snow Shoe, Point Levi, Canada.—You can order it through Wilmer & Rogers, corner Nassau and Liberty streets, this city. It is the best—in fact there is no complete work upon the subject published in this country.

Dave.—The husband of Mrs. Scott Siddons is not a "Head Fenian Centre," as you term it. He is an Englishman, and during the late Fenian excitement was arrested as one of them, but was released.

Kentucky, Laramie.—B is right; he was entitled to come in and raise after passing the first time, he being the next player to the dealer. C ought not to have asked for cards until B declared.

A. R. R., Cleveland, O.—1. You are misinformed in regard to Dooney; he makes no such pretensions. 2. Send on a deposit, to show that you mean what you say, and you can, no doubt, easily find a customer.

Young Comedian, Baltimore.—1. California was the scene of her early days on the stage. 2. Charles Plumer played "Picayune Butler" for the championship in 1857.

M. C. S. C.—In some scenes Mr. Davenport is the best, while in others Mr. Booth is the favorite. Taken as a whole Davenport is considered the best.

Old Readers of the Clipper, Reading, Pa.—Billy Edwards was born at West Birmingham, England, on St. Thomas' Day, 1844.

P. W. G., Philadelphia.—Seymour's majority was exactly 10,000, according to official returns. Strange, but true, we presume.

W. H. T.; H. L. S.; H. E. T. and M. J. T.—Not interesting to the general reader unless the names are given in full. Three to one was rather too many odds for the gentleman.

Dexter, Mich.—1. We don't remember of Mr. Heathwood publishing such an offer. 2. The colors vary, but principally black reds.

R. H. M. Philadelphia.—We cannot give you any information regarding Mr. Pickering, as we have heard nothing about him since his West Indian trip.

Sponger, St. Louis.—You must conform to the rules of the theatre or be put out. The manager was justifiable in doing what he did, and the law would uphold him.

"Dick," Auburn, N. Y.—Thank you. Shall be pleased to hear from you as often as convenient, but please remember that 'brevity is the soul of wit.'

Don Ke Ho Tay.—The run of 1,460 you speak of was the one we had reference to. It was really but 1,458, that being the number McDevitt had to make.

T. M., Riverside, Mass.—She is the same lady that was with Tony Pastor's Company last summer, in Boston. She is the wife of Johnny Wild, Ethiopian comedian.

Crib, Chattanooga, Tenn.—When a player takes fewer points than he is entitled to, he cannot correct his mistake, neither may his opponent take the points so omitted.

Claverack.—"A bets B that his horse can beat B's for one mile. The race comes off. Judges decide it a dead heat. Which wins, A or B?" .... The bet is a draw.

W. F. K., Fort Monroe.—Thanks for favors. "Our Jim" returns your kindly greeting, and hopes to number you among his friends for years to come.

E. V. W., Greenpoint.—There are several in this city. Call on or address John Bogan, 28 Prince street, or at Military Hall, Bowery, opposite Spring street.

R. E. V., Cleveland, N. Y.—Seymour did get just a majority of 10,000, consequently the party betting that he would do so wins.

Excelsior, New Orleans.—"A B C and D were playing seven up; A deals, B begs. A runs the cards, turns up a Jack, and cards run out. Does the Jack count?" .... Yes.

P. V., Baltimore.—1. We are not advised of Mr. Wallack's movements so far ahead. 2. Since she was six years of age, at the Old Bowery, in this city.

Reader, Boston, Mass.—We have positive knowledge that the time given out in said race was much inside the mark, while the time of the other has never been questioned.

J. B., Boston, Mass.—Joe Wormald did forfeit to Goss. He was, for a short time last winter and spring, Boniface of the Red House, Well street, London Docks, Eng.

Wilkins Micawber.—A loses. The fastest time made by an American horse, one mile, was 1:44; by an English horse, 1:40⅘.

J. G., Toronto, C. W.—1. No one knows but himself. 2. The best 100 yards time upon record is 9½ seconds, by Seward, in England.

Ped.—Lang and Richards' time in their dead heat was 4 min. 17½ seconds, not 4:17¼, as has been repeatedly stated in a contemporary.

S. T. B.—1. Jack is the highest. 2. A has to secure all the tricks, to count four points. 3. B had no right to play it alone after A declared to do so.

A Miss, Cincinnati.—1. We cannot inform you when the lady will perform in your city. 2. At the National. 3. Lucille was born in 1841.

B. O. F.—1. We cannot inform you whether their father is living or not. 2. They are related only by marriage.

One of the Company, Quincy.—You are very much mistaken, as such a feat cannot be done.

After Dark, Washington.—Height and build have nothing to do with the success or failure of a person on the stage.

Victorelli, Baltimore.—Lotta has father, mother and brother living in this city, where she resides when not acting.

J. M. V.—The party having ace should have called game when he made it; as it was, the other party won.

Keno, Philadelphia.—We don't know, and you had better remain ignorant.

Ellen D.—We cannot inform you where he is. A letter sent to our care and advertised would no doubt reach him.

J. S., N. Y.—He went to the West Indies with Brookes & Fyffe's Dramatic Company.

Schenectady.—If such a party represents himself as having been sent there by us he is an impostor.

H. B., Buffalo, N. Y.—Nothing has been discovered yet that will remove the brand.

A. J. S., Titusville, Pa.—Seymour's majority was just 10,000, consequently Sink won.

T. J. C., Post Office.—In raffles, three sixes invariably beat three aces. The latter count lowest in the throws of triples.

Monumental City.—An engraving of the medal will probably be given by the opening of the New Year.

Queen the Fakir.—The advertisement will take a space of thirty lines, and cost $4.50 for each insertion.

Constant Reader, N. Y.—Can't say positively, but believe Grant was his choice.

Gila, Evansville.—1. By Monday at 12 M. 2. We do not issue such cards.

Betsy Baker, Lancaster.—Send your order to Thompson and Riggs, 189 Bowery, this city.

Harry, Washington.—Frances has not sent for her letters yet; as soon as she does we will let you know her address.

M. S., Philadelphia.—She will play another engagement in your city late in the season.

W. A., Baltimore.—You will find the lady's movements noticed in each issue of the Clipper.

A Constant Reader, Philadelphia.—If any candidate secured that number of votes we consider that A loses.

B. F. R., Meadville, Penn.—Dexter, trotting, 2:17¼; Pocahontas, pacing, 2:17½.

D. S.—Phelan's "Game of Billiards." Price $1.50. Dick & Fitzgerald, publishers.

Constant Reader, Syracuse, N. Y.—Wormald informs us that he is of Irish parentage, though born in England.

R. M. B., Boston.—It depends altogether upon your ability to learn.

O. D. V., Janesville, Wis.—Morrissey fought Thompson in August, 1852, and Sullivan, Oct. 12, 1853.

Young America.—Cannot inform you. Better drop a note to J. Ed. Russell, President of the club, care of this office.

Jack, Pittsburgh, Pa.—New York, decidedly.

R. H., Paterson, N. J.—Seymour. See answer to R. E. V.

Isa, Memphis.—See our circus summary.

D. W. B.—He is traveling West with an Indian show.

A Subscriber, Titusville, Pa.—See answer to A. J. S.

Bound Book.—The dealer shuffles last before cutting.

Lee, Medina, N. Y.—1. He loses his shot only. 2. Yes.

J. E. A., East Greenwich, R. I.—With the deuce and tray.

Two Enquirers.—Yes, to Joey Tennyson.

Petrolite, Pleasantville, Pa.—In this city.

John, Boston.—It is a matter of opinion altogether.

Providence, R. I.—He is not the same man.

C. J. P.—A wins, for Jack counts directly it is turned up.

Senex.—The identical individual.

R. F. C.—A does not count, and therefore loses.

G., Dubuque.—All right.

Handy Andy, Saginaw City.—We have no record of it.

CHRISTMAS CLIPPER.

Christmas falling on Friday of next week, the next issue of the Clipper will be devoted to Christmas stories, sketches, poems, etc., in addition to our usual budget of theatrical and sporting news. Our continued stories and reminiscences will be omitted for that week only. Among the complete articles will be the "Christmas Story of a Columbine, or, the Old Clown's Last Appearance," illustrated; "Christmas Chimes, or, How Ned Saville was Saved by a Woman;" "Two Christmas Gifts;" and various other sketches and poems suitable for the holiday season. We intend to give, in addition to illustrations in the "Story of a Columbine," an engraving representing "Raffling for Turkies," a feature of New York life during the Christmas festival.

News agents will find an increased demand for our Christmas week's issue of the Clipper and they should govern themselves accordingly.

MANAGERIAL INNOVATIONS.

We read from time to time that the Superintendent of Unsafe Buildings, a species of Baron Hausmann upon a diminished scale, charged with the superintendence chiefly of tenement buildings in our law avoiding metropolis, has, in the prosecution of his tour of Inspection, discovered first one and then another of our theatres to be, in his opinion, secure against the occurrence of accidental casualties, as to the matter of human life. This declaration is assuredly good news, as well for the resident citizens of this town as for the immense crowd of country cousins who nightly throng our places of amusement; but inasmuch as we have not been called upon to record a single instance of loss of life occurring through the many calamities befalling our city theatres in the way of conflagrations, we are tempted to regard this official inspection, coming as it does at this late hour, as merely corroborative of a long admitted fact as to the architectural ingenuity habitually displayed by our theatre builders to avert sacrifice of human life.

In no city in the world can the annals of the stage produce a more formidable catalogue of dramatic temples, victims to accidental conflagrations, than in this one city of New York. For instance, the Old Bowery has been burned three times, the Park twice, the National twice, Niblo's twice, the Lafayette, New Bowery, Barnum's Museum, the Academy of Music, and Theatre Comique once each; and still, in recounting this truly formidable destruction of theatrical property, we do not remember any of the human species falling victims to those calamities. Possibly the terrible catastrophe accompanying the burning of the Richmond Theatre produced, years ago, such salutary reformation in the method of constructing edifices designed for popular resort that no retrogressive experiments, on the part of existing architects, would be tolerated by public opinion. Nevertheless, in these days of money making mania, a careful and frequent inspection by a mechanical expert, with official authority to recommend, and enforce, alteration and improvements in the construction of buildings intended for large congregations of people, especially composed in a measure of the fairer and more timid sex, is not only a wise precaution, but one which must prove to the advantage of the management of the public halls, as disrobing those unaccustomed to crowded assemblages from any fear as to personal safety, generated through the novelty of their position.

Having borrowed several valuable hints, with respect to the interior arrangement of our theatres, from the improved architecture of European capitals, may it not be well to appropriate some ideas borrowed from the police discipline which the experience of these cities have found advantageous in the anticipation and prevention of casualties? In all the French theatres, for example—metropolitan as well as provincial—there are stationed two or more, proportionately to the size of the edifice, members of the Fire Brigade, well instructed, skillful and professional firemen, ever on the alert to detect the presence of the consuming element, and furnished with adequate appliances to extinguish any accidental outbreak of flame before it can jeopardize the safety of the audience or of the building. The utility of this precautionary arrangement can be readily appreciated, when we take into consideration the inflammable nature of the materials necessarily employed in stage construction and its practical workings, the vast area exposed to the action of the flames, and the general panic instinctively pervading any body of men not physically trained to combat a destructive element. However willing and zealous the employees of a threatened theatre may exhibit themselves for the extinction of a sudden fire, experience shows us that their endeavors have ever proved abortive, as well through unconcerted action as from ignorance as to the efficient employment of means, which should be ever on hand, to avert a calamity which, beneath the mastery of a few experienced hands, might have been stifled at its very inception.

In consequence, mainly, of this precautionary provision as to the constant presence of disciplined firemen, the burning of a theatre in France is of very rare occurrence, while with us the loss of theatrical property has been both frequent and heavy. Now that we have a paid fire department, whose members, unlike volunteers, are expected to be perpetually on duty, would not the detailing of a few men, in places so exposed to accidental conflagrations, be considered an act of wisdom on the part of the Fire Commissioners? An ounce of prevention is assumed to be worth a pound of cure, and we know not to what better use could be put the spare hours of an official force whose sole duty should be the guardianship of life and property against destruction by the fiery elements.

In addition to the personal security of the citizen, while attending theatrical exhibitions, there is a further topic to which we would invite attention, and that is his personal convenience. Recently we have been witnesses of infractions of the old established usages governing the interior discipline of theatres, as affecting the auditors, their rights and privileges, which we deem to be equally impolitic as illegal. Among the most prominent of unwise innovations, we may instance the system of so called reserved seats, but which constitutes in reality the extortion of a price over and above that demanded for admission, to enable the visitor to obtain a convenient view of the performances. To illustrate: a gentleman, accompanied by ladies, patronizes a place of amusement; he pays at the door the price of admission, confident in the belief that he can claim any seat chancing to be vacant; but no, upon entering the body of the house he discovers that his approach towards the stage is debarred at a certain point, beyond which to secure an eligible resting place, even should the seats be disengaged, he is mulcted in an additional fee, or else he and his company are compelled to mount into an upper tier or to locate themselves in an obscure corner.

Now in the good old days of the drama, when auditors stood upon an equality as to place hunting, it was conceded that a visitor, engaging and paying for admission in advance of the hour for opening the theatre doors, was entitled to the privilege of having seats reserved for him in a designated part of the auditorium until after the expiration of the first act of the first piece, after lapse of which time they were forfeited for the enjoyment of the incoming public. And even within thirty years back it was permissible for patrons of the Old Park to send their servants in advance and occupy reserved places until the arrival of their masters and mistresses. And hence came it that Pompey and Dinah oftentimes enjoyed the felicity of witnessing the opening performance of some great actor, when those for whom they acted as substitutes delayed a punctual appearance. The reservation of seats was then and up to this time regarded as an inherent right, secured simply by an advance payment of the ordinary admission fee; but as at present existing, the system of reserved seats can only be regarded in the light of a pecuniary speculation at variance with the terms upon which the patron is induced to visit a theatre, and in open violation of good faith as between the management and the general public.

It is perfectly correct for a manager, if it be not his bounden duty, to limit the attendance of an auditory within the scope of his accommodations, and equally proper for him to reward early purchasers of tickets with reservation of places; still we contend that, neither in law nor in equity, has he the right to hold for his own profit the best and most eligible portions of the house, which, unless reserved strictly in accordance with established custom, should be free for the occupancy of any person paying the regular admission fee. The innovation upon prior usage may not be regarded a serious one by a casual visitor, but the habitual theatre-goer views it in the light of an imposition repugnant to American tendencies, which will ultimately pave the way for the minor pecuniary inflictions perpetually assailing an attendant at the London performances. With equal propriety can the usher demand a fee for showing you to a seat, the box keeper for opening a box, or the ticket taker for handing you a bill of the play, as now does the manager for supplying you with a place, to which, if not occupied, you are legally entitled through the act of paying the price charged for admission to his place of entertainment and expressed in general terms.

Falling Away.—Jenkins has discovered that President Johnson has lost twenty-one pounds in weight since his inauguration. We were already aware of the fact that the President was not a man of so much weight with some people as formerly.

A DANIEL COME TO JUDGMENT.

We would have believed that the spirit of intolerant bigotry, distinguishing persecution of social amusements, and particularly of theatrical performances, during the frenzy of new born Calvinistic zeal, had either been extinguished through development of more rational ideas as to the liberality of religious observances, or been suppressed through dictation of that toleration of sentiment enunciated in the national declaration of man's right to pursue happiness in every proper and legal manner. We had hoped that the day was passed when intelligence and social urbanity would be shocked by the calumnious harangues of saintly sycophants or of fanatical malcontents, seeking to revive at this late day the invectives of the apostate Stephen Gossin, or the anathemas of the zealot Prynne, whose thunders, hurled against the drama and its professors, have long since been consigned to contemptuous oblivion.

But we find we have misjudged human nature and overestimated the advance of rational intellectuality, for we discover a prominent pastor of a fashionable church in this cosmopolitan and tolerant metropolis, upon a Sabbath of this present December, arraigning from the pulpit a large and intellectual congregation, charged with covert indulgence in that which he chose to denominate "three prevalent popular amusements, card playing, dancing and theatres."

Had the Rev. Cyrus D. Foss, rector of the Trinity Methodist Episcopal Church, an establishment, theologically speaking, to be regarded as a heretical apostacy from the primitive Methodism of Wesley and of Whitfield, confined his labors on the occasion alluded to within the strict limits of clerical duty, it might be deemed none of our business to obtrude our own, and contrary, opinion as against the tendency of his harangue. But, in this instance, the reverend gentleman proposed himself as a public disputant; his sermon, avowedly of a sensational character, was advertised in the public prints to attack an indiscriminate auditory; and, after its delivery, copious abstracts of his arguments were thrown before the general public in the columns of our leading newspapers. And, having converted his pulpit into a rostrum and himself into a champion of intolerance, the Rev. Mr. Foss, further sacrificing the dignity of his ministerial position, descended to the lowermost depths of illogical disputation by indulging in vehement abuse of the living and of the dead, and in atrocious calumnies against a profession from whose ranks have emanated many of the most talented, reputable, and virtuous of God's creation in his own image, men and women, who, through their intrinsic merits, have extorted the admiration of intellectual fellow-beings, and who now wear, and for all time to come will continue to wear, a crown of immortal glory. In the vindictiveness of his obtundity, our new evangelist paused to make no exceptions; by one stern, comprehensive decree, he condemned an entire class; branding one and all with the stamp of eternal infamy, as far as stigmatizing lay within his power.

With respect to the Rev. Mr. Foss' denunciation of card playing and dancing we would merely remark that, from our knowledge of ancient manners, derived through classical reading, we have been taught to regard the act of dancing a decided element in religious ceremonials, an opinion strengthened by information communicated in the "Good Book," that David, in the exuberance of holiness and of thanksgiving, danced before the Ark, symbol of the actual presence of the Lord God of Israel. Neither can we comprehend how Adam Clarke, following his example, came to jeopardize his soul; but certain we are that, through exercise of his saltatorial powers, Sir Christopher Hatton saved his head and made his fortune, leaping, as he did, higher and higher into the affections of the Virgin Queen, his mistress, until he attained the Chancellorship of England. Still, if there be any viciousness in card playing or in dancing, it is the subject of moral reprobation as the product of individual direlection, the especial province of ministerial exhortation; but when Mr. Foss, or any other prayer monger, assails, defames and calumniates the stage, its literature and its professors, he commits a gross and cravenly outrage upon popular sentiment, upon public taste, upon the rights and privileges of a class of citizens to each one of whom he is morally and legally responsible to substantiate his defamatory opinion by the most conclusive of evidence.

In the first place, our Solomonic preacher can perceive no distinction as to the tone, character, intention, or tendency of theatrical compositions: with him they come beneath a single condemnatory head, mysteries, masques, tragedies, comedies, histories, operas, farces and plays; he denounced them all "as most unequivocally bad, and their teachings, tendencies and associations immoral in the highest degree." Assuredly this is a wholesale judgment.

The temper of the Rev. Mr. Foss, and his critical ability to determine upon the merits of dramatic compositions can be easily detected in utterance of a fallacy for effect upon ignorant auditors, weak-minded and prejudiced audiences, a fallacy of which he would be ashamed to entertain the semblance of a suspicion, in the presence of an ordinarily educated student. Pity is it that Coleridge, Shelley, Hazlett, Schlegel, Goethe, Jean Paul and a host of erudite and philosophical critics, expending years of toil in elucidating dramatic history and literature, had not been forewarned as to the ignominy of their labor in familiarizing mankind with the latent interpretations of writings whose "teachings and tendencies are immoral in the highest degree." And what measure of shame can modern Methodism outpour upon those benighted professors of orthodox religions, were ordained ministers of the Church, in their lifetime esteemed exemplars of perfect morality, who have acknowledged themselves, yea, even gloried in being authors of such infamous stage-plays. What thinks the Rev. Foss of Addison, author of "Cato," the peaceful termination of whose mortal existence is ever cited as the reward for consistent Christianity; of Dr. Home, author of "Douglas;" of Dr. Young, author of "The Revenge;" of Maturan, of Dean Wilman, of Bishop Hoadley, all of whom were dramatists and clergymen?

While commiserating our evangelical anathematizer upon the evident deficiency of his literary culture, and deploring that he has presented to a sceptical community the sad spectacle of self-ignorance, wilfully perverted to conserve ignorance in others, we cannot fail to invoke attention to the very charitable and Christianlike manner in which he alludes to those for whose conversion it is his bounden duty to pray. "From the very beginning of theatrical performances," says the meek and merciful Foss, "actors and actresses had been, as a general thing, grossly immoral in their lives; no reputable man ever had been willing, and was equally unwilling now, to allow his daughter to marry an actor, or his son an actress."

A more gratuitous and thoroughly base charge could never be brought against any class of professionals than that conveyed in the above words of a so-called Christian minister, delivered to a confiding, simple minded audience, in the house of a God of infinite justice and of mercy. A more scandalous, malicious and unfounded falsehood never disgraced the mouth of a man, who, if he be gifted with ordinary intelligence, was aware of the utter lack of truth in the assertion so emphatically pronounced. It may be true that some canting rag dealer, some psalm singing peddler, or some mock pious shoddyite, may conceive it derogatory to his high sense of dignity to contract a family alliance with a member of the theatrical profession, but among men distinguished for their abilities, attainments and social culture, nay even among those claiming prestige through right of ancestry, no such paltry and unmanly prejudice will be found to exist. If the Rev. Foss was at all conversant with the annals of the stage, he would have known that some of the proudest aristocrats of Britain, men who maintain a chaplain on their premises as a household domestic, have not scorned to elevate a talented actress to among the highest ranks of the peerage. The Earl of Peterborough was among the first of English nobles as a diplomat and ambassador to Russia, and he honored an actress with a coronet, an example followed, at a later day, by the Earl of Essex, and other barons of a lesser degree; in fact, unless ladies of the theatrical profession of even mediocrity in celebrity, prefer, as a more congenial selection, uniting their destinies with a member of the profession, they, as a general thing, espouse husbands distinguished for social position, or of reputation in the world of literature and of art. In our own country, wherein we boast moral dignity as the basis of personal greatness, few meritorious actresses or vocalists, marrying outside their former state, have wedded others than gentlemen of worth, reputation or wealth—in a word, they have secured matches to be envied by fashionable belles. Is not Mrs. Lander the widow of a brave and distinguished general; is not Patti a marchioness, soaring above the most ambitious of aspirations of a Fifth Avenue *parvenu*; are not the husbands of hundreds of other ladies, from time to time retiring from our stage, persons of reputation, of moral, social and political standing? And yet with this ordinary, every day fact staring him in the face, our new evangelist would carry us back to those gloomy days of the drama's birth, when actors were declared vagabonds by act of a regicidal parliament, and psalm singers created saints through the imposition of hands.

The Rev. Mr. Foss has a sovereign remedy against the influence of theatres which he declares to be not only immoral, but their surroundings pre-eminently so. There was always a rum shop associated with them, and not far away were the brothel and low dance house. "The only way to reform them," continues our model Christian, "was to shut them up entirely, and that to let them continue, with a view to be otherwise than immoral, would be like trying to convert the devil to good practices by baptizing him."

Now, having given the gist of this pious Theban's argument in favor of suppressing the theatres, let us imagine some other zealous moralist arguing from better founded premises, who would urge the suppression of the Church, weighing its morality by the balance of historical testimony and general repute; and certainly, according to this standard, the immorality of the stage sinks into insignificance compared with acts incontestibly committed by clerical professors. For example, not a satire, written from the 11th to the 15th century, but denounces the extravagance, debauchery, lewdness, and gross immorality of the clergy; indeed, nearly all the tales of the Troubadours and the songs of the Trouveres turn upon clerical indecencies, while the stories of the good Queen of Navarre and Des Periers, her honest *valet de chambre*, are replete with allusions to their lustful villainies. Further, while never an actor has been convicted of a capital offence, the trials of more than a dozen clergymen are recorded in the Newgate Calendar alone, for heinous crimes, for murders, forgeries and rapes, and one half of these convicted expatiated their criminality on the scaffold. Furthermore, the authorship of the most obscene and proscribed works in every modern language can be traced to clerical writers, with the sole exception of the infamous Marquis de Sades. And again, scarcely a calender month passes without recording the transgressions of some minister of some denomination in the matter of bigamy, of seduction, or other immoral indecorum. And from these few well established data cannot the Rev. Mr. Foss urge with stronger emphasis the suppression of the church and of the clergy in preference to that of the theatre and of actors?

Cool!—Recently, in one of our Courts, a criminal offered the judge in open Court a sealed *envelope* full of notes, as a bribe. The sentence was therefore doubled. That is the coolest piece of impudence we have heard of lately. The refusal of the judge to receive the *notes* is a *note*worthy instance of judicial integrity. Let other offenders make a note of the circumstance, and if they are in a scrape never try to *court* the *court* with bribes. For offering that *envelope*, the scamp will be *enveloped* in a prison suit for a long time to come.

Who Can Tell?—A correspondent in Centralia, Ill., writes a confidential note to "Our Jim," asking information on the following important point:—"Is Gen. Grant's father-in-law the Presi-*Dent*?" "Our Jim," in reply, says, he has not had sufficient time to give the subject the consideration it demands, but he is of the opinion that the General himself is President, by his wife's side, and in this way the father-in-law also becomes i-Dent-ified with the honor of the position.

Snaky.—A friend says he has heard it stated that great numbers of snakes are shipped to Cuba from Tampa Bay, Florida, and wishes to know what it is for. We cannot tell him; but the fact itself is very suggestive, and "Our Jim" says it "may serve to warn the monarchists that if they presume to *tamper* with the people, they will be *snaked* out."

The Sultan of Turkey is attempting to make a Grecian Bend, we learn by the Trans-Atlantic Telegraph. What a harem, scarum, fellow the Sultan is. He might have imported all the Grecian Bends he wanted for his whole household from this country, without troubling to manufacture them himself.

The Lindsey Blues intend rallying around the banners of Terpsichore on January 14th, at Irving Hall, this city, when it is to be hoped that they and their lady friends will fully enjoy their frolic on "the light fantastic toe." We gratefully acknowledge an invitation to be present.

Crazy.—We understand that there is quite a war going on among the Ohio papers about the location of the State Lunatic Asylum. It seems that each editor wants it near his own office. Well, who can blame them? In the event of a not improbable contingency they would not be compelled to travel far.

Grant Collars have appeared. Of course they will be worn by office seekers in compliment to the General, but when he has made all his appointments the disappointed will have their *choler* up after a different fashion.

Sporting Squibs.

— A little son of R. Daniels, of Little Falls, N. J., wishing to have a little sport to himself in the shape of a bonfire, touched off his father's haymow, and a great conflagration was the result of the little boy's desire for fun.

— Brigham Young's night thoughts are now concentrated on the culture of oysters, instead of wives.

— Cannon balls are being sold by Government to manufacturers of locomotives. It is a question whether they will not be more destructive to human life when made up into locomotives, than when used for the purpose for which they were originally intended.

— A wild Texan steer got loose in the streets of Communipaw, N. J., a few days since, and chased the worthy residents through the place to their utter consternation and disgust. He finally got overboard, and was afterwards caught and slaughtered. The Communipawpers will steer clear of such cattle in future.

— A Paris sporting paper went into mourning on hearing of the death of the Marquis of Hastings.

— In the Massachusetts State Prison the convicts are allowed to play football during play hour; they are poor hands at it, however, as no good ball players ever get into prison.

— Some time ago a brute in human shape cut the tongue out of a horse in Philadelphia. The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals offer a reward of $100 for the arrest of the fiend. Would cutting *his* tongue out be sufficient punishment?

— Mrs. Foote, wife of the Commissioner of Patents, has invented a strapless skate. Wonder if she hasn't put her foot in it.

— Two Belgian duelists recently fought near Brussels, and both got wounded in the back, which doesn't say much for their pluck.

— One hundred minks, 50 foxes, 700 muskrats, 40 sable or martens, beside several lynxes, bears, otters, etc., have been captured in Main within the past two months. Their skins were valued at $1,000.

— The son of the once famed Schamyl is second captain in the guard of Alexander II, and is at present the attraction of Tiflis. He speaks Russian, frequents theatres and clubs, and in fact has adopted European habits.

— Skating and sleighing have been fully enjoyed for the past fortnight in the neighborhood of Moorehead Lake, Me.

— Three divines of the Episcopal persuasion, the Rev. Messrs. Dafter, of Watertown, Dublin, of Janesville, Wis., and Dorset, of Chicago, have made a six weeks' hunting and trapping excursion up the Peshtigo river, Wis. They had excellent luck, killing many deer and getting a good supply of mink skins.

— The skating rink in Washington street, Newark, N. J., is to be 166 feet in length, and 122 feet wide, and will cost $25,000. It will be ready for skaters by the opening of the New Year.

— The skating rink, on Claremont, near Myrtle avenue, Brooklyn, is approaching completion, and will be ready for skaters, ice permitting, on Christmas.

— John Cunningham was re-elected Chief Engineer of the Brooklyn Fire Department on the 8th inst.

— A cake, six feet in height, was the feature of a late wedding in the West.

— A North Carolinian, named Cable, was recently foolish enough to bet that he could drink a quart of brandy and then walk home, a mile distant, before becoming insensible. At half the distance he fell down, saying, "Boys I've lost the bet," and died.

— Capt. Paynter, of Montreal, has sold the well known steeple chase horse Starlight, who ran several times at the recent Jerome Park, Saratoga and Paterson Meetings in the hurdle races, for $1,200 in gold, to an officer in the garrison at Montreal.

— At the gun factories in Suhl, Prussia, forty thousand percussion small arms, captured from the Austrian, Bavarian and Nassovian troops in the war of 1866, have been altered into needle guns.

— A ravenous Reynard has been slaughtering turkeys by wholesale at Meriden, Ct. The number of his victims amounted to eighty at last accounts.

— A youthful somnambulist, at Stratford, Ct., recently went down to the dock and fished for an hour without having a bite, and then went back to bed, and in the morning was entirely unconscious of his excursion.

— Unknown "former boarders at the institution" sent a barrel of apples to the State Prison at Rockland, Me., to be distributed to the prisoners on Thanksgiving Day.

— A wild cat weighing 20lbs., and about 4 feet in length, was recently killed at Canaan, N. Y.

— James Hamilton, a lunatic, is running about like a wild man in the woods at Thorn Apple Creek, Wis.

— It is reported as a fact that great composers and musicians are generally gourmands.

— A little girl was seized by an alligator recently at Bayou Sara, La., and a colored youth, while trying to rescue her, was seized and swallowed by another alligator.

— A popular clergyman has the repute, among the fair sex, of being a perfect gentleman, as "he parts his hair in the middle, talks horse and plays billiards beautifully."

— The "Massachusetts Reform School" permits its inmates to go out on skating parties. Well, that *is* a reform.

— A young chap, eighty-five years of age, living in Maine, is credited with beating all the boys of his neighborhood at skating.

— A big bovine, weighing over 4,000 lbs., called the Sanitary Fair Ox, and on exhibition in Boston last week, was presented to Gen. Grant on the 9th inst., by Major W. W. Leland, to be served up at the inauguration dinner in Washington, in March next.

— The Maison Doree billiard saloon, on Wabash avenue, Chicago, Ill., was totally destroyed by fire on the morning of the 9th inst. Loss $13,000.

— San Francisco gets her supply of horses *mainly* from Oregon.

— A lady in Connecticut recently caught and stopped a runaway horse, for which she is deserving of a *bridal* present.

— Don Carlos, Count of Madrid, is said to be at present shooting at the Castle of Gaudiniere, France, as a guest of the Duke de la Rochefaucauld. Shooting at the castle is an ungrateful act on the part of the Duke's guest.

— A large oyster *bed* was recently discovered in the bay opposite Setauket, L. I. The Southside oystermen are about to *lay* out their dredges on this new bed.

— The Grand Jury of Buffalo are about to enter upon a campaign to "fight the tiger" of that city.

— The Pennsylvania Poultry Society will hold its annual exhibition in Philadelphia from December 21st to 26th.

— A lynx weighing fifty pounds was killed on the 6th inst. at Davenport, N. Y., by a party of hunters.

— The Saginaw river, Mich., is frozen over.

— Wild ducks sell at fifty cents per pair at Petersburg, Va.

— A tame bear attacked a young man at Gardiner, Me., recently, tore out one of his eyes, and otherwise lacerated his face.

— At a recent Milwaukee wedding between a bridegroom of sixty-one and a bride of eighty-seven, the couple danced a reel with great spirit, the bride remarking that she always wanted a young husband.

— A cock fight is called by a Chicago reporter an ornithological discussion, and a prize fight an ethnological discussion.

— An open winter in Kentucky is predicted, because the woods are filled with red headed woodpeckers, which usually migrate.

— A five year old adopted son of Alien Link, who resides near Cassadaga, N. Y., having heard Mr. Link express a wish that two calves which were in the barn were killed, obtained a hammer, went and killed them both, and then reported his feat.

— C. W. Sticker, of Milton, Pa., lately made eleven shots with a rifle, 30 yards, off hand, measuring from the break of the ball 2 7-8 inches.

— Samuel Reed, of Milton, Pa., recently caught two fish with one hook, the hook passing through the gill of the one and caught the other fish with the hook naturally.

Quoiting in the New Dominion.—A match came off at Stratford, C. W., on the 12th, for $500 a side, 61 points up, between Jas. Dittingow, of England, and Henry Warner, of Stratford. The former proved victorious after an exciting contest, Warner scoring but 54. Considerable money changed hands, the betting being $100 to $75 on Warner.

THE RING.

A GOOD SQUARE FIGHT BETWEEN JOHNNY LAFFERTY AND JIM BAYTON, FOR $300 A SIDE.

Lafferty Wins in 17 Rounds 39 Minutes.

The six hundred dollar mill between Johnny Lafferty and Jim Bayton, which for some time past had been looked forward to with considerable interest by the sporting blades of Cincinnati and vicinity, was pulled off in a quiet way, within a few miles of Porkopolis, upon the soil of "Old Kaintuck," on Thursday morning, 10th inst. Johnny Lafferty was ushered into existence near Londonderry, Ireland, where he remained until about ten years of age, when his parents crossed the briny and located near the Quaker City. Johnny is of a roving disposition, and shortly after attaining his majority journeyed westward, where, in 1865, he was matched against Steve O'Donnell. They fought at Eagle Island, near Alton, Ill., April 18, of said year, for $400, Lafferty being obliged to cry a go after 52 rounds had been fought in 1 hour and 14 minutes. This was his only appearance as a principal in a prize ring encounter previous to the battle now under consideration. In height he stands five feet seven inches. James Bayton was born in Monmouthshire, Wales, some thirty-one years ago, stands a little under five feet five and one half inches in height, and weighed on the day 130lbs. He never before engaged as principal within the ropes, though our readers will remember him as one of Keating's seconds in his last fight with Holliwood. The match was made but a few weeks prior to the "settlement," and the men at once entered upon a course of preparation, Lafferty locating himself at Barney Frain's, Covington, Ky., from whence he afterwards removed to Latonia Springs, with Barney to put on the finishing touches, and Bayton selecting as his training quarters the Two Mile House on the Georgetown road, back of Newport, Ky. The articles stipulated that the fight was to be decided within fifty miles of Cincinnati, and about eleven o'clock A. M. of the day appointed the tug boat Coosa, under the management of Frain for Lafferty, and Charley Herbert for Bayton, cast loose from the wharf at Covington, with Johnny and party on board, and steamed away towards Newport, where others were taken on board, and then the vessel proceeded up the river, landing at Dayton, two miles above, to take Bayton on board. A run of nearly an hour brought the party to the landing place, opposite the mouth of the Little Miami river, seven miles from Cincinnati, where a bit of turf sufficiently large was found on the bank of the stream, and by a little after two the ring was completed. Soon afterwards Bayton shied his castor into the squared circle, and Lafferty's cap followed the next minute. The day was terribly cold, with a stiff breeze from the river—so cold was it that the water in the buckets froze soon after it was brought on the grounds. Jim had for his seconds a big and little 'un, in Charley Gallagher and Johnnie Keating, while Jack was attended to by Barney Frain and Jack Milet, who will be remembered as the "hindividual" that wanted a little exercise from the "Cast Iron Man," at the Keating and Holliwood affair. Eph Holland, a Cincinnati sport, was chosen for referee, and acted very impartially. Tom Murphy umpired for Lafferty, and Jimmy Halloran did the like for Bayton. Gallagher won the toss for Jim, but as far as sun was concerned it made little difference. He put his man with his back to the river breeze. As the men peeled, it was with a perceptible shiver; in fact, they seemed decidedly *cool*. Neither man had done enough training to thin down much. Jim looked a good deal the more muscular, and seemed to have taken the most exercise, though he was somewhat flabby about the breast, shoulders and face. The man from Hibernia, not so well put up, looked a little lanky; but he seemed tough and wiry, and considering his condition showed good endurance. It was too cold to stand long on preliminaries, and at about two and three quarters o'clock "time" was called, and the boys stepped up sprily for

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. The position of the men showed there wasn't any too much science in either, but in this respect Lafferty had all the advantage, Jim showing the novice very plainly. However, he was steady and unflurried. Both lads opened out a little cautious, but the weather was too sharp for ceremony, and after a feint or two, Lafferty reached Jim's right ogle lightly, taking a light return. They then clinched and some pretty fibbing followed, Jack attending to the Welchman's face and getting his doses on the body. The cork was drawn from Jim's nose, and he received a heavy fall at the close. *First blood* for Lafferty.

2. Both men up promptly and a little cautious, evidently sparring for wind; some quick exchanges on the face and breast and Bayton goes to mother earth.

3. More cautious sparring, and then quick and sharp exchanges on the face and body. Jim goes down, and as he is falling Lafferty reaches for him. A claim of foul, but not allowed. The referee, however, cautions Lafferty.

4. More quick exchanges, Jack getting in on Bayton's eyes, and the latter returning the compliment by two or three stingers on the ribs. Both seemed badly punished for the time they had been fighting, Bayton again down.

5. Rapid exchanges; Bayton gets in on Lafferty's damaged eye, but seems to make no great impression. The men clinch and Bayton goes down. While falling, Lafferty strikes another blow at Bayton but fails to reach. A second claim of foul raised but not allowed.

6. Lafferty's handiwork was now telling on Bayton's eyes, and it was evident that if Jim desired to win the fight at all he must force the fighting. Both responded quickly to the call of time, Lafferty evidently being out of wind. Some heavy exchanges, mostly on the face, and Bayton down.

7. Both men up promptly, and after two light exchanges Bayton, whose eyes were commencing to swell badly, went down.

8. Both men were bleeding profusely, and Lafferty appeared to be growing weak. Bayton, by the advice of his seconds, forced the fighting, but got the worst of it and went down.

9. Bayton's eyes were rapidly swelling, and Lafferty, seeing this, forced the fighting. He made a rush and got one in on his antagonist's left eye. Bayton responded by a terrible one on the stomach and went down.

10. Both sparring for wind. Bayton, whose eyes were fast closing, sparring for wind. The men made a rush for each other, and Bayton bore Lafferty to the ropes and fell upon him.

11. Sparring and heavy exchanges, Bayton getting the best of it, and went down to avoid further punishment.

12. Lafferty toed the scratch in an apparently weak condition. His right eye was almost closed, and he appeared uncertain as to what to do. Bayton's eyes were both closing very fast, and he seemed bewildered. A couple of light exchanges on the head and face, and Bayton goes down. As he was falling Lafferty struck out with his left, but failed to reach him. Another claim of foul was raised but not allowed.

13. Lafferty appeared to be laboring for wind, but otherwise seemed to be quite fresh. One of Bayton's seconds spoke to him, and called his attention one side; this was a splendid opportunity for Bayton to get in a final blow, but he seemed bewildered and did not accept it. Lafferty then got in on Bayton's damaged eyes, when the latter went down.

14. Both up promptly, and after some light exchanges Bayton went down.

15. Some more quick exchanges; Bayton got in on Lafferty's face, and the latter returned the compliment by a stinger on the damaged eye.

16. Both sparring for wind. Bayton was seemingly on his last legs; his eyes were closing fast, and he was evidently a whipped man. Lafferty lead out with his left, but fell short; Bayton attempted a terrific lunge, but slipped and fell.

17, and last. Jim came up groggy, and completely blind. He reached out for Lafferty but came no where near him, and he went down at the first blow. Charley Gallagher saw the jig was up, and very properly elevated the sponge. The fight lasted just thirty-nine minutes, the freezing weather having tended to hasten matters considerably. There is not much to offer in the shape of remarks. Jim Bayton is a good, game fellow, but too much lacking science to face his present opponent; his punishment was mostly about the face, both eyes being closed, and his mouth and nose bearing marks of the Irishman's knuckles. The latter took a pretty fair share of gruel, too, his eyes being both swollen, and about closed, and his body showing some marks. Previous to the fight, Charley Gallagher made a little speech, in which he said he hoped there would be no such work as had occurred in his affair with Elliot, but that the fight should be decided on its merits. He had his wish. The fight was fair and square, and there is no doubt that the best man won.

THE GALLAGHER AND ELLIOTT FIGHT.

LETTER FROM THE REFEREE.

We have at last received the expected communication from Jim Colbert, referee in the fight between Gallagher and Elliott, which, in justice to himself, and, in order that both sides of the story may be heard, we herewith present:—

Frank Queen.—Dear Sir.—I arrived home from Canada on Monday, the 7th inst., and saw by the Clipper, of Nov. 28th, an article concerning the fight at Peach Island, taken from the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, in which it states that Gallagher had the best of the fight. Now, Mr. Editor, all I have to say is this:—When the two men stripped and were ready, Gallagher picked me for referee, after several had been named previously. I did not want to act, as you know it is not a very desirable position to be placed in, as no man can suit both parties. I never in my life saw a man in better condition than Gallagher, while, on the other hand, Elliott looked flabby and very fat. Gallagher fought well in the first few rounds, and, being struck repeatedly on the left side of the head, it seemed to worry and bother him, as Elliott got away without a return. In the first part of the fight Gallagher would stand in the middle of the ring, looking at Elliott, and would not go near him; this suited Elliott, as he was gaining wind. Gallagher, instead of forcing the fight, stood in the middle of the ring, rubbing his arms and breast, like some baby; he was evidently afraid of Elliott; the latter went down on his knees, and Gallagher struck him while on his knees; both claimed foul; I said—"Fight on;" I cautioned both of them; the 10th round was a splendid fighting round; Elliott fought Gallagher in his (Gallagher's) corner and punished him dreadfully; here some of the crowd called out—"Jimmy, you have broke his nose; look at his face; it's a shame to cut him so; what will your girl say to you, Charlie," and all such remarks; Gallagher never was the same man after this round; he lost all confidence in himself, and came to me several times and told me that Elliott was gouging him; I told him I did not see it; they were partly outside the ring at the time, and both down; the four seconds were around them to pick up their men; I could not see if there was any gouging; why did not Mackey or Monahan come to me if they saw anything wrong? It does not look well to see a man who is fighting running to a referee himself, when he has two seconds and an umpire to look out for him; there is not a man that was present at the ringside but saw Gallagher catch Elliott in a very delicate part, and after Gallagher got up he caught Elliott by the leg to pull him; he came to me again, crying; I saw by his way that he wanted to give in; I said to him—"Charley, you did wrong;" he said Elliott tried to gouge him; I asked him if he did not catch hold of Elliott as stated above; he said—"Yes;" I said—"Fight on;" Time was called; he went for his shirt. They fought two more rounds and Mackey gave in for him. Now the *Enquirer* goes on to state that I was afraid of giving in against Elliott, and others say that the roughs put pistols up to my head and all sorts of things. No one ever said one word to me, either good, bad or indifferent; there were plenty of fouls called on both sides; but that did not make any difference to me, as I told every one there that I did not care what they said, and I did not want any one to interfere with my duties; we came a long way to see a fight and fight it was. There were present some good sporting men and gentlemen, and I do not believe one of them or any one can say that I did wrong. Among them were the Chapple Brothers, of Detroit; also Mr. Demas, the stakeholder; Mr. Brown, Arthur Gore (who lost more money than anyone else), Mr. Page, and several other gentlemen from Chicago; also gentlemen from Cleveland, and Major Howrigan and George Rankin, of Windsor, Canada, and hosts of others, who can all testify that I did my duty honestly and faithfully to both men. I wanted to see these men fight, as there had been so much talk about them. I say distinctly that if Gallagher was a thorough-bred and had forced the fighting from the start, he ought to have knocked Elliott to pieces in twenty minutes; he never led off once during the fight; he likes to give punishment but does not like to be receiver-general. Gallagher is a well disposed and civil young fellow, and as far as I am concerned if he could have whipped Elliott I should have given him the fight; but he did not try to win, or else he would not wait for Elliott to lead off every round. It did not matter one straw to me who won, but I wanted to see a fight, and a good square fight, and the best man win. Some people said as much as that I was a friend of Elliott's and had bet money. In the first place, I have not spoken to Elliott for eight months, nor been friendly with him; secondly, I did not have one cent bet on the fight, and if I had, that would not alter me a particle. There were two reporters who came to see me at the Hirons House, Windsor, after the fight was over; they stated there that no man could have done his duty better than I did, but they stated that they were sorry that Gallagher did not win, as he was a nice young fellow; they seemed to be down on Elliott by their language. I told them that it mattered not about "nice fellows," or anything else; it was no use for men to fight if they thought to win by niceness. Your reporter knows that I always try and get the reporters a good place at the ring side, and I did the same at this one. I do not think that they always do justice, or the *Enquirer* reporter would not call me a one sided referee. Half of the reporters do not know how to report one; the *Enquirer* states that Elliott struck Gallagher a tremendous blow after the round was finished; I say he was entitled to do so, as Gallagher never went to his corner—he did the same as Coburn did to McCoole in Delaware, and the same as the Bold Bendy did to Caunt. In his report he states that there were roughs and that I was obliged to give in in favor of Elliott; he says he never witnessed anything like it. I don't think he has seen many fights—I should judge this the first one, for I never saw as quiet a fight in my life; there were three or four men a little noisy, but you must expect such things sometimes. He says a great deal about revolvers; I do not believe there was one drawn there; I did not see one. As I said before, I considered it a quiet fight; I hope I may have the pleasure of meeting that individual some future time. I am sorry to trouble you with so long a document, but I feel it my duty to do so. I should have written to you before, but I have been away from home, and did not get the papers regularly. I went a long way to see this fight and I did not want to see it over in two or three rounds, or to see another Coburn and McCoole fizzle. I remain yours respectfully, James Colbert.

Philadelphia, Dec. 13, 1868.

THE COMING BATTLE
FOR THE LIGHT WEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP.
LATEST ABOUT THE AFFAIR.

On Wednesday of next week, 23d inst., the championship engagement for two thousand dollars between Abe Hicken, of Philadelphia, and Pete Magevre, of Fishkill, is fixed for decision in the State of Virginia, and though the impression is almost universal that victory will, through superior skill and generalship, fall to the portion of the lad from Albion's shores, yet the expectation that a hard fought, determined battle will take place renders it certain that there will be a strong muster of sports from various sections at the ring side, despite the season of the year being so unfavorable to "out door exhibitions." Hicken has already received notification of the ground chosen for the meeting, but of course it would be impolitic to mention it here. All those living in this city and Philadelphia who desire to attend, will find it necessary to leave their homes on Monday night, 21st inst., or Tuesday morning at the latest, in order to be at the rendezvous in season to proceed to the battle ground by the mode of conveyance decided upon. There was some talk of efforts being made by the authorities to prevent the proposed exchange of civilities, but as those having the management of affairs have conducted everything very quietly and adopted such measures as are tended to enable them to steer clear of magisterial interference, it is confidently expected that no obstacles of this character will arise to compel a postponement or abandonment of a match which has so far savored only of honesty upon both sides, and which, if not interfered with, promises to prove an acceptable oasis in the desert of fizzles and wrangles which for months past have combined to reduce arenic sports to their present low ebb. The betting is largely in favor of Hicken everywhere, but as yet very little speculation of a substantial character has been indulged in, nor is it likely there will be any of consequence, until the men stand face to face within the staked enclosure. Favorable reports reach us from the quarters of both men, which render it certain that, bar accident, they will both toe the scratch in splendid fettle. They will leave their present locations for points nearer the fighting ground during the latter part of the current week.

The call we made upon the gentleman chosen as final stakeholder, Mr. Canary, last week has not been responded to, and the stake money still remains in this office. We stated at the time the match was made that we would not consent to act as final stakeholder upon any consideration, and we have not, and shall not, alter that determination in the premises. As those interested have seen proper to allow our request to pass unheeded, we now state that unless the money depending upon the match is transferred to whoever has been, or hereafter may be, selected as final stakeholder before the close of the present week, we shall return to each man the amount of his deposit. Those having to do in the matter will act wisely, therefore, by arriving at some definite arrangement without further delay.

Luke Gleason's Testimonial.—There was a pretty strong representation of the sparring division and others who like to look at a good boxing match, at the Broadway Opera House on the evening of Saturday, 12th inst., when Luke Gleason, a clever exponent of the art, made an appeal. The superintendence of affairs was, as usual, entrusted to Uncle Tovee, who had just recovered from another severe spell of sickness, and he introduced Frank McDonald as a starter, who gave a song and dance in good style. He was followed by Eddie Hines and Tom Dollan, a couple of kids, who were succeeded by Bagley and Omelia in a set-to which drew forth repeated and well merited applause. Teddy McAuliffe and young Coburn followed Farrell and Smith, and made things hum while they kept the boards to the tune of "Whack, row-de-dow," and gained much applause for their really fine exhibition of skill and the excellent humor in which they took plenty of hard punches. Ed. Tuohey and Pete Maginness then faced the music, and kept the ball revolving at a proper velocity for about twenty minutes, during which they pummeled each other at a lively rate. Larkins and Young Grady came next, making a neat bout, and retired to make room for Denny Doran, who went through the Indian Club exercise very cleverly. Tommy Gleason and Tom Ryan than boxed each other, without showing much science, and then came the crowning event of the evening—the wind-up between the beneficiary and Young Coburn, which was equal to anything we ever remember to have seen either of them do, and as their abilities are well known to our readers, this will afford sufficient evidence of its excellence. In conclusion we would, on behalf of Father Tovee, return thanks to Luke Gleason, as well as Tommy, for the appreciation of his services, which they showed in "settling up." We allude to this with pleasure in the face of the fact that he is so often but poorly remunerated for his services.

Reported Death of Billy McLean.—Shortly before going to press we received a brief note from John C. Perry, alias "Oyster Jack," of Philadelphia, announcing the death of Billy McLean, which, it is stated, occurred very suddenly and unexpectedly on the morning of Sunday, 13th inst. Our informant states that since his return to that city from the metropolis, (shortly after his examination as witness in the Larkin homicide case), McLean acted very strangely, inducing many to believe that his brain had been seriously affected, and the supposition is that he poisoned himself while suffering under temporary abberration of mind. Deceased was well known as a sparrer of fine science and has figured in several turns-up, but never fought in a regular ring. If the report is corroborated we will be able to give fuller particulars of the melancholy event in our next issue.

Bill Clarke as a Boniface and Teacher.—Sir William Clarke, the well known jovial sporting man and scientific exponent of the manual of self-defence, has now established himself as Boniface of the "Clipper Shades," 209 Mercer street, this city, where he will be pleased to receive and is prepared to entertain his many friends. The new saloon has been handsomely fitted up, the walls being ornamented with a large collection of sporting prints. In the rear of the saloon is a cosy square room, provided with gloves, dumb bells, Indian clubs, etc.; here "the Professor" proposes to receive and give instruction to those who desire to obtain a knowledge of the manly art. The "Shades," promises, under the experienced regime of the rubicund William, to become one of the leading sporting houses of the city.

The Irish Giant in Jail.—In our last issue we noticed the arrest of Edward O'Baldwin and his departure from this city for Lynn Mass., in the custody of City Marshal Shepherd, of that place, his former bondsmen having surrendered him. He arrived in the shoe manufacturing town at eight o'clock on the morning of the 7th inst., and, in default of fresh sureties for his appearance at the next term of the Superior Court, in Essex County, was committed to jail at Salem, to await trial. Efforts have been made by some of his friends to secure his release, but, up to last accounts, without avail, so that it is probable he will remain in the penitentiary until the date fixed upon for his trial. Wormald, who now has decidedly the best of it, having succeeded in ingratiating himself in the good graces of the Boston public, is, we hear, traveling through New England as the bright particular star of a variety troupe.

Charley Gallagher's Exhibition.—This heavy-weight boxer is now sojourning in Porkopolis, and on Tuesday, the 8th inst., he took a benefit at Spring Hall in that city, in conjunction with Jimmy Halloran, who fought in the same ring with him lately, near Detroit. The audience was sufficient to fill the hall, and there was some good sparring. The best set-to of the evening was between Halloran and Johnnie Keating, whose arm has recovered sufficiently to allow him to spar. The wind-up was between Gallagher and Jack Milet, but it was too one sided to show Charley's powers. His quiet, civil manners have gained him a host of friends in Porkopolis.

Tim Collins' Benefit.—The reception testimonial to this newly arrived light-weight, postponed from the 30th ult., is announced to take place at the Broadway Opera House on the evening of Tuesday, 15th inst. A number of good boxers have signified their willingness to assist, we understand, and this, in addition to music and heel and toe-ology by favorites, not forgetting the wind-up between Collins and Barney Aaron, ought to insure a good show.

Billy Edwards and Dooney Harris are to give a joint exhibition at the hall connected with the Philadelphia Hotel, Jersey City, on this (Tuesday) evening, 15th inst.

The Heenan Homicide.—Wm. Neelis, charged with the murder of Tim Heenan, for which crime Gerald Eaton was convicted, as noticed in our last, was tried in the Court of Oyer and Terminer, Philadelphia, last week, but on the third day, Dec. 9th, the jury rendered a verdict of not guilty, and Neelis was discharged.

That One Armed Challenge.—In response to the challenge some time since published from a one armed man, Lewis Bumseder, of Philadelphia, writes us to say that he will make a match with the challenger, to fight for $100 to $500 a side at any time and place that may be mutually agreed upon. Or, if he is not prepared to "come to time," Lewis will hold himself in readiness to accommodate anybody else in the States who has but one arm.

The Mittens Up-town.—Tommy Gleason had a tolerably good benefit at Dingledein's Hall, Third avenue, on Wednesday evening, 9th inst. Uncle Bill Tovee was Master of Ceremonies, and started the music with Young Gates and a friend, who were followed by Tommy Fox and Young Shay, Jim Crowley and "King of Clubs," Jim Carroll and Jack Mahon, Pat Jones and Jim Barry, Jim Crowley and Jack Kenny, Phil Comisky and Bagley. Jim Thompson also illustrated the beauties of heel-and-toe-ology.

Bill Davis and Tom Allen.—The match between these big guns for $1,000 a side, and which is fixed for decision within sixty miles of St. Louis, on the 12th proximo, goes on all right and both men have entered upon the necessary course of training for the event. It grew out of the talk over a match between Davis and Bill Ryall.

Dick Dooney's benefit took place at Masonic Hall, Indianapolis, Ind., on the 12th inst., instead of the 5th, as had been announced.

Fight Out West.—Johnny Bernard and Pete Tewey, a couple of novices, were to have fought for $200 a side within thirty miles of Dubuque, Iowa, on the 12th inst. We haven't heard whether they brought it off all right or not.

McAlpine and Bussy.—There is nothing fresh concerning the match for $400 between Tom McAlpine and Fred Bussy which is to be decided on Thursday, 17th inst. "Soap" is the favorite, and betting is said to be lively in Chicago. The men are reported well and a rattling mill is expected.

☞ We have letters for J. H. O'Connor and Bob Brettle.

English Bagatelle Match at the Brewery Shades.—The first game of a home and home match for a stake and a supper for thirty, between King's Experts and those of Bob Campbell, of the Thistle House, came off on Thursday evening, 10th inst., at the "Shades." King's players were Tom Harris (the sporting butcher), Harry Jackson (the Black Diamond), John Webb and Young Ed. Hawkshaw Campbell played himself; his assistants were the Brothers Wilson and Jem Brown and Rankin (the oysterman.) The men played in fours, that is, two on each side. Bob and the Diamond tossed for the first "break," which was won by the latter. The game was the French one, 402 points up. The Diamond did not play in his usual fine style, being out of practice, but Webb made up for him, executing brilliant shots, at one time filling every hole on the board before losing the cue, a feat rarely accomplished, for which he was warmly applauded. The first 201 points were won by the Forty-first street Experts. The second pairs were Harris and Hawkshaw (the Rattler), on King's side, and Rankin and Jem Brown for the Thistle. This game was well contested, but Brown looked pale, and was evidently indisposed, playing badly. The game was finally won by King's men, the score standing at the conclusion:—King, 402; Campbell, 337. The "Count Cramb" was present, and added highly to the amusement by his brilliant wit. Doc Kennedy acted as scorer, and Carson as referee. The return game will be played at the Thistle House, corner of Forty-third street and Tenth avenue, on next Thursday evening, 17th inst., at 8 o'clock P. M.

Young America Club, of Old Point, Va.—A note from Mr. J. M. Price informs us that we were in error last week, in saying that the Pastime Club, of Norfolk, Va., were the junior champions of the State. Mr. Price states that the "Young America Club, of Old Point," played the Pastime two games this season. In the first game, at the end of the fifth innings, the Pastime forfeited the game. The second game was won by the Y. A.'s also, the score being 29 to 27. It is but justice to state that the Young Americas have just ended their third season, and have never been beaten but once, and that by a senior club—the Kecoughtan, of Hampton."

Hand Ball Match.—On Thanksgiving Day a match game of hand ball was played at McDonough's Ball Court, 724 South Sixth street, Philadelphia, between Phil. Casey and John Manix, of New York, and Hugh Judge and Benjamin Fleming, of the Quaker City, for $50, the best three out of five. First game—Philadelphia, 21; New York, 18. Second game won by New York. Third game—Philadelphia, 21, New York, 17. Fourth game won by New York. Fifth game—Philadelphia, 21; New York, skunked. Hugh Judge and Benjamin Fleming, it is said, are willing to play any two in New York for $100, at McDonough's.

SKATING.

OPENING OF THE SEASON.

RINKS AND PRIVATE PONDS—CENTRAL PARK LAKES.

The skating season of 1868-9, which was opened on the 21 inst., may be said to be now fully inaugurated. The snow and rain storms of the 4th and 5th proved but a momentary check to the advances of the Ice Monarch. On the 7th, after recruiting his strength, he again advanced upon the ponds and rinks in this vicinity, and, after a short struggle, the limpid waters yielded to his cold embrace. Although his reception was a cold one, it is more than likely that Jack Frost will prolong his stay among us till spring. It is a way that J. F. has of doing things, and the colder you treat him the better he seems to like it.

THE CENTRAL PARK LAKES.

The lakes in the Central Park are all covered with a fine surface of ice, which only needs a few more chilly blasts to make it thick enough to bear the votaries of the Ice King, no matter how numerous they may be. The commissioners have improved upon the building accommodations of last season, and those who visit the people's pond will not be so cramped as they were last season. The terrace-house (facing north) is 150 feet in length by 25 in width; the beach-house (facing west) is the same size, with a ladies' sitting room 47 by 20 in front on the second story. Attached to the beach-house is a skate room, where, for a moderate sum in currency of the realm, the visitor can hire the New York Club or any other skate that may suit his fancy. The refreshments—solid and liquid—will be under the supervision of Mr. William Radford, who has catered for the Park visitors ever since it was first thrown open. At the lower lake, Fifty-ninth street and Sixth avenue, there will be three buildings, instead of two, for the accommodation of the public. This is a great improvement, and one that will be thoroughly appreciated by the skating public. The lake at the upper end of the Park must not be forgotten. It is near 126th street, and affords annusual facilities for those living near Harlem. A substantial building has been erected on the borders of this lake, and in future more attention will be paid to this hitherto somewhat neglected sheet of water.

EMPIRE CITY SKATING RINK.

The Empire City Skating Rink, located on Third and Second avenues and Sixty-third and Sixty-fourth streets, was thrown open to the public on the 12th inst. Skating rinks are a novelty in this section of the country, but judging from the success they have met with in other cities the success of the Empire City Rink is but a question of time. Without doubt the Empire City is one of the largest and best appointed rinks in the country, and architecturally speaking, is quite an ornament to the section of the city where it is located. The building is 350 feet long by 170 wide, and is constructed of corrugated iron. The structure is spanned by twenty arches, with a clear span of 126 feet from base to base, the height being 70 feet in the centre. The ice bed is 200 feet by 130, and is composed of blue stone, perfectly water-tight. A platform 20 feet wide entirely surrounds the ice bed, and will comfortably accommodate several thousand spectators. The rink will be brilliantly illuminated by some 700 gaslights, 200 of which are located on the arches. The entrance on Third avenue is imposing and commodious, being some 40 feet deep. This is approached from the street by a platform about 25 feet wide, which will be well lighted at night. At either side of the main entrance are located the ticket offices and superintendent's room. In the rear of these the refreshment and retiring rooms for ladies and gentlemen are situated. These are commodious and comfortably fitted up with every convenience. At the south-west corner the bar and refreshment saloon is is located, and underneath this is the kitchen. These rooms are all heated by steam, as also the ladies and gentlemen's dining room, on the floor above. The dining room is capable of seating one hundred persons comfortably. Music will be added to the other attractions of the rink when it is fairly under way, and the skaters can go through the movements of the intoxicating waltz if they feel so disposed.

Aside from its use during the winter months, it is calculated that the rink will find profitable employment during the balance of the year. Fairs, balls, concerts, gymnastic exhibitions and other entertainments can be given within its spacious precincts, and we hear that it already has a number of engagements for next summer.

The rink is a stock concern, and is mostly owned by the leading capitalists in the Third Avenue Railroad Company. The officers are as follows:—President, Charles P. Dickinson; Vice President, George S. Bartlett; Treasurer and Secretary, John L. Geib. The general manager is Mr. Alexander Macmillan, one of our oldest ice caterers.

MITCHELL'S FIFTH AVENUE POND.

The march of improvement is playing havoc with the private ponds which formerly abounded in such profusion in the neighborhood of the park. At one time there were three of them, now but one is left, and this has been somewhat reduced in size since last season. We refer to the pond on the east side of Fifth avenue, on the block bounded by 58th and 59th streets, which was known for years as Oatman's. It is now in possession of Mr. Hugh Mitchell, well known to the skating world as one of the most successful pond managers. The buildings have been erected some time and the pond is now open. The New York Skating Club have located their club house on Mitchell's Pond, and will make their headquarters there this season. As all the expert artists in the skatorial world belong to this association, of course Mitchell's will be a favorite resort this winter.

THE BROOKLYN RINK, PROSPECT PARK AND OTHER PONDS.

The City of Churches, which was the first to introduce private skating ponds to the notice of skaters, not to be behind the metropolis, has added a rink to its places of amusement and recreation this season. It is located on Claremont avenue, near Myrtle avenue, and is but a few minutes' ride from the City Hall. It is as yet in an unfinished state, owing to a serious accident which befel the structure when it was in course of erection. The arches were blown down during a severe gale of wind several weeks ago, entailing a loss of $1,000 and a month's time. Although the Brooklyn rink is not as large as the one in Third avenue, it is quite an imposing and handsome structure. It will be finished in time to open on Christmas Eve, and perhaps before. The skating surface will be 95 by 195 feet; a gallery extends round the entire building, and there will be ample accommodations for 2,000 spectators beside the skaters. The retiring rooms will be commodious.

The well known Union Pond (the favorite base ball resort of Brooklyn), is situated in the Eastern District, and with one exception is the largest private pond in the city. The season was inaugurated at the Union on the 5th inst, and at present the skating is in full blast. During the season carnivals are all the go, when fireworks and fancy dresses have full sway. Music is furnished daily, by a good band, and the ice kept in the best condition by improved apparatus. Mr. William Cammeyer is the proprietor, and Capt. Sam Lewis the caterer. At Bedford is located the Capitoline Pond, which used to be famous for its ball matches. It is still used for this purpose in the summer season, but not to so great an extent. But whatever the Capitoline may have lost as a resort for base ball clubs, it still stands in the front rank as a skating pond. The Capitoline was opened last week and is a matter of course was thronged by its patrons. The retiring and refreshment rooms at the Capitoline are large and roomy, and are well cared for. The second story of the building is used for dancing purposes when the occasion demands, and as music is always at hand, and there are plenty of lads and lassies, there is no end of fun.

The Prospect Park Commissioners have devoted additional space for skating purposes this season, and it is said by those who know, that the new park is not much, if anything, behind her sister city in the way of skating accommodations.

THE JERSEY CITY RINK.

The spirit of enterprise has found its way to Jersey City, and that town now boasts of the latest novelty in the skating line—a rink. It is located on Montgomery street, within easy walk of the ferries, and is really nearer the New Yorkers who live below Fourteenth street than the up-town ponds. It is about the same size as the Brooklyn rink, and it is still in an unfinished state. In a week or two, probably much sooner, it will be thrown open to the public, and then we will speak of it more at length. A rink is also in course of erection at Newark, N. J., which is to be finished in the early part of January.

A MATCH FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP.

At Pittsburgh, Pa., last February, Frank Swift, the celebrated skater, won the championship of America and a $400 gold medal, defeating such artists as Callie Curtis, John Powers, Eugene W. Pratt, and other noted artists in the skatorial world. The medal is of solid gold, set with diamonds, and was the gift of Messrs. Herveys and Johnson, the well known rink builders. Previous to the match being skated, a meeting of the contestants and other skaters in the city at the time was convened, and the "American Skating Congress" was formed. At this meeting a set of rules to govern all matches for the championship were framed, and the programme of the New York Club adopted.

As Frank Swift is a New Yorker, the fraternity hereabouts, and particularly the members of the New York club, of which he is one of the bright, particular stars, were much pleased at his success. But the New York Club contains quite a number of first class skaters, and before the termination of the last winter it was pretty well understood that Swift would find a rival worthy of his notice as soon as Jack Frost congealed the waters this season. Whether it was to be Cheeseman, Rogers, Mead or Cook, no one knew for a certainty; but that it was to be one of this brilliant quartet everybody conceived.

On Friday evening last, 11th inst., a number of the members of the club met at "The Study," in Hudson street, on business. While there the subject of the championship came up, when it leaked out that Frank Swift had received a challenge from Mr. James C. Mead, of this city, to skate for the medal and the championship. As both Swift and Mead have hosts of friends, there was considerable chaffing, the result of all which was that two well known members of the club agreed to back the contestants for $1,000 a side. Agreeably to this end articles were drawn up and a deposit placed in the hands of Mr. Wm. Jennings, of "The Study," and over a bottle—in fact, a number of bottles—of "ink," the match was made a permanent fixture. According to the rules of the American Skating Congress, the match has to be skated on one of the rinks built by Messrs. Herveys and Johnson, nearest to where the champion resides. Although Swift is a Cosmopolitan, he looks upon New York as his residence. Either the Brooklyn or Jersey City rink will therefore be selected for the performance, which will take place sometime in January.

Young Mead has always been looked upon as one of the most promising experts in the skatorial world. Within the last two seasons he has improved wonderfully, and last winter defeated Charley Bearman, Martin, the Canadian, and Griffiths, in a match at the Fifth Avenue Pond. Frank Swift is one of the best professional skaters in the country, and is looked upon by his friends as invincible.

Two well known members of the New York Club, who do not wish their names known, were putting up the money, and the next deposit of $250 a side will be made on Thursday evening next, Dec. 17th, at 397 Hudson street.

Match on Lake Simcoe, Canada.—On the 31 inst. a match for $50 a side came off on Lake Simcoe between Henry Briggs and John Conyers, the distance four miles and return, making eight miles altogether. H. Oliver of Scarborough was the referee. After a number of false starts, the men got off about 3 P. M., Briggs taking the lead which he held till the completion of half the distance. Conyers fell shortly after getting under headway, but regained his feet, and gradually gained on his opponent. When the turn had been made, Conyers passed Briggs and come in winner by seventy-five yards. The time was as follows:—

	4 miles.	8 miles.		4 miles.	8 miles.
Briggs	9:33	18:49	Conyers	9:14	18:43½

Two Mile Match at Kingston, C. W.—John Barkem, of Montreal, C. E., and S. H. Wyndham, of Kingston, C. W., skated a match at the latter place on the 12th. Barkem took the lead and came in ahead in 5:28; Wyndham's time being 5.40. The judges were H. Hurley for Wyndham, and S. S. Graves for Barkem. F. P. Finch, of Toronto, was referee.

Skating News from Cincinnati.—The Cincinnati Rink opened for ice skating on Tuesday, 8th inst., under the management of Eugene St. Clair. The Union Pond (Cincinnati Ball Grounds) opened Friday, 11th inst., and the Buckeye Pond the day following. The latter has adopted the expedient of selling coupon tickets, while at the Rink and Union Pond season tickets only are sold. Skating bids fair to be "all the rage" in Porkopolis.

Skating in Philadelphia.—Among the skating parks in operation are the West Philadelphia, which was opened to the public on Friday, Dec. 11th, with "a new invention to make beautiful ice;" Central, Fifteenth and Wallace, with excellent accommodation for evening skating; Columbia, Twenty-fourth and Columbia avenue; North Broad street; Eastwick, at Gray's Ferry; Oakdale, North Broad and Cumberland streets; and Keystone, corner of Third and Morris. A very large rink is being constructed at Twenty-first and Race streets, which will be one of the largest and most convenient places of the kind in the country. The season opens early, and skaters are indulging in the fascinating recreation with great spirit.

Montreal Snow Shoe Club.—This Canadian organization recently elected officers for the ensuing year, as follows:—President, N. H. Hughes; 1st Vice President, C. Radiger; 2d Vice President, J. Vanbuskirk; Secretary, J. P. Cox; Treasurer, A. Davidson; Committee: A. Grant, J. Anderson, G. M. Millar, S. MacDonald, A. Simpson.

THE TRIGGER.

TRIGGER SPORT IN MASSACHUSETTS.

Despite the severity of the weather last week, quite a large delegation of sportsmen assembled at Riverside Park, Boston, Mass., on the 9th inst., to witness the shooting of a brace of pigeon matches, the first being between Miles Johnson, of New Jersey, and Edward Tinker, of Providence R. I., and the other between Ira A. Paine, of New York, and J. French of Boston. The first match was looked forward to with much interest, as the principals are among the best shots in the country, and there was a large amount of money pending, the Providence men being present in strong force, and backing their man quite liberally, at the commencement of the match at the rate of 6 to 4, at the close of the shooting at double birds at even money, and then in shooting off the tie at 3 to 1. The match was for $500, and was originally made at 21 single, and 15 double birds each, but this was changed to 9 single and 9 double birds each, 1¼ oz. shot, 21 yards rise, 80 yards boundary, each to trap for himself. J. B. Heywood officiated as umpire for Mr. Johnson, and C. Smith for Mr. Tinker, Mr. Dexter, of Providence, being the referee. The shooting did not commence until nearly 1 o'clock, and then the wind blew so strongly as to make it more a matter of luck than is pleasant to a real sportsman, but as further delay was thought to be unadvisable, the party present turned out and faced the elements. Double birds were shot at first, both being placed in one trap, and Johnson had the first shot, when he missed both, these being perhaps the strongest on the wing of any shot at. He killed the two next pair, the last bird very finely, then the first of the next pair fell dead out of bounds, the other being scored dead. He missed the first bird of the two next pair, killed his two next pair, the fourth bird being a very difficult shot, and he missed his two last birds. Tinker killed his two first pair well, missed the first of the two next pair, that of the fourth falling dead out of bounds. He missed both of his fifth pair, killed his sixth and seventh, missed his eighth and the last bird of his ninth, thus making a tie on the double birds. Johnson then commenced on the single birds and killed his four first, then missed two and killed three. Tinker missed his third and eighth, thus making the match a tie. As a large number of pools had been sold an agreement was made to shoot at seven birds each, twenty-six yards rise to decide the tie, the match to be shot off at Pawtucket on Friday afternoon. Score:

Johnson.........00 11 11 01 01 01 11 11 00—111100111—18
Tinker.........11 11 01 01 00 11 11 00 10—110111101—18

In shooting off to decide pools, Johnson's score was 00110 and Tinker's 111101, consequently the backers of the latter took the money.

The second match was at three double and seven single birds, and was won by Mr. Paine easily, Mr. French having no occasion to shoot at his single birds. The conditions were the same as in the previous match. Mr. French shot first and missed his first pair, a couple of strong flyers, killed the second bird of the next pair, and the first of his third, while Mr. Paine killed all of his three pair and then his first single, missing his two next, killed the following two, then missed one and killed his last, thus scoring ten dead birds out of thirteen, which, of course, could not have been tied by Mr. French.

On Friday, 11th inst., there was another large gathering of those interested in the sport to witness three matches which were announced to come off, but owing to unforeseen circumstances the programme had to be changed, and only one of the matches announced was shot, the remainder of the day being taken up with two made on Wednesday, for $100 each, between E. M. Parry, of Philadelphia, and a crack shot of the Winthrop Club. The weather was much more favorable than on Wednesday, being calmer but very cold, and this made the birds dull and slow to rise from the trap. The shooting was very fair, a few easy shots being missed, but all three of the matches were close, and caused a good deal of interest, which showed itself in the amount of money bet and the pools sold.

The shooting commenced at noon, the first contest being between Ira A. Payne of New York and a gentleman of Boston, a very good shot. Mr. Payne was the favorite at 6 to 4, and the result showed that the confidence of his backers was well placed. The Boston gentleman was rather unfortunate with his birds, two of them falling dead just out of bounds, and another getting away by a premature discharge of his gun. From the score appended it will be seen that of the 25 birds to be shot at by each it was only necessary to shoot at 23. The Boston gentleman was the first to shoot, and he killed his first bird, his second fell just out of bounds and he missed his third and sixth, his eleventh also falling beyond the bounds; he lost the fourteenth, fifteenth and sixteenth, the fifteenth being by bad gathering, and the twenty-second, killing 15 out of 23. Mr. Payne missed his fourth, eighth, eleventh, twelfth and twenty-second, one or two of them being very easy shots, and as he had killed 18 out of 23 of course it ended the match in his favor. The following is a summary:—

Match $500, 25 single birds, 1¼ oz. shot, 21 yards rise, 80 yards boundary.

Boston.........10011011101100011111101—15
Payne.........11101110111001111111101—18

At the close of the above match the first of Mr. Parry's matches was shot, this being at 21 single birds, the other conditions being the same as in the previous one. As the gentleman was "a dark horse" there, the Boston folks were a little shy about risking their money, but the liberal odds of two to one on the Philadelphian, which were freely offered by the Providence men, tempted them to invest, and quite a large sum of money changed hands on the result. The Winthrop Club gentleman commenced the match by killing his first bird, missing his second, dropping his third dead a few feet beyond the boundary line, and missing his seventh, killing all the others up to the twentieth, which gave him the match, he having killed 16 out of 20. Mr. Parry missed his sixth, seventh, eleventh, twelfth, thirteenth and fifteenth, and killed the others to and including the eighteenth. The following is a summary:—

Match $100—21 single birds, 1¼ oz. shot, 21 yards rise, 80 yards boundary.

Winthrop.........10011101111111111111—16
Parry.........111110011100010111—12

Another match made by other parties between the same contestants was then shot, the conditions being precisely the same as the last. In this the Winthrop gentleman had a trifle the call in the betting, but before they had shot four birds each the betting was even. A considerable amount of money was staked, but Mr. Parry was again unfortunate, he being beaten by one bird in 20. The following is the summary:—

Match $100—21 single birds, 1¼ oz. shot, 21 yards rise, 80 yards boundary.

Winthrop.........01111011011111111101—16
Parry.........11011101011111011100—15

PIGEON SHOOTING IN CANADA.

TOURNAMENT FOR THE DOMINION CHAMPIONSHIP.

The crack shots of the Dominion of Canada gathered at Leslieville, near Toronto, on Wednesday and Thursday, 9th and 10th inst., to contest for the honors attending the championship and several valuable prizes. The entries were sixteen in number, as follows:—Geo. Rennardson, Jos. Taylor, James Ward, Loane and Birch, of Toronto; Burton and Wilson, of Markham; Cousins, of Windsor; Stewart, of Niagara; Glen, of London; Vernon, of Strathroy; Dalton, Warren, Lake, Miller and Brown. The night previous to the match pools were sold at Carson's Hotel by Messrs. Page and Quimby, and the betting was very lively; Geo. Rennardson, Jos. Taylor and Ward had about an even call as first favorites, with Loane, Wilson and Glen for second and third. Ward's shooting in his matches with Travis and Kleinman was nothing extraordinary, and the fact that it was well known that Taylor and Rennardson had made better scores prevented his being placed as high in the betting as many thought he would be. Rennardson, who has shot but few public matches, is well known as a thoroughly steady, reliable shot, both at pigeons and in the field. Joe. Taylor is also well known to lovers of the trigger in Toronto as a crack shot, and in some minor matches this season 97 out of 100 were placed to his credit. Birch, who first won the title of Champion and gave it up to be shot for by this tournament, has latterly been afflicted with partial loss of eyesight, and though having no hopes of making a score, gamely "toed the mark" rather than be thought willing to back out.

FIRST DAY.

Sleighs and pedestrians turned out in great force, and the crowd upon the shooting ground was very large when the time arrived for the commencement of the sport, 10 o'clock. Each man was to shoot at 21 single birds, and at a quarter to eleven the men drew for places, and Rennardson, first at the scratch, killed his bird neatly. Mr. Becher, Taylor's principal backer, now "sent up his man" and the string was pulled, but the bird, instead of flying, shook his feathers, and began leisurely feeding round the trap; "no bird" was called, and Joe had another, which went off like a rocket, and his life blood dyed the snow; Warren retired with a "duck egg;" Ward then followed, his bird went straight away with the wind, but was beautifully stopped at 40 yards and fell dead as a stone, leaving a stream of feathers in the air; Burton and Cousins next killed their birds cleverly; Mr. Stewart floored his first bird; Wilson then killed; Lake didn't; Glen, Loane and Vernon then placed one each to their credit; Birch, Dalton and Miller missed, and Brown killed. For the rest we append the figures:—

Rennardson	111111110011—12	Lake	0010111111111—11
Taylor	110111111011—11	Glen	1110100000111—7
Warren	0100100111100—6	Loane	1101011111111—11
Ward	1110011011110—10	Vernon	1101011011100—7
Burton	1110111111111—13	Birch	0101100011111—9
Cousins	1110111101111—11	Dalton	0001111111111—11
Stewart	1110111101101—11	Miller	0111010010001—7
Wilson	1101111110011—11	Brown	1000101110111—8

The traps were placed down wind, and to the right of them was the lake, not 300 yards off, consequently the birds would not face the water, and comparatively few flew to the right, while an unusual number flew straight towards the marksmen. It will be seen by the above that Burton made the best score, only missing one bird. Cousins and Wilson were remarkable for the clean, quick way in which they killed their birds; also, Loane, who, however, is an old hand, and hardly came up to expectations. Taylor missed two easy shots, and Ward astonished us by missing four birds. During the match the outsiders behaved in the most rascally manner by crowding upon the shooters, and Ward was at work the whole day endeavoring to keep them back and preserve something like order.

SECOND DAY.

The next morning broke bright and cold, wind nor-west, thermometer about 10 degrees below zero. Rennardson was first and led off with a round 0, and though the morning's shooting was very unlucky, only scoring two out of five, for the rest we give the figures:—

Rennardson	0100010—14	Lake	1000001—13
Taylor	1110111—16	Glen	0110101—11
Warren	0011110—9	Loane	1111110—18
Ward	1111001—15	Vernon	0011001—10
Burton	1001111—18	Birch	1100101—12
Cousins	1010010—14	Dalton	1111110—17
Stewart	1110000—15	Miller	1010010—10
Wilson	0110101—15	Brown	1010101—12

This concluded the match, and Burton, of Markham, won the cup and championship, having killed 18 out of 21 birds. He shot remarkably well throughout and had some very hard birds, the greater part of them flying either directly away or directly towards him. Dalton, of Hamilton, ran him very close, but went out on his last bird, having killed 17 running, and took second prize. Taylor and Loane tied at 16 for third and fourth prizes, and shot off, the rule being "miss and go out." Loane missed his first bird, and Taylor killed, taking third. Loane, fourth. Geo. Rennardson, fifth prize.

Pigeon Shooting at Buffalo.—A quartet of pigeon shots of local repute, residing at Buffalo, N. Y., and named respectively Robt. Newell, George Smith, Chas. E. Felton and Frank Gifford, had arranged for a trial of skill on the 10th inst., to shoot at twenty-five birds each, from ground traps. All four reported at the half mile track about two o'clock, but one of the gentlemen was so unwell as to express his inability to shoot. Still five birds a piece were shot at, and the clean twenty brought down, but at this stage of the proceedings the invalid was obliged to give up, much to the disappointment of those assembled, who augured a fine contest from the auspicious beginning. The match was postponed for a few days, with the honors easy.

Challenge from Ward.—James Ward, of Toronto, C. W., who recently defeated Capt. Travis and Abe Kleinman, publishes the subjoined challenge:—

I will make a match to shoot against any man in Canada at 50 pigeons, H. & T. ground traps, according to the rules of "Dead Shot," and 25 double rises, according to the rules of the New York Sportsman's Association, for $500 a side, and will allow the sum of $50 for expenses to any man not living in Toronto, the match to be shot in Toronto one month from this date. A match can be "got on" at Carson's Hotel, King street. JAMES WARD.
Toronto, Dec. 8th.

Swimming Academy Billiard Hall.—This elegantly fitted up establishment and most acceptable addition to the resorts where the knights of the board of green cloth are wont to congregate in the metropolis, was formally opened on Wednesday evening, 9th inst., a numerous company being present, including many celebrities and amateur cueists. During the evening a number of the leading artists of the city exhibited their skill in manipulating the ivories, not only billiardistically but gastronomically. For to add to the eclat of the opening an excellent collation was provided, to which a large number of invited guests sat down and did full justice, toasting the success of the new establishment in bumpers upon bumpers of generous, rosy red wine.

THE TURF.

THE AMERICAN TURF

The Metairie Jockey Club, N. O., Fall Meeting.

FIFTH DAY, MONDAY, DECEMBER 7TH.

The racing was continued on Monday, the 7th inst., there being three races on the programme. The day was fine, the attendance good, but the course was very heavy in consequence of the rain storm of the previous day. Summary:—

Metairie Course, New Orleans, Dec. 7th.—Club Purse, $350; mile dash.
Richards & Kilgour's b f Bettie Bay 1
W. Brady's b h Jack Gamble 2
Time, 2:06.

Same Day.—Match, $1,000; dash of half a mile.
Col. Hamilton's ch m Nanny McNairy, 6 yrs 1
Owner's b h Lanestra, aged 2
Time, 0:54¾.

Same Day.—Purse, $600; mile heats, best three in five.
R. Warwick's b h Joe Johnson, 5 yrs, by Goodwood, dam Judy, by imp. Sovereign 1 1
Col. Nelligan's b h Bismark, 5 yrs, by Jack Gamble, dam by Black Prince .... 2 2 dis
Time, 2:02; 2:04¼; 1:59

SIXTH DAY, TUESDAY, DEC. 8.

This was the last day of the meeting and was very largely attended. The weather was fine and pleasant, and the course was in much better condition than on the previous day. Sundown, the representative of the Missouri stable of Messrs. O'Fallon and Davis, had no difficulty in disposing of her two opponents, Transit and Carrie Atherton, in the three mile heat race for the $1,000 purse; and Jack Gamble easily beat Wisenhunt and Tom Green in the mile heat race. The stable of Moore and Coffey, having bagged the State Post Stake and the two mile heat purse, did not take further part in the sport, but left the minor stakes to be contested for by the other stables present. Last spring this formidable stable swept everything before them, winning every race for which they started. Most of the stables proceed from New Orleans to Mobile, to the meeting on the Magnolia Course, which is run this week. Summary:—

Metairie Course, New Orleans, Dec. 8.—Purse $300; mile heats.
William Brady's b h Jack Gamble, Jr., 5 years, by Jack Gamble, dam Medora 1 1
J. B. Patterson's ch c Wisenhunt, 3 years, by Sherrod, dam by John Harper 2 2
C. A. Hamilton's ch h Tom Green, by Memnon, dam by Tempest 3 3
Time, 1:54¾; 1:55½.

Second Race.—Purse $1,000; $200 to second horse; three mile heats.
O'Fallon and Davis' ch c Sundown, 3 years, by Uncle Vic, dam by Irish Birdcatcher 1 1
Richards and Kilgour's b f Carrie Atherton, 3 years, by Lexington, dam Glycera, by imp. Sovereign 3 2
R. Warwick's b c Transit, 4 years, by Bleakwind, dam Glycera, by imp. Sovereign 2 3
Chalmette .... dis.
Time, 6:00½; 6:06.

The Prospect Park Fair Ground, Brooklyn.—A meeting of the subscribers to this admirable new trotting course, which is becoming popular among the Brooklyn owners of fast trotting stock, was held at the Mansion House, Brooklyn, on Thursday evening, 10th inst. The meeting was for the purpose of organizing the association and selecting officers for the ensuing year. Mr. Paul X. Weitzel was unanimously elected President; Messrs. Samuel McLean, A. M. Bliss and C. R. Stivers, Vice Presidents; W. H. Talmadge, Corresponding Secretary; Henry E. Dodge, Recording Secretary; and James B. Craig, Treasurer. After some discussion, the name of the "Prospect Park Fair Ground Club" was adopted for the association. A committee on by-laws was appointed, comprising Messrs. W. Swartwalder, S. R. St. John, T. V. Talmadge, W. D. Veader and George W. Hall. Next season the hotel on the ground will be under the superintendance of the well known John I. Snediker, of the Union Course, and it is said that both Dan Pfifer and Hiram Howe will move their training stables to this admirably located track.

A Dwarf Fossil Horse Found.—The minutest fossil horse yet discovered was lately found by Prof. O. C. Marsh, of Yale College, in the tertiary deposits of Nebraska. Although full grown, as the ossification of the various bones prove, it was only about two feet high. This makes 17 species of fossil horse now known to have lived in North America, although until quite recently it was generally believed that there were none indigenous to the continent.

THE ENGLISH TURF,

The Steeple Chase and Hurdle Racing Season.

The Croydon Meeting—The Morality of the Turf—An American Bred Hurdle Racer—The Admiral Rous and John Day Libel Trial—Sharp Practice—The Biter Bit

The racing season in England is over, but the genuine turfman experiences no intermission in the enjoyment of his favorite sport, for the steeple chasing and hurdle racing season immediately commences, and continues without interruption until the Lincoln Spring Meeting inaugurates the legitimate racing campaign of another year. Following immediately after the Warwick Fall Gathering, the last flat race meeting of the year, comes the Croydon Steeple Chase and Hurdle Race Meeting, which is regarded with interest as forshadowing, in some degree, that most important event of this kind of sport, the Liverpool Grand National Steeple Chase. The Croydon meeting, from its proximity to London, is popular with the sport-loving citizens of the great metropolis. The sport consisted entirely of steeple chases and hurdle races, and of these there were nineteen, including three matches; one hundred and thirty-four horses taking part in the various contests. The principal event of the first day was the Grand National Handicap Hurdle Race, over two miles and a quarter and seven hurdles, for which nine horses started. It was won by Mr. Brayley's aged horse, Pearl Diver, carrying the steadying top weight of 175 pounds; Brick, a French bred horse, by Dollar, who had won several two-year-old races, and started at a short price for the Two Thousand Guineas, being second, with 150 pounds up, and beaten a length. Pearl Diver was a successful racer across the Flat, having, among other victories, won the Lewes Handicap, the Surrey and Middlesex Stakes at Egham, and the Berkshire Handicap at Reading; he also ran second for the Liverpool Grand National Steeple Chase, and won that race at Warwick the week previous. He is highly bred, being by Marsyas out of Pearl, and was one of the Middle Park offspring, and has been a fortunate horse for Mr. Brayley, who won a good stake on him in this race, for thinking that the weight he carried might tell, coupled him in his bets with Brick, and thus won heavily, backing first and second. On the second day a handicap race over a mile and a half, over six hurdles, brought out no fewer than twenty-one runners, and was won by Lord Burghersh, 4 yrs, carrying 149lbs, by a neck only; Mr. Brayley's Colostream, 4 yrs, 158lbs, being second. Following this race was the Grand Metropolitan Steeple Chase Handicap, over three miles and a half, which was won by Lord Coventry's Steamboat, 5 yrs, carrying 157lbs, beating by half a length Brick, aged, 149lbs (again second), The Nun, aged, 169lbs (third), and seven others. The betting was 2 to 1 against The Nun; 750 to 30 agst Brick, and 5 to 1 agst the winner: the three favorites being the first three horses in the race, but not in the same positions they occupied in the betting. Steamboat is by the once famous horse Lifeboat, a capital horse alike over short courses and a distance of ground, out of a mare by Womersley. This was the second time that Lord Coventry has won this race, having carried it off last year with the unfortunate Chimney Sweep, who subsequently broke his back by falling at a fence, and was obliged to be destroyed.

On the third day the American bred horse, Reporter, aged, carrying 154lbs., won a steeple chase handicap, beating a field of six starters by a neck, the favorite, Ada, being second. This horse is by Lexington, out of a Glencoe mare, and was sent over to England by Mr. Ten Broeck. Unsuccessful as a racer, he was put to jumping, and as a hurdle racer and steeple chaser has been very successful. Pearl Diver repeated his first day's victory by winning the Corydon Cup, over three miles and a half, beating Flyfisher, Laura, and Chippenham, who was third to him in the Grand National Hurdle Race Handicap, won the handicap hurdle race in a field of ten starters. Aurifera came in first, but the rider of Chippenham objected to her on the ground that she and all the others, except one, had gone the wrong course, and the stewards decided the objection good, and disqualified the winner and the others, giving the race to Chippenham, with Colors as second. Notwithstanding the great number of races and contending horses, no accidents or casualties occurred throughout the meeting.

A determined effort appears to be making by the turf authorities to put a stop to, and punish many of the malpractices that exist in hurdle racing and steeple chasing. A charge of wilful foul riding having been brought against a well known jockey named Jarvis, who rode Aurora in the steeple chase at St. Albans, on Nov. 11th, the committee of the Grand National Hunt Committe, (the conservators of steeple chasing,) after hearing the evidence, ordered, "That W. G. Jarvis be suspended from riding for two years at any meeting where the rules of this Committee are in force." Another case was that of a gentleman named Mr. Bower. Talbot, who had run a horse called Byfield, under a false name at the Grantham Steeple Chase Meeting, in April, 1868, and although he had been allowed an opportunity of clearing himself, had not done so to the satisfaction of the Committee, who ordered "That Mr. Bower Talbot's name be struck off the list of gentlemen riders, and that he should not be allowed to run any horse in his own name, or in that of any other person, at any meeting where the rules of this Committee are in force, until further notice." This attempt to purify a popular sport might safely be introduced into this country, when it is remembered that at the last Saratoga Meeting the judges and association allowed one of the most barefaced instances of "pulling" in the case of Lobelia, in the hurdle race on the first day, to pass without any condemnatory notice whatever, although perfectly cognizant of the fact, as was every person who witnessed the race.

The rumors which have been current that the great turf libel action brought by John Day, the Danebury trainer, against the Nestor of the English turf, Admiral Rous, for his celebrated letter respecting Lady Elizabeth and her wretched performance in the Derby, was about to be discontinued by the plaintiff out of respect to the memory of the late Marquis of Hastings, have been explicitly contradicted. The lawyers on both sides are busy preparing their briefs, and subpoening witnesses. The Attorney General and Mr. Mathews are retained for the Admiral, and Sergeant Balantine and Mr. Coleridge for the famous Danebury racing trainer. The case may be heard during the present month, or be postponed until February; but at present the fixture cannot be determined, as there are several cases before it on the list to be tried.

A remarkable instance of sharp practice on the turf, in which the "biter was bit," has recently occurred. At the recent Warwick Meeting, which closed the flat racing season, the last event was the winding up Free Handicap, the conditions of which specified that if there were less than twenty subscribers the weights should be raised to 122lbs. The race was won by Bel Giorno, the weights carried being on the raised scale of 122lbs. The winner, however, was objected to by Mr. T. Hughes, who ran two horses, Macduff and Seringapatam, in the race, on the ground that the first three horses had carried a wrong weight, and he, therefore, claimed the race for his horse Seringapatam, who was fourth, and had carried his proper weight. It then appeared that although there were twenty subscribers, there were only seventeen acceptances, and Mr. Hughes claimed that the weights should not, in such a case, have been raised to 122lbs. He had weighed out both his horses according to the official card, but ordered the rider of one of them, Seringapatam, to drop 2 lbs., leaving his other horse, Macduff, to carry 97 lbs., which agreed with the standard official weight of 122 lbs. After the race, knowing that only his own horse had carried the proper weight, he claimed the stakes. The case was submitted by the stewards of the meeting to Admiral Rous, who decided that the stewards were justified in raising the standard weight to 122lbs., as they had done, and as no owner had objected to this scale, according to which every horse weighs out, these weights on the official card, amounted to a public declaration; therefore Bel Giorno was the legal winner, and Seringapatam, having carried 2 lbs. under his weight, was not entitled to fourth place in the race. This decision has given universal satisfaction, and the sharp practice of the cunning Mr. Hughes has redounded on himself.

The Marquis of Hastings, by his will, bequeaths his colliery property, his house in Grosvenor square, Craven Lodge at Melton Mowbray, and all his plate, jewelry and furniture of every description to be converted into money, and the proceeds to be invested for the benefit of the marchioness for her life; but in case she should marry again, then to be divided between the children of his sister, Lady Marsham. The remainder of his horses will shortly go to the hammer at Tattersall's. The settlement of the marchioness, which amounts to £2,000 per annum, is secured on the Rowallan estate.

A Verbal Foreclosure.—Dr. W——, on one occasion, received no fee for marrying a parsimonious couple, and meeting them several months after at a social gathering, took up their baby and exclaimed:—"I believe I have a mortgage on this child." Baby's papa, rather than have an explanation before the company, quietly handed over a V.

BILLIARDS.

McDevitt and Goldthwait's Match.—As we announced some time ago, the match for $500 a side between William Goldthwait, of Brooklyn, and John McDevitt, of Chicago, is to take place in the latter city on the 22d inst. McDevitt is practicing at Foley's rooms on Dearborn street, and is doing so well that, we are informed, the backers of Goldthwait can obtain the odds of 100 to 80. Goldthwait will start for Chicago on the 15th inst. in company with one or two personal friends. As we go to press (Monday night) he is engaged in giving a farewell exhibition at Wainwright's rooms, Williamsburgh, being assisted by Michael Phelan, Melvin Foster and others.

The Benjamin Testimonial.—Whether wisely or not, the committee in charge of the Benjamin testimonial have decided to dispense with the proposed grand tournament. They recommend, instead, that the moneys subscribed be paid over at once to Mr. Benjamin. Since our last, $25 have been received from Philip Tieman, of Cincinnati, and $25 from E. D. Bassford, of this city.

Foster's Practice Games.—A select company assembled in the private room at Chris. O'Connor's establishment, on the night of the 6th inst., to witness a three ball game of 300 points between Phelan and Foster, the latter giving the odds of 100. Counting the odds received, Mr. Phelan came near making one half the game, his total being 140. The best runs made by Foster were 30 and 31. On the Wednesday night following Foster played Deery a similar game of equal length. Deery made the largest run of the game, and also several in the 20's, but was beaten 50 points.

A Grand Tournament in Brooklyn.—Arrangements are well nigh complete for the holding of a grand tournament at the Assembly Rooms, Brooklyn, on the afternoon and night of the 30th inst. Messrs. Joseph and Cyrille Dion, Michael Phelan, William Goldthwait, John Deery, Melvin Foster, and William Wicks will probably be among the players. The proceeds will go to the Workingwomen's Relief Association of New York and Brooklyn

Lilliputian Billiards.—They have lately had billiards in a nutshell at Chris O'Connor's, no less distinguished a personage than Commodore Nutt having played several games there on different days. He is light on caroms, but heavy on hasards.

Reward of Merit.—Mons. A. P. Rudolphe, who is capable of doing anything in the billiard line, is to have a room with nine tables on Clark street, Chicago. He will be located near Carme, with whom he is now on the best of terms.

Engaged.—The greater portion of the fifty or sixty private boxes at the Academy of Music have been engaged for the Dion-Foster contest. To accommodate the table it has been decided to remove the six front rows of seats in the parquet.

A Lively Week in Chicago.—They are making great preparations in Chicago for the third week in December. On the first night of the week (21st inst.), Henry Rhines and Joseph Vermeulen are to play the push-barred game for $200 and the championship of Illinois; on the 22d Goldthwait and McDevitt are to play the push game for $500 a side; and on the 23d John Frawley and Thomas Foley are to play the push-barred game for $500 a side.

Exhibition in Jersey City.—A number of metropolitan professionals visited on the night of the 11th inst. the fine rooms in Jersey City, known as Shaffer's, when Foster and Goldthwait played a push-barred game of 500 points, and Phelan and Foster a French game of 25. Foster won the four ball game easily, making one run of 192; and Phelan won the three ball game in three innings. The room was thronged, and, the playing over, a superb repast was served up. At about eleven o'clock the players returned to Gotham, and paid Capt. Boyle, of the Astor, the compliment of a visit.

Billiards in Church.—They are playing billiards nightly in the basement of St. Stephen's Church, 28th street, in aid of a fair instituted by the ladies of that congregation.

Humpty Dumpty Billiard Rooms.—This is the attractive title given to the new billiard rooms at 626 Broadway, just above the Olympic Theatre, which has been fitted up with five Phelan tables, and is now open to the public, with reduced prices. Read the advertisement elsewhere in this week's Clipper.

The Spheres in Britain.—A bona fide match between those English experts, J. Bennett and W. Cook, jr., was played at the Prince of Wales Hotel, Paddington, London, Eng., on the evening of November 26th, the sum at issue being £100. Cook lead nearly all through, and finally won by 357 points, the score standing, Cook 1,000, Bennett 643.

The Championship of Ohio.—Below is a copy of the challenge sent to Harry Choate, the present champion of the Buckeye State, by Ackerman:—

CINCINNATI, O., Dec. 12th, 1868.

I hereby challenge Mr. Harry Choate to play me a match game of billiards, for the championship of Ohio, according to the rules adopted by the Billiard Congress of Ohio, in October, 1868. I have placed the required amount of forfeit in the hands of the stakeholder. FRED ACKERMAN.

The annual parade of the Wm. H. Griffith Billiard Guards, of 166 and 168 Fulton street, this city, took place last week, the excursion being made to East New York. The principal prize was a gold watch valued at $200.

AQUATICS.

THE PROPOSED INTERNATIONAL YACHT RACE.

THE CHALLENGE OF THE CAMBRIA ACCEPTED.

As we were confident would be the case, the challenge sent to the New York Yacht Club by James Ashbury of the English Yacht Cambria (already published in our columns), proposing another race for the Queen's Cup, won by the America in 1851, has been accepted, and an international yachting contest of greater interest by far than any which has yet enlisted the attention of the admirers of the sport on both sides the Atlantic may be confidently expected to occur during the fall of next year. In addition to the acceptance on behalf of the Phantom and the proposal for a separate ocean race by the owner of the Dauntless, the Sappho will no doubt take advantage of the opportunity thus offered to make an effort to reverse the issue of her former race with the Cambria, while the owners of other vessels belonging to the squadron are expected to enter their yachts. It will be remembered that the defeat of the Sappho in the Royal Regatta was attributed mainly if not entirely to a series of accidents which she had the misfortune to encounter, and as this circumstance has caused that race to be regarded as indecisive, yachtsmen of both countries will be gratified to know that negotiations have been thus favorably opened for a second meeting, when a true test of speed and seamanship is hoped for. Whatever other vessels may be entered for the cup race, certain it is that public interest will be centred in these two. The correspondence below will fully explain matters as far as they have progressed:—

NEW YORK, Dec. 7th, 1868.

Dear Sir.—You have undoubtedly before this date received a communication from the Secretary of the New York Yacht Club, acknowledging the receipt of your letter of the 3d of October, and informing you of the conditions under which alone the cup won by the schooner yacht America, in August, 1851, was placed by its owners in charge of this association. A letter from Mr. James G. Bennett, Jr., of the schooner yacht Dauntless, suggested by your gallant proposition, has probably also reached you.

In congratulating you most heartily on the success of the Cambria, in your race with the Sappho, I take the opportunity of assuring you that, should you visit our shores in the fall of 1869, all the privileges of the New York Yacht Club will be cordially placed at your disposal, as well as every hospitality by its members calculated to render your stay agreeable. I shall be prepared to test the sailing qualities of my own vessel, the Phantom, against the Cambria, for any race that may be arranged after your arrival, and I venture to add that other members of the club, owners of yachts which have won celebrity, will be found anxious to participate in any contest that may be inaugurated on that occasion.

Assuring you of the pleasure it will give me to do all in my power to make a visit interesting and enjoyable, I have the honor to be your very obedient servant, HENRY G. STEBBINS,
Commodore New York Yacht Club
To Mr. James Ashbury, schooner yacht Cambria, Brighton.

NEW YORK, Dec. 6, 1868.

My Dear Sir.—The Commodore of the New York Yacht Club, of which I am a member, has informed me of the challenge you have so gallantly extended to our American yachts in your commendable desire to carry back to England the Queen's Cup, which has remained in the United States ever since it was won by the America, seventeen years ago. You are good enough to make several propositions. I should the more regret my inability to accept them all if I did not feel assured there are other members of our club who will not suffer you to be disappointed in any of them. For myself I do not care to fit my vessel for contests in inland waters, but I accept your challenge for an ocean race. I contemplate visiting Europe with my yacht, the Dauntless, next May, and shall spend three or four months on your side of the Atlantic. It will give me great pleasure, therefore, to race you from Cowes to New York on the conditions you specify, sailing on the 1st of September, for a cup valued at £250, as you propose, or for any amount you may elect. If this should not be agreeable I will race you on the same terms and for a like amount from Cowes to the Azores and back, or to any other place you may select, not less than three thousand miles at sea.

Allow me to congratulate you on the recent victory of the Cambria over the Sappho. The defeat of the latter will not be regretted by any of our people if it is to prove instrumental in inducing English yachtmen to visit American waters and to enter the lists against our tried and fast vessels.

Assuring you of an equally hearty welcome from the New York Yacht Club, whether you come as victor or vanquished, believe me, my dear sir, very truly yours, J. G. BENNETT, JR.
To James Ashbury, Esq., yacht Cambria, Brighton.

The following letter shows the terms under which the trophy is held open to international competition:—

NEW YORK, July 8, 1857.

To the Secretary of the New York Yacht Club.—The undersigned, members of the New York Yacht Club, and late owners of the schooner yacht America, beg leave through you to present to the club the cup won by the America at the regatta of the Royal Yacht Squadron at Cowes, England, August 22d, 1851.

This cup was offered as a prize to be sailed for by yachts of all nations, without regard to difference of tonnage, going round the Isle of Wight (the usual course for the annual regatta of the Royal Yacht Squadron), and was won by the America beating eight cutters and seven schooner yachts which started in the race. The cup is offered to the New York Yacht Club subject to the following conditions:—Any organized yacht club of any foreign country shall always be entitled, through any one or more of its members, to claim the right of sailing a match for this cup with any yacht or other vessel of not less than thirty nor more than 300 tons, measured by the Custom House rule of the country to which the vessel belongs. The parties desiring to sail for the cup may make any match with the yacht club in possession of the same that may be determined upon by mutual consent, but in case of disagreement as to terms the match shall be sailed over the usual course for the annual regatta of the yacht club in possession of the cup and subject to its rules and sailing regulations—the challenging party being bound to give six months' notice in writing, fixing the day they wish to start. This notice to embrace the length, Custom House measurement, rig and name of the vessel. It is to be distinctly understood that the cup is to be the property of the club, and not the members thereof or owners of the vessel winning it in a match, and that the condition of keeping it open to be sailed for by yacht clubs of all foreign countries upon the terms above laid down shall forever attach to it, thus making it perpetually a challenge cup for friendly competition between foreign countries. On motion of Mr. Grinnell it was

Resolved, That the New York Yacht Club accept the cup won by the America, and presented to them by the proprietors, upon the terms and conditions appointed by them.

Resolved, That the letter of Mr. Schuyler, with the enclosure, be entered on the minutes, and the Secretary be requested to furnish to all foreign yacht clubs a copy of the conditions upon which this club holds the cup, and which permanently attach to it.

J. C. STEVENS, J. BEEKMAN FINLEY,
EDWIN A. STEVENS, GEORGE L. SCHUYLER,
HAMILTON WILKES, N. BLOODGOOD, Secty.

SCULLING ON THE TYNE.

The scullers' race between J. Bright, of Newcastle, and Alexander Hogarth, of Sunderland, Eng., for £25 a side, came off on the Tyne on the 23d ult., over the two mile course from the High Level to the Meadows House, and resulted, after an exceedingly fine race, in Bright rowing down his man in the last 150 yards. Bright trained for his present engagement under the care of J. Hall, of the Elswick Boathouse, but as this was his debut in a wager boat—the whole of his previous matches having been in open boats—his division at first were by no means confident. Hogarth, after a preliminary course of training on the Wear, took up his quarters at the Dun Cow, Dunston, and was making rapid progress under the supervision of young Hepplewhite, of that place, until a few days before the race, when he was seized with a bad attack of cramp, which had the effect of rendering his friends shy in the matter of speculation, and for a time offers of 2 to 1 and 5 to 2 on Bright failed to bring them to terms. Hogarth was brought to the post, however, in tolerably good trim, and Bright, who won the toss for stations, showed in magnificent fettle. W. Oldham was referee. The men went to their stations at half past nine, and after fiddling for ten minutes got away by mutual consent, Hogarth, who was smarter with his sculls than his opponent, at once showing with a perceptible lead. Bright, however, speedily recovered himself, and in less than a dozen strokes drew level, and the pair rowed scull and scull for a quarter of a mile. Approaching Davidson's Mill, Bright drew away a trifle, but a fine spurt from the Sunderland representative again brought him level, and at Skinner's Burn he led by nearly half a length. Nearing the site of the proposed Redheugh Bridge Bright spurted in turn and collared his opponent, but keeping an indifferent course, he again fell astern, and Hogarth led by nearly a length up to the New Quay. Here the Newcastle man again drew up, and getting on even terms with his opponent at the Gas Works, a most exciting race ensued to Waterson's Quay, which the pair passed dead level, the mile being accomplished in 7 min. 30sec., on a sluggish tide. Round the bend and up the Annie Island Hogarth again led the way, and although on making for the Meadows House he was frequently overtaken by his plucky opponent, his magnificent sculling and remarkably fine course gave him the best of the race until the last 150 yards, when Bright made a splendid effort, and fairly rowing down his antagonist, landed himself a winner by two lengths, Hogarth paddling in. The finish took the spectators completely by surprise, indeed just before Bright's final spurt the long odds of 100 to 20 were offered, and £20 to £1 were actually laid on the Sunderland man.

Presentations to Renforth.—The announcement that Renforth, the champion sculler, would be presented with a testimonial at Hengler's Circus in Newcastle, Eng., on Monday evening, 23d ult., drew a numerous and brilliant company, and in the course of the proceedings the champion, accompanied by J. Taylor, was called into the arena and presented with a beautiful gold medal and signet ring in token of his victory. Renforth, it need hardly be added, met with the warmest reception from the audience. On Tuesday evening, at the Oxford Music Hall, in the same town, a gold medal and purse were presented to him on behalf of the proprietors, Messrs. Bagnall and Blakey; and on Wednesday, at the Theatre Royal, Sunderland, he was presented with a gold medal by Mr. Young, on behalf of Mr. Stanley.

Election by the Columbia.—At the regular annual meeting of the Columbia Boat Club, of this city, held on the 8th inst., the following gentlemen were elected to serve as officers during the year 1869:—President, H. G. Hashagen, re-elected; Vice President, J. A. Meredith, re-elected; Treasurer, W. A. Martin, re-elected; Secretary, H. W. Hunt; Trustees:—H. G. Hashagen, W. A. Martin, J. A. Meredith, Theo. Van Raden and Wm. Neill; Delegates to Association:—H. G. Hashagen, J. C. O'Neil and W. A. Martin.

CUPID'S FOIBLES, FOLLIES AND FANCIES.

A Don Juan Sent to Prison.—Senor Fouerra is a Castillian, and some months ago arrived in Paris, retaining all the picturesque costume of his country, as well as its gallantry. Acting on the principle that when far from the lips we love, "we've but to make love to the lips that are near," the Spaniard serenaded, and successfully, the youthful spouse of a retired baker some fifty years old. But "as the gay bloom of fifty soon passes away," the young wife gave the Castillian an appointment. Both lived opposite to each other, and by means of a rope fastened to his balcony and united by Madame to hers, Lovelace crossed the street. The husband, either previously apprised, or "hearing the nightingales warbling their loves," entered, half dressed, and belabored Don Juan with a heavy stick, who, endeavoring to recross "the line," was arrested by his mantle on his lady's balcony. Still the husband cudgeled away. The police, attracted by this midnight rope performance, quickly arrived, conducted Lovelace and his "ladye faie" to the police office, and next day they were sent to prison for three months.

Poor Fun for the Price.—On the 8th of last August, William Barnes and William Bagley were arrested at the instance of one Mary Scanlan, on a charge of attempting to forcibly violate her person. Her story was that she went into a saloon at 181 North street, where Barnes tended the bar, and ordered an oyster stew; that she was shown into a box-stall, and while there she was set upon by Barnes, and Bagley, who was a hanger on at the saloon, and but for her outcries they would certainly have violated her. Two days after Barnes and Bagley were taken before the Municipal Court, and, waiving examination, were fully committed to await the action of the Grand Jury. At the September term they were indicted for assault with intent to commit rape. Yesterday, in the Superior Criminal Court, they plead guilty to indecent assault and battery and each was fined $100.—Boston Herald, Dec. 3.

A Fast Feminine.—Mary Walters, an English woman, better known by her sobriquet of "Skittles," died recently in Paris. She was of that notorious circle in the demi monde to which Cora Pearl and Therese belonged at one time and another, and was the favorite of a good many titled and untitled men of wealth. Once dining in the Bois de Boulogne, she made a bet that she would bow to the Emperor while passing his carriage. She did so, and threw a kiss at his Majesty, which, it is hardly necessary to say, was not returned. Next day her carriage was excluded from the park, and an agent of the police visited her with the suggestion that the air of Paris was not suited to her complexion, and that her passport was ready, with the officia visa partir. There is a story that a young English lord, on leaving her one morning, presented her with a fifty pound note, and apologised for the slender donation. "My father," he said, "allows me a mere pittance; when he dies I shall have more opportunity to be liberal." "Many thanks," said Skittles. "John" (turning to her servant), "show out Lord ——, and admit him again when his father is dead."

A Charitable Charmer.—The wife of one of the leading foreign Ministers in Washington took a book some time ago and went from house to house in the residence part of the town, soliciting subscriptions for a charitable object. Suddenly she entered a parlor, the pictures and decorations of which showed too manifestly that it was a disreputable house. A woman entered, whose face and dress confirmed the suspicion. The Minister's wife quietly presented her book, and made her plea. "Do you know who I am," said the woman, "that you come to me on an errand like this?" "It matters not who you are," said the lady; "your gift to the poor may be better than you know." The woman took the book with a brightened face and wrote a subscription.

The Sultan of Turkey has about nine hundred wives, but only three are his favorites, each of them of remarkable beauty. Their names are Dournel (the New Pearl); Hairani Dil (the Excellent Heart), and Eda Dil (the Elegance of the Heart). His eunuchs, chamberlains, pages, pipe bearers, grooms, cooks, &c., number over two thousand persons, for whom some six thousand dishes are daily prepared, which are served at five hundred tables.

Marry Her First.—Many years ago, in what is now a flourishing city, lived a stalwart blacksmith, fond of his pipe and his joke. He was also fond of his blooming daughter, whose many graces had ensnared the affections of a young printer. The couple, after a season of billing and cooing, "engaged themselves," and nothing but the consent of the young lady's parents prevented their union. To obtain this an interview was arranged, and the type prepared a little speech to admonish and convince the old man, who sat enjoying his pipe in perfect content. The typo dilated on the fact of their long friendship, their mutual attachment, their hopes for the future, and like topics; and taking the daughter by the hand, he said:—"I am now, sir, to ask your permission to transplant this lovely flower from its parent bed"—but his feelings overcame him, and he forgot the remainder of his oratorical flourish, stammered, and finally wound up with, "from its parental bed into my own." The father keenly relished this discomfiture of the suitor, and removing his pipe and blowing a cloud, replied:—"Well, young man, I don't know as I have any objection, provided you marry the girl first."

A Libel Suit.—Lorenzo Brigham, of Deerfield, Mass., has sued William Smith, of the same place, for libel, in causing to be published in the Greenfield Gazette the birth of a daughter named Rose Stanbridge. The child was born, but the libel consists of the name, which includes the surname of Brigham's hired man, causing the inference that Stanbridge was its father. Smith is under bonds for trial in March

Wants to Become a Princess.—An East Indian paper publishes a matrimonial advertisement from a young lady in England, in which she offers herself to an Indian prince. The young lady commences by stating that she has lost her papa and mamma, that she is living with a Wesleyan minister, is 21 years of age, has some property, and would like to marry a king. She has seen the Maharajah well spoken of in the newspapers, and would be glad to hear if the potentate is willing, and if he will "name the day." The Wesleyan minister attaches a testimonial, pronouncing her a very nice, amiable, kind, and excellent young lady, who would make an excellent wife.

OUR GAME BAG.

Golden Gleanings—Merry Thoughts—Wise Proverbs—Fun and Sentiment.

CONUNDRUMS.

When is a lady's hair like news? When it is found in morning papers.

When are soldiers like housemaids? When they are scouring a country.

When is a boy not a boy? When he is puerile (pure-ile).

Which State contains the happiest people? Merryland.

Why is the letter D like a fallen angel? Because by its association with evil it becomes a devil

Why is the letter I like the American Revolution? Because it is the beginning of Independence.

Why would Venus descending from Olympus be like a liberal husband? Because she would come down handsome.

What is the difference between a ritualistic Episcopalian and a Baptist? One burns wax candles and the other dips.

BREVITIES.

A Shocking thing to think of.—A galvanic battery.

Striking.—The only men whom strikes benefit—Clock makers.

Charity is the offspring of a benevolent soul.

The man who is good for making excuses is good for nothing else.

Nature has sown in man the seeds of knowledge; but they must be cultivated to produce fruit.

Never consider a person unfeeling or hard hearted because he refuses what he cannot grant.

Want what you have and you will have what you want.

In prosperity be prepared for a change, in adversity hope for one.

A cheerful countenance is the index of a good heart.

Destroy not your own health by drinking to the health of others.

MERRY MOMENTS.

Epitaph on a tombstone in Northumberland, Eng.:—
Here I lies, and what is rather rarish,
I was bred, born, and hang'd in this 'ere parish.

Long Credit.—A person, more ingenious than scrupulous, paid a tradesman for some goods by a bill at two months; but on presenting it at the expiration of that period, the owner found it was payable two months after death instead of after date.

Oysters by the Yard.—A man seeing an oyster vendor pass by, called out:—"Give us a pound of oysters." "We sell oysters by measure, not by weight," was the oysterman's reply. "Very well," said the other, "then I'll take a yard of them."

A Merited Reward.—A physician, much attached to his profession and his own skill, during his attendance on a man of letters, observing that the patient was very punctual in taking all his medicines and following all his rules, exclaimed in the pride of his heart:—"Ah! my dear sir, now you deserve to be ill."

Coarse, but Stinging.—A brow-beating counsel asked a witness during a trial for assault, at what distance he was from the parties when the assault happened. He answered, "Just four feet five inches and a half." "How came you to be so very exact, fellow?" said the counsel. "Because I expected some fool or other would ask me," said he, "so I measured it."

A Young Lady Outwits Beau Nash.—A young lady coming one day into the Rooms at Bath when Nash was master of the ceremonies, he attempted to put her to the blush by his effrontery. "Well, miss," said he, "you have just come from school, and I dare say you have read your Bible. Can you tell me what was Tobit's dog's name?" "Nash, sir," replied she, "and a saucy dog he was."

Who can beat this?—A New Hampshire editor, who has kept a record of big beets, announces at last, that "the beet that beat the beet that beat the other beet is now beaten by a beet that beats all the beets, whether the original beet, the beet that beat the beet, or the beet that beat the beet that beat the beet."

A Western Exchange gives vent to its poetical phrensy in the following stanza:—

"I wud not dy in Ortum,
With the peaches fit fer eatin',
When the wavin' corn is gettin' ripe
And the candidates are treatin';
When sassidge meat is fryin',
A hickory nuts is thick,
Ow! who would think of dyin'
Or evin gettin' sick?"

PASS ON.

A Dirge for the Mighty.

Banner, tramp, peal and moaning knell,
 Night's sable pomp, round setting sun;
A nation's pride and sorrow tell,
 Yet Genius lives—*Life is begun!*
 Pass on.

Pass on. Earth has no more to give,
 Youth's sun has set, Time's brow is wan;
The honors, meeds for which men live,
 Thou'st won them, worn them, pass thou on.
 Pass on.

Title and space of little worth,
 Thy country gives to meaner mind;
To thee, such power as few on earth
 Had wielded nobly for their kind.
 Pass on.

Never such hearts as clung to thee,
 Shrined in such love, a master's name;
Never such page as thine shall be,
 May time efface—thou art for fame.
 Pass on.

Faction its breath hath idly spent,
 Thy stately tread hath onward passed;
"All's well!" Thou hast thy monument—
 The stars, thy fitting pall at last!
 Pass on.

All time is thine—thy name is spell—
 An ægis to a world is given!
Life gave thee toil, death, rest—'tis well—
 Earth can no more—God gives thee heaven.
 Pass on.

New York, 1st mo. 5th, D., '62. ADAH ISAACS MENKEN.

GAVESTON'S HEIR;

OR,

CAUGHT IN THE TOILS.

By the Author of "She Would be an Actress."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

ONLY A STUD.

Mr. Kennedy rubbed his eyes and pinched himself to be sure he was not dreaming. No, it was all reality. There was the grey sea and the blue horizon, and he was lying in a berth of a ship, with the face of the captain looking at him with no very pleased expression.

"Aboard your ship!" he said. "What does it mean? I cannot understand. I was in London; I——"

"You're not in London now," replied the captain, with a laugh; "we are fairly on our way, and out of sight of land, and if this weather holds we shall have a glorious run."

"Where to?"

"Where to? Why, Melbourne, to be sure. I must say, for a gentleman as anxious as you were represented to be to get there, you seem remarkably ignorant on the subject."

"Ignorant! Australia! I must be going mad, I think; I can't remember anything."

"You're all abroad. I'll get you something, and then I must have a talk with you. There, try some of that."

A taste of brandy seemed to lift the veil of confusion from his brain a little, and he began to remember things more clearly.

"I must have been ill," he said, trying to sit up, and finding his head cling, as it were, to the pillow. "Where is Mr. Carter, and how did I come here?"

"I don't think you have been ill exactly, though what has been the matter with you is more than I can tell; as to how you came here, that is somewhat of a long story. For your third question, where is Mr. Carter? I know no more than you; he was on board, he is not now, and that is all I can tell you about him."

"Then I'm duped, tricked, and by the devil who murdered my friend and took his place in the world! I must go back to England. I have money plenty, if I have not been robbed as well as cheated. It is a mercy they did not find it necessary to kill me as well. Captain, I will give you any money to turn back; it is not too late."

"Too late for me," he replied gravely. "I should waste four days in doing it, and I was some hours late in starting, owing to this man Carter; your passage was well paid for, I can assure you."

"No doubt; it was worth something to get rid of me, but I must get back. I'm not raving, there's life and death in the matter."

"You cannot get back now unless you swim; there, there, don't be in a hurry; I am a plain matter of fact fellow, and I'll help you if I can. You shall tell me all about it, when you are able, and if I can help you I will, be sure of that."

"I'm able now—I'm only weak and giddy—if you have half an hour to spare."

"A whole one, if you like, but let me introduce myself first. I am Captain James Frost, at your service, of the steamship Cygnet, from London to Melbourne, and you are, as I know, Mr. Kennedy, and I suppose from Australia."

"Yes, from Melbourne, but I don't know you even by name."

"This is my first trip on the line. I have been on one of the Indian mail packets; and now we know each other, go on, my dear sir."

Mr. Kennedy did go on, and told his story concisely, from beginning to end, while Captain Frost listened with surprised interest.

"Well," he said, when it was concluded, "it strikes me you have been as nicely *done* as ever man was. Your friend, Mr. Carter, hinted—not declared, mind—that you had some extraordinary delusions, which you would most likely talk of, and we were not to heed them, but——"

"Help me to get ashore, and I'll prove to all the world whether they are delusions or not. The lying devil!"

"All that I can I will do. Now for my story of how you came aboard."

"Ay, tell me. Oh! I'll have ample revenge for this."

"Carter brought you aboard. He came down somewhat late the night before to see about your passage. I told him we were off with the tide in the morning, and that the accounts were all made up, and so forth; but he represented that you had received news that necessitated your immediate return, and offered to place the money in my hands at once if I would only wait a few hours and take you both on board. He gave me the names of some of the most influential men in Melbourne, and referred me to Messrs. Talland and Geary, of Cannon street, who, he said, knew you, and would vouch for there being no improper reason for the urgency of your departure."

"They laid their plans well. Go on."

"I did wait, and, what was more, I went to Messrs. Talland and Geary, or rather to Mr. Geary's house, before he was up in the morning."

"To make sure I was neither murderer nor felon, I suppose? Well, did you get a good character of me?"

"It was my duty, sir. I might have been aiding an escape from justice. I did not know either Mr. Carter or yourself, you know."

"True; pardon my hasty words, but you do not know how I have been wronged. So Mr. Geary reassured you, did he?"

"He only said that if I referred to Mr. Kennedy, the owner of the Darrabar property, he was a man who would honor my ship and me by sailing with us?"

"I am much obliged to him; but I had rather have had a bad character at his hands in this case," Mr. Kennedy said, with a sigh—"well."

"Of course, I immediately settled with Mr. Carter, who said you would be on board at twelve o'clock. So you were, but utterly insensible, dead drunk, we thought, and he insinuated as much."

"No, drugged, I can feel it now. I sat down to breakfast with him, and had some coffee."

"He looked after you, and put you to bed himself, and said you were better, and would soon be about, when we asked him, but none of us have seen him since we left Gravesend."

"And how long is tha' ?"

"It was late last night, and it is evening now."

"And we are out at sea. God help me. What shall I do? Heaven only knows what villainy may be going on while I am lying here."

"I'll put you aboard the first ship we meet. You shall baulk them yet. How about money? You had better see how your pockets stand. Your coat is behind you there."

The bulk of the papers which Mr. Kennedy carried about him were all right. There were bills and drafts, which were of no use to any one but himself, among them; but a signed check and all the cash had disappeared. Mr. Carter had paid the expenses out of the purse of his victim, by appropriating whatever he could lay hands on from his pocket-book. There were nothing for it but to be patient; the Cygnet was out at sea, and there was no going ashore when it pleased any one to do so; and, besides, he was so weak from the effects of the opiate he had taken that he could not stir. The ship was searched again for Mr. Carter, but no trace of that gentleman's presence could be found. The truth was that he had quietly gone ashore at Gravesend, and taken the train to London, no one noticing his departure in the darkness. And so the weary night passed, and the morning broke dimly through a heavy fog, which hung over the sea for hours, and during which a hundred ships might have passed unseen; and Mr. Kennedy, sitting up now, but with a very wan, weary face, was almost beside himself with impatience. And all this time Ralph Gaveston was preparing for his marriage in fancied security, planning and arranging, with pretty Ruth to advise and Lady Grantley to superintend. Dan the Devil had not been seen in the neighborhood since his flight to London, but an ill written, worse spelt note had informed his patron of his whereabouts, and a check for a considerable sum had been the answer to the missive, which was a very welcome one to the squire. He burnt it, and went about his arrangements with a much lighter heart than before. He did not see much of Mr. Ord during this time of bustle; he, as well as other people, marked the change that had come over the old man, but he attributed it to failing health, and never thought of connecting himself with it in any way. He heard him express surprise that Mr Kennedy did not return, but it seemed a matter of no particular moment whether he came back or no; "he was sorry," he said, "not to have seen his old friend, but it could not be helped." Mrs. Bartley was very busy in all the alterations at the Hall. When Mrs. Gaveston left, she had preferred to stay with her master—"her bairn," as she called him sometimes still—and he was very glad she had so chosen, for he felt she would be a valuable ally and faithful servant to his bride. Jessie was in her element in the midst of the confusion. The new furniture that was ordered was left pretty much to her management, and she showed great skill and taste in what she undertook. The old nursery, the room in which Ralph had died, was to be entirely refurnished and turned into a handsome bedroom, and the disused corridor upon which it opened was to be carpeted and papered, and the rooms within it furnished up against the time when the new Mrs. Gaveston should fill the house with company. Since the child's death, and for long before it, the nursery door on that side had not been opened, for those rooms were never used, and the association of death with the silent apartment kept the servants from ever willingly entering it.

"It looks very dreary and dull," Jessie remarked, when she bustled into it with her attendant handmaids, to superintend the taking down of curtains and the lifting of carpets, "but we'll soon alter it, and make it a real bonny room."

"It smells like a vault," said one of the girls, throwing the windows wide open and letting in a rush of fresh air. "Do you think Miss Alice really saw anything that night, Mrs. Bartley?"

"Dinna speak such nonsense," said the housekeeper sharply, though her heart sickened at the remembrance of what Alice had told her she had seen. "The puir lassie was just wearied wi' sitting up, and dreamed o' a fright. You've little to do, surely, havering among yoursels about sic things."

The girl was rebuked, and said no more; but the housekeeper could not banish the remembrance of the child's death from her mind, and went about her work with a vision of the baby face before her eyes that brought the tears there. By and by she unlocked the door opening into the passage, and as she threw it open she trod upon something hard that lay there. She stooped and picked it up, and then reeled, sick and shivering, against the wall. It had lain on the *outside* of the door, and was a stud of Ralph Gaveston's. She knew it well—it was one of a set he had bought in New York, and was rather curious then, before the rage for eccentric jewelry prevailed so much as now. It was a black fly crawling over a white surface. She had often seen him wear it *before* the child's death, but, now she remembered with horror, never *since* that time.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

JESSIE GIVES WARNING.

"Eh, Mrs. Bartley, ma'am, what's the matter?" exclaimed one of the girls, as Jessie entered the room, looking very pale. "You look as if you'd seen a ghost."

"Do I?" she replied, sitting down upon the nearest seat. "Weel, may be I hae. Dinna look at me that way, lassies. There's mony a ghaist besides the spirits o' the dead—there's the ghaists o' auld memories come ower us sometimes when we little look for them; and there's a worse ghaist still that comes to auld folk like me—a vision o' death that comes in chills and shivers and sudden pains—that's a' the ghaist that I've seen. I took a sudden pain at my heart, and I'm no weel, that's a'."

They came about her with sympathising words and looks, but she put them gently away.

"Dinna heed me, lassies," she said; "gang on wi' your work, and I'll lie down a wee. May be I'll be better or you'll want me again."

She was just rising to go, when a step sounded outside, and Mattie Brock's clean, good tempered face appeared at the door.

"Why, Mattie, who'd have thought of seeing you!" the girls exclaimed, in glad greeting, for Mattie was a favorite. "We're all in a muddle here, getting ready for the new mistress."

"Ay, so I heard," Mattie replied, shaking hands all round. "Miss Sturrock is gone away for two days and I've got a holiday. Sarah Anne is keeping house and I've leave to stay till to-morrow night. I know some of you will give me a bed."

"Of course we will."

"I couldn't send and say I was coming," she went on, "for it was a sudden thing; but I knew Mrs. Bartley wouldn't be angry—would you, ma'am? Bless me, how poorly you do look! I hope there's nothing much the matter."

"No; she isn't well," one of the girls said. "She took a queer turn just the moment before you come in."

"Oh, it's nothing," Jessie said. "I'll go down with Mattie to my own room and be quiet a bit. I'm real glad to see you, my dear, and to know you're doing well; you've got a good mistress."

"Yes; and a good home, and everything that any one could wish; but my heart's *here*, Mrs. Bartley—here, with you all, and with *him*. Oh, when do you think I shall see him?"

"May be to-day. He's in and out all the time; but come down to my room, my bairn—I'm cold and nervous-like, and wad fain be quiet."

They went down to the cosy room Mrs. Bartley owned as her peculiar sanctum, and Mattie had a glass of wine and made some negus for her old friend, who was strangely chilly, though the day was by no means cold, and she grew better and was able to talk, though the remembrance of the stud weighed heavy on her, and the recollection of what Alice had seen, and what, alas! seemed confirmed to her now, would rise up with terrible clearness before her. She questioned Mattie about her place and her mistress, and listened with interested ears to her chatter about Birmingham and her life therein, and heard with no little surprise about Mr. Kennedy's visit to her.

"He came here," she said. "A dear friend o' the master's, he said he was."

"Ay, that he was, and a good friend to me, God bless him for it; but, Mrs. Bartley, what could he mean by what he said, I should be disappointed when I saw Mr. Gaveston? Why should I be disappointed? May be he'll be cold and proud. He's a gentleman now, and I would try not to mind that; but he seemed to hint at some *other* change."

"I don't know, I'm sure," Jessie said, with a sigh. "He's changed from the bairn I nursed upon my knee, and loved sae weel; I ken that fine."

"And then there was that man who came before, seeking to know about that poor Mrs. Dale. Oh, I never told you that I saw *her* in Birmingham."

"No, indeed! Tell me all about it; that's an affair I never could make out."

And Mattie, thus encouraged, went off into a minute history of the visit of Hawkes to the quiet little household in the Edgbaston Road, of the fright he had given her, the questions he had asked, and, finally, of the curious statement he had made that when Mrs. Dale was found she (Mattie) would know why Mr. Gaveston would not let her stay at the Hall.

"I've thought and thought about it all till I feel almost crazy," she said; "and I cannot understand it."

"Ah, my dear," the old woman said, with a sigh, "we shall ken a' things, if we wait long enough. I've thought over mony a thing about Master Ralph till I'm fai wearied, and I canna get them right in my own head. May be things'll be different when the new leddy comes hame. She's a bonny creature, and good, too; but I'll no be here to see her."

"Not here!"

"No, Mattie; I'm gaun awa. I canna stay. Dinna look like that at me. I'm nae daft; but I maun gang."

"And does Mr. Gaveston know?"

"No yet, but he will the night; I'll tell him before I sleep?"

"And why are you going? Oh, Mrs. Bartley, ma'am, I thought you would stay here all your life."

"I meant to, Heaven knows; but it is not to be. Dinna ask me why I have made up my mind to seek a new hame in my auld days; I canna tell ye. It will break my heart may be, and shorten my days; I can only tell my master the reason. Oh, would to Heaven he had never come back; better, far better, that he should have died beyond the seas, than that I should ken what I do this hour."

She burst into a fit of weeping, and, rocking herself backwards and forwards, sobbed the gasping sobs of old age in a manner pitiful to see, while Mattie vainly strove to soothe her. After a while she grew calmer and talked of other things, and they had a comfortable dinner together; and then the visitor went into the servants' hall and gossiped with her old friends; and Jessie took opportunity to seek her master's presence, and lay before him her sudden intention of quitting the Hall. At this moment Mr. Gaveston was engaged with two friends in his library and writing-room; after they had left Mrs. Bartley knocked at the door and was requested to walk in. After she had disclosed her errand—

"Want to go!" exclaimed Mr. Gaveston, staring at her in unbounded amazement. "Why, nursey, what is the matter with you? I hoped you were going to be the presiding genius of our household, and look after the well-being of another generation of Gavestons by-and-by."

"I've nursed ower mony o' them already," she replied sadly. "I'll hae nae mair to do wi' this evil house, that I should live to ca' it sae."

"Oh, as you will," he said shortly, for he was nettled both at her words and her manner. "I should be sorry for any one to stay in my service against their will. May I ask what has caused this sudden determination on your part?"

She drew out her purse and produced the little stud.

"This," she said, laying it down before him. "Would you like to ken whaur I found it, Master Ralph?"

"Certainly, I should," he replied. "I have lost it for some time, and I am very glad to see it again. I cannot call to mind exactly when I had it last."

"I can tell you the day and the hour," she said, gravely. "You wore those studs the last time the night that poor baby died upstairs. You never went to bed that night; and, when you bent over that innocent baby's corpse, one was missing. I remember it now as clear as if I saw it all over again. Shall I tell you where I found the one I picked up?"

"By the bedside, very likely, if you found it at all; nothing is more probable than that I dropped it there. I lifted the poor little fellow up, and may have knocked it out."

"I found it *outside* the door, Mr. Gaveston—in the corridor, where no one has been for months. Oh, master, dear—my bairnie, that I nursed upon my knee, and loved for the sake of the beautiful mother that bore you—I know now that it was no dream that came to Miss Alice on that dreadful night. Take the stud, and let me go my way where none will ever cross my path and question me."

Her voice rose shrill and sharp with the pain that was in her heart, and Ralph Gaveston sat with bowed head before her. He could not meet her eyes; and, after a moment's pause, she went close up to him, and laid her hand on his arm.

"Master," she said, and her voice was full of touching pathos, "maybe, I'm wronging you; maybe, I've blundered, and Miss Alice did dream. Look me in the face with loving eyes, and tell me in the good Heaven's hearing, that ye sit here in Gaveston its rightful owner—that ye never perilled your soul for the sake of your fortune—and I'll believe you, though all the world rose up to give me the lie."

Look her in the face! No, that he could not, though he would have given Gaveston and all in it to be able to give her the simple proof she asked. Peril his soul! Ay, had he—blacker and deeper than even the poor, simple woman could ever imagine. He turned resolutely away from her, and began to say something about his surprise at what she had said.

"I see ye canna do it," she said bitterly. "Weel, weel—Heaven forgie you! Ye might have waited; the bonny bairnie wadna have keepit you lang out of your ain. Ye needna be feared for my speaking; I'm nae ga'en to do that; but it is a sair heart I shall have to my dying day."

"It is no use either for me to look at or speak to you," he said, recovering his equanimity a little while she spoke. "Of course, if you have made up your mind to go, and have no reason, you are bound to invent one. I am only sorry you have chosen one so cruel to me, and so degrading to yourself in the bare fact of the suspicion, as the one you have alleged."

"You carry it off well," she said, laying her hand once more upon the stud. "Other folks besides me heard about that night's work. Alice is no mad, though you have striven hard to make folks think so, and she may speak out yet."

"If she is not mad, I think you are," he exclaimed, losing patience. "If you want to go, go in Heaven's name, but do not weary me with a lot of twaddle about nothing. If you have anything to lay to my charge, there are magistrates in the land you can go to; but leave me at peace. I suppose you will give me the usual notice and give me time to look out for some one in your place?"

Jessie could say no more except that she would stay the usual time, a fortnight, and refused to tell her master what she was going to do, except that she was going away. She had saved a little, she said, and she should manage very well; but she could not stay. He might say what he liked about her leaving, blame her as he would, but she must go.

"And what shall I say to Mrs. Gaveston?" he asked. "How shall I account to her for this singular whim?"

"You may say what you like. She'll hear nothing from me."

It was not a very enviable reverie that Ralph Gaveston fell into after she left him; and Jessie spent the remainder of the evening in her room silent and sad. Mattie was very happy in her holiday and the company of those who were once her fellow servants. She shared the bed of one of the housemaids, and they chatted far into the night about things past, present, and to come. She purposed going to Bertie House in the morning; but before she left the Hall she had rather a curious adventure, which took all the pleasure off her visit and damped her happy spirits completely.

CHAPTER XL.

MATTIE UNDERSTANDS.

Mattie was ready to go away on the morning after her arrival at the Hall, and was standing in the housekeeper's room with Mrs. Bartley, bonnet and shawl in hand, when Mr. Gaveston's voice sounded outside.

"Bring the trap round, James," he said; "I'm going to see Mr. Ord."

"Who's that?" asked Mattie in bewilderment, for the voice was decidedly authoritative and like that of a master.

"That! Why, the master, Mr. Gaveston, to be sure. If you want to see him, now's your time."

She waited no second bidding or invitation, but rushed out into the hall, and found herself face to face with a stranger.

"Hullo!" he exclaimed, rather confused at her precipitate appearance. "Do you want me, young woman?"

"I beg pardon, sir," she said curtseying; "I did not know you were here. It was Mr. Gaveston I——"

"Well, I am Mr. Gaveston. What is it?"

"You!" There was an accent of terror in Mattie's voice, and a wild, appealing look in her dark eyes as she spoke, which rather amused him.

"You!" she repeated, going a step back and putting out her hands as though to ward off some evil. "I must be asleep or dreaming—oh, what is it?"

"Deuce take me, if I know," he said, coolly surveying her. "You came rushing out to see, as you say, Mr. Gaveston; and now you don't seem to know what you want to say. Does Mrs. Bartley want me? Did she send you?"

"No, sir. I——"

"Then, what is it?" He looked somewhat angry, as was perhaps natural, for Mattie's manner had been unceremonious, to say the least of it; but suddenly a thought seemed to strike him.

"Stay," he said. "What is your name?"

"One that Mr. Gaveston knew well enough once," she replied. "Mattie Brock."

"Mattie!" he exclaimed. "I might have known it. And yet there is an excuse for me—you are so changed, so improved, my girl; you are not a bit like the wild Mattie of the old Australian days. Why you are even more altered than I am, and my old acquaintances never recognise me."

"Not half so much!" she said, shrinking back from the hand he held out to her. "I am changed, thanks to the good angel who stood between me and eternal ruin; but he is changed—gone forever. Oh, I see it all now! I know why I was not wanted here."

"She must be going mad," said Ralph Gaveston, looking keenly at her. "Here, Mattie, I say—what do you mean? Come into the library with me, and let us have a chat. I haven't heard all that befel you after I saw you on board at Melbourne yet."

"You saw me on board!" she exclaimed. "God help me—I must be going mad! Come into the library with you! what for—to be murdered and hid away that I may not speak? No; you can't silence me as you have others, though I am only a poor servant, and you are master of Gaveston Hall."

He laid hold of her wrist and drew her back into the housekeeper's room, for there were footsteps approaching. Jessie looked at them in amazement. She thought her master was angry that Mattie had come into his presence at all and she hastened to apologize.

"I hope you won't blame her, sir," she said. "It was my fault she ran out to see you. She had been so longing for the chance."

"Blame her—oh, no. I am very glad to see her, and to see her looking so well and comfortable; but the sight of me seems to have upset her altogether, and she was saying some very queer things; so, as the servants were prowling about, I brought her in here. Don't go, Jessie. Now, Mattie, you said you 'saw it all now.' What do you mean? And why won't you shake hands with me?"

He held out his hand once more; but Mattie only shivered and cried, and said, "No, no!" and his face grew dark and stern.

"It is a curious greeting for an old friend, and one whom I have tried to serve," he said, sternly. "Perhaps you will be good enough to tell me how I have offended or injured you."

Mrs. Bartley looked at her in speechless horror, but Mattie had grown calm and still.

"Have you not injured me," she asked, "as you have injured all the loving hearts that have watched and waited for Ralph Gaveston's return? Does not the memory of a dead man, murdered by your treacherous hand, keep you wakeful when you should be asleep, and sit by your fireside when you talk to the widow of him who was master here—of her dead husband?"

"Good heavens!" thought Jessie to herself; "the lassie thinks my master murdered his friend out yonder. Does she ken anything, I wonder, that she speaks sae bauld to him!"

She might well be surprised, for the ordinarily shy girl had grown quite eloquent, and went on, with flashing eyes.

"What I meant when I said 'I knew all' was this," she said. "I know now, as Mr. Kennedy told me I should, why I was not wanted at Gaveston. I can understand the mystery of Mrs. Dale's disappearance; she knew your secret—poor soul! I know what poor Miss Alice suspects; and what weighs so heavy on that good soul in the fever at the Arms. Their tongues may be tied, but mine is not; I owe a debt of gratitude to Ralph Gaveston and I will pay it."

"You are mad," he said, hoarsely. "If you owe me any gratitude—which I deny—railing at me in the first hour of our meeting is hardly a good way of paying the debt. Pray, is there anything else you do or do not understand? We may as well have it out at once."

His scarred hand, the one she so often thought of with gratitude as having been the means of her knowing him so well, rested on the back of a chair close beside her, the disfigurement showing red and angry on the white skin, for he had removed the mitten he usually wore, to put on his gloves, when she intercepted him in the hall.

"I can understand everything but that," she said, pointing to it. "You were determined there should be nothing wanting."

"And nothing is wanting," he exclaimed, with a smile that transformed his handsome face into the likeness of a mocking fiend. "Upon my word, I am having a pleasant time of it. Here's Mrs. Bartley, having discovered a mare's nest, is going to leave the Hall without a housekeeper; and now you are come here with some fantastic notions or other, and be[ha]ve in this extraordinary way. I wish you had chosen anoth[er t]ime for your visit."

"And so do I. I wish that I had never come at all, to find out the curse that rests upon this house. Does she know your secret, too?"

"I know one, God help me," said Jessie, in terror; "but I dinna ken what you are driving at, lassie. I am sair worried and harassed i' my ain mind; but the master speaks truly—I'm going."

"And so am I," said Ralph Gaveston, impatiently. "Hang me if I can understand you. I believe both of you have got a 'bee' in your bonnet, as the Scotch folk say. You'll find out your mistakes some day. Mattie, when you are more sensible I shall be glad to see you again. Till then, good bye. What, you won't shake hands? Oh, very well," and, shrugging his shoulders, he left the room.

He did not go out as he had intended, but shut himself in the library, where he remained nearly all the morning. The two women, left alone together, looked at one another in silence, and then Mattie spoke. Her face was very white, and the indignant fire had died out of her eyes, leaving her weak and trembling as a child.

"Do you know?" she asked. "Have people begun to suspect?"

"I ken that I wad gie my right hand to hae blotted out o' my mind," she said; "but, Mattie, there's mair in what you said. Did you mean, when you told me that you kenned a' that you thought he did the murder out yonder. There's mair nor you think that, I ken fine. That ever I should live to hear sic a thing said o' Ralph Gaveston—my bairn, that I've nursed a baby upon my knee!"

"They lie that said it," returned Mattie. "Ralph Gaveston never lifted hand of harm to mortal man. He was tender-hearted and compassionate, kind and gentle as a woman—aye, far more, and——"

She burst into hysterical tears, and Jessie stood beside her, trembling with grief and fear.

"Mattie," she said, in the low tones of violent agitation. "Speak to me, and speak *out*. Ye know that Ralph Gaveston never harmed mortal man, and yet I—oh, and what shall I do! I tell ye, lassie, that I hae proof that the story Miss Alice told was true about yon awfu' night."

"I *will* speak," she said, half to herself. "Come here, Mrs. Bartley—closer—closer yet. I must whisper it, or the very walls may hear."

Jessie drew to her side, and in a few words Mattie breathed into her ear the key to all the strange words she had spoken to Mr. Gaveston.

"Don't faint," she said, as the poor old woman sank back with closed eyes and marble face. "We mustn't give way. We must think what to do. "Oh, heavens, I have killed her! Mrs. Bartley! Speak."

"No, no," said Jessie, trying to rouse herself. "It was the shock—the suddenness. Gie me a wee drap o' wine, Mattie—my auld bluid is chilled wi' the thought."

Mattie reached wine and gave her some, and she revived a little, and sat up.

"Are you sure?" she asked, solemnly. "Are you not deceived? Folk change so in a few years."

"I am as sure as the sun in the sky—as certain as I am of my own existence."

"And what shall we do! I maun get out of this house, I canna thole it anither day."

"I think we will go to Mr. Ord. He is wise and good. I wish he was a little younger. He will tell us what to do."

"He's a guy, feckless auld body, Mattie; he'll just be shocked and frightened to death, and he'll be nae use."

"He's a lawyer, Mrs. Bartley, and I think he'll know—besides, Mr. Kennedy went to him, and I know he suspected now, though I didn't understand him then. Oh, what will Mrs. Gaveston say to it?"

"It'll be a sair thing for her, and she sae fond o' him as she has been. I ance thought she wad ha' married him, gin he had asked her. Come, Mattie, we'll awa'. I feel as though I could na breathe till I had some wiser body's advice."

She rang her bell, and told the servant who waited on her that she was going out, and could not say when she would be back, and they went away together. An hour after Ralph Gaveston rang the library bell.

"Send Mrs. Bartley here," he said. "I want to speak to her."

"I think she's out, sir," the servant said, in reply.

"Out! What should take her out now? You don't know what you are talking about, man. Go and send her here."

The man bowed and withdrew, and his master thought, meanwhile, walking up and down the room like a caged tiger—

"A pretty mess I'm in now," he soliloquised, "what with Jessie's suspicions and that girl's certainty. I must force her into belief somehow. Pshaw! I can get out of this scrape, and I will; and, first, I must talk to Jessie, and get that she devil out of the house. She says she won't hold her tongue. By heaven I'll make her, even if—no, I can't try any more of that game; I've not been lucky at it. Well, sir, where is Mrs Bartley?"

"Out, sir."

"You are sure?"

"Quite, sir."

"Do you know where she is gone—that is, can you tell when she will be back again?"

"No, sir. She left word that she did not know herself. She went out with Mattie about an hour ago."

"With Mattie?"

"Yes, sir; Mattie Brock. She has been here since yesterday. Jane, the housemaid, was afraid there was something the matter, for she mentioned that Mrs. Bartley had fainted. I think Mattie told her so."

"Indeed! I am sorry to hear it. Let me know when Mrs. Bartley comes in, will you?"

"Very good, sir."

"Is the game up?" Ralph Gaveston asked himself, as the door closed. "I think not. I have not fought with the world for so long to be done by a woman at last, I fancy."

TO BE CONTINUED.

Food and Physical Culture.

We would recommend this subject of food and physical culture to your most serious attention. We would counsel the use of nothing which would stimulate one portion of your system more than another: but remember the best food is not too good for you, and that unless you have a perverted appetite, there is very little fear of your eating too much of it. The truth is that a good and abundant diet is not only essential to the highest physical health and development of man, but it improves, in a very important degree, the strength and vigor of the mind.

A man cannot acquire courage on a spare diet; it is necessary to take care of the body in order to keep the mind unimpaired. It may be objected to this, that great animal development is not necessary in man. We answer that it is: we declare that the more perfect a man can make his animal nature the better for him—that the animal nature is the servant of the mind; well treated, it serves obediently and honestly; badly treated, it rebels, and may in its turn assert the mastery over the mind. The idea that the development of the body is something to be condemned, that it is inimical to the best growth and development of the mind, is essentially impious. No matter where it is started, it is all wrong. A perverted and perverting animal nature is a fearful thing, but vigorous and healthful, it is like everything which God makes, very good. Therefore, young men, and middle aged and old men too, we would say to you, let your diet be full and wholesome. Sleep well. If Franklin ever originated the maxim "six hours sleep for a man, seven for a woman, and eight for a fool," it was unworthy of that great man's common sense. Young man, if you are a student, or engaged in severe mental occupation, sleep just as long as you can sleep comfortably. Lying in bed from lazyness is another thing entirely.

Sleep is a thing which should not be rudely or unnecessarily disturbed. Nature is recruiting us, steeping our senses in forgetfulness, invigorating our frames for coming duties; nothing should trespass on an honest sleep. If any ascetic philosopher has made you believe that it is good for you to be hurriedly awakened from your repose at an early hour, and to go out into the raw morning air with your fast unbroken and your body unfortified by the stimulant of food, forget him and his counsel, and take the full measure of your rest. Just as much labor can be accomplished in ten hours as in fourteen, with more efficacy and less fatigue, when proper rest and bodily rest are taken.

But physical culture—what is this? A very important thing, we assure you. Physical culture perfects a very important portion of the work which wholesome diet begins. Your body needs a thorough training for the development of its power; and the preservation of its health and strength. You need exercise. As a child, a boy uses every physical power which he possesses, but as he approaches man's estate, he puts away those "childish things," and imagines he is thereby becoming more dignified and more man-like. But the duty of play does not cease with childhood. When your employment cannot do for you what play has done, and when you have no regular task for your bodily powers, you must play. Walking, running, cricketing and fencing, riding, ball playing, bowling and rowing—all these are as legitimate to the man as the simpler sports are to the boy, and are, in a degree, essential to his happiness and usefulness. The fact is, and the fact should be constantly borne in mind, that man has a twofold nature—mind and body—and that, in order to preserve the first, he must take care of the second.

A BABY'S CRY.—At one time a woman could hardly walk through the streets of San Francisco without having everyone pause to gaze on her, and a child was so rare, that, once in a theatre in the same city, where a woman had taken her infant, when it began to cry, just as the orchestra commenced to play, a man in the pit cried out—"Stop those fiddles and let the baby cry. I haven't heard such a sound for ten years." The audience applauded this sentiment, the orchestra stopped and the baby continued its performance, amid unbounded enthusiasm

A REMEDY FOR THE RABIES.—A physician of Bordeaux, France, thinks he has discovered a plan for the prevention of hydrophobia by inoculating men and brutes with the poison of a viper which is found in the south of France, and whose bite is not fatal. It is a theory worth testing, and the French Academy of Sciences is now considering it.

REMINISCENCES OF A MAN ABOUT TOWN.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

BY PAUL PRESTON, ESQ.

No. 35.—"Frank's," in Barclay Street.

During the period when the old *Spirit of the Times* flourished as the acknowledged organ of the turfmen, there was situated a few doors below its office a public house and billiard saloon, which ought to be said to have been a part and parcel of the *Spirit* establishment—the "lower office," as Mr. Porter used to designate the hostelrie, publicly known as "Frank's." This place was neither a tavern nor a public house, strictly speaking, but a species of sporting exchange, where those interested in field sports congregated to interchange views as to the merits of matches or to glean the most reliable information with regard to events of sporting moment. It was patronized by a small and distinctive class of citizens, generally drawn from those having business with *The Spirit*, for a visit to the office of that paper usually carried with it an extension of the call, just to smile at Frank's. Not that the patrons of the house were habitual loungers; quite the reverse, for, excepting while indulging a good humored game of "around the cape," to determine the victim honored with liquidation of the bill, few of the *habitues* loitered beyond the time requisite for the dispatch of a cocktail or the settlement of a bet. Most of Frank's visitors were men of reputation, who regarded field sports as a relaxation and not as a business speculation.

Frank Monteverde was an Italian, a stout, thick set man, well remembered by the *habitues* of the Olympic from having kept the Havana House, corner of Howard street and Broadway. Good fortune led Frank to change his quarters, which he established in Barclay street, in close proximity to the Astor and American hotels—a wise precaution, for, as Frank sold equally good liquids at half the hotel prices, the casual visitors at the hotels, once let into the secret, did not hesitate to avail themselves of the difference. To his other good qualities Frank added unbounded liberality, and, owning a little place on the Island, near the race course, kept open house for such of his patrons as passed it on the occasions of gala days. He went further than that, and voluntarily entertained a company of citizen soldiers, the Barclay Guard—the earliest of those target organizations recruited almost entirely from the denizens of this region—a company which boasted a body of pioneers, twelve in number, the shortest man in which stood six feet three. That parade was a feature in Frank's existence; it was too great an affair to be repeated, and the Guard paraded once and once only.

If Frank was a singular character, he had two brothers as barkeepers, who were perfect curiosities—twin brothers, named Lerance, whose personal appearance was so exactly similar as to render it impossible to recognize them apart. The Dromios were nothing in similarity to these two young men, and many were the ludicrous errors which occurred through mistaken identity. Garry received private messages intended for Peter, and Peter was honored with communications designed for his brother exclusively. Frank, moreover, kept billiard tables, and, if I am not very much mistaken, Michael Phelan made his *debut* in the billiard world at this place.

One of the regular visitors at Frank's was Henry William Herbert, the sporting writer, better known as Frank Forrester, who would stop in to see friends and leave commissions on his coming to town from his neat shooting box, The Cedars, near Newark, on the Passaic. Mr. Herbert was the son of the Dean of Manchester, and grandson to the Earl of Pembroke. Being outlawed for debt he came to this country, when he supported himself, first as a teacher and then as a writer. No man ever labored more strenuously as an author, and with less satisfactory results, than Herbert, for, being constantly in debt, he would sell his manuscripts in advance and for most frivolous prices. For his more prominent works, "The Field Sports of America," "Fish and Fishing," and a couple of ponderous volumes on the "Horse," he received a sum of money not equal to the composition bill. Herbert's great friend in days of yore was Joe Scoville, then a prosperous merchant, but their intimacy closed in a singular manner, for Joe, being engaged to be married to a lady in Bangor, took Herbert along with him to serve as groomsman. By some singular accident Scoville's match was broken off and Herbert married the lady.

A gentleman of congenial tastes generally accompanied Herbert, a middle aged Englishman, decorated with the cross of St. Louis, who had spent the greater part of his life in Italy, where he occupied a position in the household of one of the petty dukes. Mr. Gwilt Mapleson was a man of rare conversational ability and eminent literary attainments. He was induced to come to this country through the representations of a southern gentleman who was traveling in Italy for the benefit of his health, accompanied by two colored servants, as he, being a bachelor, promised to make Mapleson his heir. Mr. Mapleson came direct hither, while his friend, transacting some business in London, died suddenly, leaving a will wherein he devised his entire estate to his colored attendants. The will was contested on the ground that slaves could not inherit, but as the English law knows no distinction between persons, poor Mapleson was left to eke out a precarious existence in a foreign land by reliance upon pen and pencil.

Another of the class whom we might term social adventurers or broken down gentlemen was a dapper, bustling little man named Oldfield, who was literally overflowing with mirth and humor. To convey some idea of the conversational powers of Tom, it is asserted that, during the presidency of Andrew Jackson he visited the White House, and so delighted the president that the hero of New Orleans extended him an invitation to take up his residence with him. Oldfield remained at the White House for over six months, when the president gave him the appointment of Consul at Lyons, a port which Oldfield threw up in disgust, being unwilling to reside among a people unable to comprehend his jokes.

President Jackson, before his advent to the presidency, was not only an enthusiastic turfman but an inveterate practical joker. His entries having been beaten in several races, the general discovered that his neighbors were in the habit of surreptitiously taking his horses from the stable and timing them. Jackson kept his secret to himself, but sent over into Kentucky for a horse which it was whispered he intended to back heavy. The horse came and was the sorriest looking brute which could be scared up. As a precaution, however, against deceptive appearances, the nag was taken from the stable and timed. The time was so wretched that every one believed Jackson to be in his dotage to risk his money on such a beast. The general persevered and went his pile on his favorite, who, to the surprise and consternation of all, distanced the field.

"Gentlemen," said Jackson with a bland smile, "the next time you time any of my horses look at his hoofs."

The mystery was solved, for the general, anticipating their manœuvre, had, instead of racing plates, furnished his nag with a pair of shoes whose weight destroyed his running.

Another of the same school of quiet loungers was Macauley, abbreviated into Mac, who, having started life with brilliant prospects, was a victim to mishaps and misfortunes without number, but in proportion as fortune misbehaved herself towards him, the elasticity of his temper was augmented. Modest, unobtrusive, he glided as it were around the *Spirit* office, occasionally indulging in a dry witticism. An intimate friend of Porter, Mac was invaluable as a racing calendar, as he knew the pedigree of all eminent cracks, and his reliability was fully equal to that of the stud book. He had but few aversions, and but one in particular, and that was Bob Clark, the animal painter, who, being afflicted with a penchant for indulgence in bad puns, would discharge them by the handful upon the ears of Mac, until he either gave vent to an imploration for mercy or else took refuge in some sheltered nook beyond the reach of the Hibernian's pun making detonations.

No, Mac had another aversion, and that was a poodle dog, who, by the way, appeared to reciprocate the aversion with a ten-fold bitterness. A wealthy lady in the neighborhood of Columbia College owned to a singular weakness, for she kept not one poodle, nor two, but a full half dozen, who trotted after her in the streets in her afternoon promenades. Mac had on, one day, a new pair of pantaloons, not a very common luxury with him, which, in accordance with the prevailing taste for fancy colors, was of a delicate lilac tint. He was standing on the corner talking to a friend when the poodle troupe passed, one of whom, evidently mistaking Mac's legs for the base of a lamp post, favored it with a liquid presentation which entirely eradicated all traces of lilac from that part of his garment. Mac swore vengeance and bided his time, watching daily the poodle procession with the eye of a hawk. His perseverance was rewarded; the offender strayed to the rear of the troupe out of sight of his mistress; quick as lightning Mac seized upon the poodle and bore him to a French dyers in the immediate neighborhood, who prided himself upon making dyes warranted never to come out. Mac struck a bargain with the artist, and in about an hour there was seen trotting down Barclay street the sweetest specimen of a bright blue dog which could be imagined.

When Carlo's mistress came to recognize her pet in this canine fright, her rage knew no bounds; so forthwith she hurried to the colorist, confident that he was the agent of the perpetrator of the outrage.

"Did you dye this dog?" demanded the lady authoritatively.

"Very well done, never come out, madame," returned the dyer.

"But it *must* come out, sir," remonstrated Carlo's owner; "I'll give you fifty dollars, only make him white again."

"Madame, I cannot; I warrant all my goods that the color will not come out. Make this dog white I lose my reputation, that I will; but madame," he added, after a moment's hesitation, "if you no like the blue I will make him a beautiful green."

Speaking of dogs, reminds me that there was wont to hang around *The Spirit* office, a real, legitimate dog fancier named Moore, one of the few of the good British stock, who, like rat catchers, rarely condescend to honor this country with their presence. Moore was a shrewd, sharp man, with a perpetual eye to business, who would furnish you with any species of canines from a Mount Saint Bernard down to a diminutive spaniel, but it was alleged that all his animals possessed a singular failing when kept in town; they invariably disappeared after a few days' ownership. Moore was a perfect psychologist in the nature of dogs, for, like the music of Orpheus, charming wild beasts from their dens, the person of our dog fancier allured canines from hallways, kennels and stables.

Among the visitors to Frank's was a distinguished professor of ledgerdemain, a polished and accomplished German, who performed under the name of Herr Alexander, and who, by the way, was as great a wag as he was a magician. Herr Alexander was generally accompanied by a pointer dog of remarkable beauty, sagacity and intelligence, which had been presented to him by some European potentate. One day he was talking with some friends, when Moore entered the room, and no sooner did the practiced eye of the dog fancier detect the superior value of the magician's pet, than he evidently set about cogitating as to how he could exert his psychological functions on the inimitable beast. At last Herr Alexander, watching the dog man's actions, conceived such to be the case, and he determined to hold Moore up to the ridicule of the crowd. While continuing his conversation Alexander, seemingly unconscious of the act, dropped a rich diamond ring on the floor. No sooner had it reached the floor when, to Moore's delight, the pointer sniffed it for a second and then with an unmistakable gulp, swallowed it down. Alexander continued his conversation, when, suddenly feigning discovery of his loss, he inquired if any gentleman had seen his ring.

"The dog's swallowed it," said Moore, gleefully.

"Oh no, dat is impossible," remonstrated the magician.

"Saw him do it," uttered Moore determinedly, with a knowing leer.

"Then I must get him back," resumed Herr Alexander, and opening the pointer's mouth, plainly showed that no ring was there; then passing his hand beneath the dog's belly and running to the tip of his tail, he lifted his hand, when, to Moore's discomfiture and amazement there glittered the brilliant at the extreme end of the pointer's caudal appendage.

"Who's this fellow?" demanded the dog fancier of a by stander.

"Herr Alexander."

"The magic man," muttered the crestfallen Moore; then after a moment's hesitation he added, morosely, "I don't care a d—n for him, but I don't like a dog to sell me."

There used to drop in Frank's a curious looking gentleman, large, portly and of imposing demeanor, whose appearance in Broadway attracted attention from his persistence in wearing a large brimmed white beaver, poised jauntily on one side of his head. Dr. Warrington was reputed to have been the illegitimate son of George IV, and one familiar with portraits of that monarch could not fail to detect an exact family likeness. The Doctor was originally surgeon to the 11th Hussars, a crack cavalry regiment in the British army; but conceiving himself insulted by his commanding officer, he made his way from India to this country. The Doctor died, but a few months back, while acting as surgeon of the Santiage de Cuba, on board of which he was a feature idolized by the Californians.

But one of the great social features at Frank's was old John Richards, proprietor of *The Spirit* after Porter's bankruptcy, more popularly known as "the Governor." Who does not remember the hale, hearty and invigorating laugh which invariably followed the governor's narration of a story, especially if he was the hero? A laugh, which, like nod of Jove, made all Olympus to its centre shake. That very laugh was a clear token of the frank and honest character of the man, than whom no more generous or estimable yeoman, for the governor despised the word gentleman, could have been created. He was one of the very few Englishmen who made no greater pretensions for social position on this side of the water than he had done in the old country—he was a master mechanic and nothing further, and, enjoying his peculiar whims and eccentricities amid a tolerably large circle of friends, the governor's yearly life was an exact repetition of the one preceding it.

The paper had proved a source of great revenue to the brothers Porter, but, when the great commercial panic of 1836 swept over the land, and especially fell with heavy force upon the southern States, where the greater majority of the subscribers resided, a change came over the spirit of their dream to such an extent that George Porter became one of the editors of the *Picayune*, and the whole shop passed into William T.'s control. Now, Bill hadn't the first business idea in the world. Being reputed wealthy and of a most obliging disposition, he endorsed notes for the benefit of his friends until finally he woke up one bright morning to find himself a bankrupt, to the tune of some forty thousand dollars, with the good will of the *Spirit* as his entire assets. It was then that Governor Richards, who had retired from active management of a number of presses he owned in Ann street, stepped forward and purchased the establishment, library, books, paintings, curiosities and everything thereunto belonging. With a noble chivalry Richards proposed that Porter should continue on, as heretofore, the editorial management of the paper, and to enjoy all the immunities of the office, together with a liberal salary. Porter had no option in the matter, so he was compelled to acquiesce in the Governor's proposition, and, to do that honest old gentleman justice, I will state that he dealt far more liberally than he agreed, for, towards the close of William's editorial career, he grew habitually delinquent in his general duties; his physical condition showed signs of deterioration, and other parties induced a breach between him and his time honored friend, and from that hour Porter lingered the mere shadow of a name.

At one time a dapper, rotund little man used to be in high repute amid the votaries of Frank's, inasmuch as he was a favorite with William T. Porter, whose will was the law in that particular region. He was Col. Thomas B. Thorpe, the author of two of the most ingenious and characteristic pieces of humor describing the manners and habits of the south west. "Tom Owen, the Bee Hunter," and the "Big Bar of the Arkansaw," reprinted as they were in all the European sporting magazines, made Col. Tom's reputation, and the upshot of the matter was that he concluded to come to this city for a permanent residence. But New York is a much larger place than either Concordia or New Orleans, in both of which places the Colonel had edited newspapers, and was, of course, a man of great repute, so Tom turned to his artistic, as well as his literary abilities, and astonished his friends by the production of a picture of Niagara, which, if not equal to the work of Church's, proved a tolerably decent work of art. After the death of Governor Richards, when, in accordance with the very eccentric bequest of its late proprietor, *The Spirit* became the property of Dick and Jones, Dick having been the mail boy of the office while Jones was foreman of the printing department, Col. Thorpe assumed the main editorial management of the sheet and conducted it with a deal of labor and industry until it yielded up its final breath, being among the first martyrs to the rebellion. The last I heard of Jones was that some Federal general had him in quod for furnishing illicit information to the enemy, while, as to Dick, I have the pleasure of observing him ensconced on the box of a Merchan's' Union Express wagon.

An eccentric old gentleman made it an habitual rule to drop in every day, first into the *Spirit* office, and secondly into Frank's. He was a small, wiry man, with very sharp features, a broad, expansive forehead, and a countenance beaming with good nature. Old Uncle Dick Fosdick, as everybody styles this worthy gentleman, notwithstanding the fact of his being a mere house and sign painter, has been on terms of intimacy with half the literary and artistic celebrities of the past half century, such as Ball Hughes, Henry Inman, Durand, and other worthies of that style. A wonderful man in his particular line is Uncle Dick, who, having been born in the Ninth Ward, resided within its limits for some fifty years, until in an evil hour he was induced to run for Alderman, and in which contest he was defeated by a gentleman from the Green Isle of the Sea, who had probably been just long enough in the country to have taken out his naturalization papers. Uncle Dick could not stand the enormity of republican ingratitude—so, taking with him his lares and penates, he turned his back up on the Old Ninth and migrated to a more civilized part of the town, and in this wise deprived the village of its oldest inhabitant.

A venerable and distinguished gentleman of the good old school, tall, patrician like, of an imposing demeanor and strikingly impressive appearance, invariably habited in a body coat of blue, with resplendent golden buttons, faultless waistcoat of buff, and a legitimate white kerchief, used to call in upon the *Spirit* for an hour or so every day, seemingly to refresh his memory as to long past racing doings from his assiduous devotion to the London sporting magazines. Mr. Walter Livingston was designated as "last of the white cravats," and assuredly he was, for since his day there has never been that redundant neckcloth which, after being gathered in a graceful fold, suffered the two ends loaded with lace to hang gracefully pendent upon the front of an elaborately frilled shirt. It was indeed a cravat, not one of those flimsy cambric absurdities invented by Beau Brummel, but the legitimate cravat worn by Washington and the members of the Republican court of the first presidential terms.

There were others of a totally different social calibre who were wont to patronize Frank's. There, for instance, was Pat Hearn, a short, dapper, nervous, good humored Hibernian gentleman, whose countenance was somewhat disfigured by the loss of a piece of his nose. In manners Pat was an accomplished gentleman, his language polished, and his conversation redundant with native Irish humor. No more humane or charitable man than Hearn could be scared up, and he took a secret delight in alleviating the suffering of many whom he knew. His profession as a gambling house keeper laid him open to many attempts at black mailing; but Pat invariably kept a stiff upper lip and bluffed off the adventuring. The author of a sensational serial, wishing to raise the wind, sent word to Pat that unless he sent him five hundred dollars he would disgrace him before the community. Pat sent back answer that if he would publish anything the community did not already know about Pat Hearn, he would cheerfully present him with a thousand.

THEATRICAL HISTORY OF BROOKLYN.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

BY A MEMBER OF THE LONG ISLAND HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

BROOKLYN MUSEUM.

In 1850, Mr. John E. Cammeyer erected a fine large building on the corner of Fulton and Orange streets, which he determined to devote to Thespius. There are, perhaps, few of my Brooklyn readers who do not remember the museum. The "museum" which was on the second floor (the first being occupied by stores) contained a fine collection of stuffed birds, old pennies and other coin, musty coats, deformed skeletons, wax fixures, "wild animals," &c., &c. The theatre—I mean the "lecture room"—which was inconveniently located on the third floor, was divided into a parquet (reserved seats) and gallery, and an extra sum of twenty-five cents or three shillings was charged for admission to it. The "museum" was under the management of Messrs. Frank S. Chanfrau, Director of Amusements, and J. A. Jackson, Treasurer. The company was as follows:—Mr. and Mrs. D. P. Bowers, Mr. and Mrs. C. Burke, Mr. and Mrs. J. Jefferson, Messrs. C. Taylor, F. M. Kent, Anderson, Kingsley, Bradshaw, Marsh, Alexander and Spence, Mrs. Penson, Misses Smith and Fanny Herring, several of whom, as the reader need scarcely be told, have since achieved world wide celebrity.

The museum, which was fitted up at an expense of $10,000 (so the bills said), was opened on Monday night, July 1st, 1850. The "lecture room" was crowded. The "Gambler's Wife," with Mr. and Mrs. Bowers and Mr. Burke; a juvenile performance by an "Infant Family," and the well known farce "Dumb Belle," with Messrs. Bowers and Burke, composed the bill. "The Gambler's Wife" was withdrawn after the first week, to make way for "The Drunkard," which was then diurnally and nocturnally performed at Barnum's, N. Y., but which, somehow or other, did not "take" in sober Brooklyn, and which, consequently, was soon shelved. Mr. and Mrs. Bowers played the hero and heroine. Standard plays followed for several weeks. Mr. Joe Jefferson, now universally and justly esteemed the greatest comedian in his line in the world, made his *debut* in the "Jealous Wife," on the 8th of the month. "The Stranger" was produced on the 29th, to give the Englishman, Mr. Couldock, a "chance." Mr. Couldock, who had been recently brought to this country by Miss Charlotte Cushman, to support her in a starring tour, was then quite a lion, in consequence of a little affair at Niblo's, where he was one evening called out by his friends, when the champions of some stock actors, who, regarding him an interloper, created some excitement by hissing him. He remained at the "museum" until the close of the summer season, his last night being August 3d. The museum was reopened for the winter on September 9th, with Mr. and Mrs. Lovell in the place of Mr. and Mrs. Bowers. The programme included the ever popular "Faint Heart Never Won Fair Lady" and "Sweethearts and Wives," a dance by Miss Albertine and songs (between the pieces). A short time after this there was a change in the management, Messrs. Lovell and King succeeding Messrs. Chanfrau and Jackson. The Lovells played as stars for a while, when *he* resigned "the front" to Mr. C. Dibdin Pitt, who appeared in "Hamlet" and the "Iron Chest," his engagement closing on September 21st. T. D. Rice, the original stage negro; Mr. Barry, the Irish caricaturist; Mr. and Mrs. Reeves, singers of operettas; Miss Louisa Pray (now Louisa Brown, subsequently of the Bowery, N. Y., sister of Mrs. Williams and Mrs. Florence), a *danseuse*; Miss Julia Turnbull, "great" in burlesques and spectacles; Mr. Charles Kemble Mason, Mr. James E. Murdoch, Mr. John Brougham, Miss Mary Taylor, then in her prime, and Mr. Junius Brutus Booth, followed and played brief engagements. Brougham, and Mary Taylor and Booth filled very successful engagements. Mr. Murdoch failed to draw in Brooklyn as signally as he failed in New York. During the season, a play written expressly for the establishment by Mr. C. Edwards Lester, entitled "Kate Woodhull; or, The Martyrs of the Prison Ships," was produced, with a cast embracing the strongest of the stock company. It is recorded, however, that "Kate Woodhull" (which, if I am not mistaken, was afterward performed at a metropolitan theatre), held the boards only a few nights. Among the prominent actors at the Museum were "old" Cowell (Miss Bateman's grandfather), Mr. Frank B. Conway, who there met his wife, then Miss Crocker; F. C. Weymiss, Barney Williams, N. B. Clarke and Mr. Eddy, the tragedian. Messrs. Lorell and King had the Museum until January, 1851, when, in consequence of several months bad business, they closed and went on a starring tour. Mr. Frederick M. Kent then took it for a short season, and gave "horse pieces" entirely. Derr, with his "talented horses" from the Bowery, was, I believe, the attraction. Kent, who is no doubt well remembered by the patrons of Laura Keene's Theatre, (he is now no more) used to relate with rare humor the deceptions he had to practice, and the manner in which he induced the horses to go up the three flights of stairs to reach the stage. Lysander Thompson, the great dialect actor, and his daughter, Charlotte Thompson, next played a short engagement at the museum; also Mr. Gabriel Harrison, who, as president of a dramatic association, introduced Miss Ellen Grey, and Messrs. Walton and Ringgold, all three since well known to the theatre going public; J. B. Brown, Miss Eloise Bridges and Mr. A. H. (Dolly) Davenport. The Museum remained open for some years, being occupied by amateurs, itinerant companies, glass blowers, fairs, etc.; it is now the armory of the Twenty-third Regiment.

THE ATHENÆUM,

on the corner of Atlantic and Clinton streets, was founded in 1852. Both dramatic and operatic performances have been given there, although the stage is ill adapted to either, being small and incapable of scenic display. But Ulman introduced M'lle. Piccolomini to the Brooklyn public in the opera (I think) of the "Barber of Seville" here; and here, too, Mrs. Wood and "Dolly" Davenport performed long before the Academy was erected.

I now come to the

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

The Academy of Music was opened in January, 1861, with great *eclat*, a prominent citizen, in the dedicatory address, invoking the Divine blessing upon the institution. As its name would imply, the Academy of Music was originally intended only for operatic and musical performances, chiefly those of the Philharmonic Society, but it had not been opened many months before the late Mr. Rarey gave a "horse show" there, and, wiser and more liberal counsels prevailing, ere the expiration of the year, after much debate, to be sure, it was thrown open to the drama. Manager Jarrett was the first to catch the worm; he took the house for one week, commencing December 23d, and played Wallack and Davenport.

Mrs. Wood, it is currently supposed, then applied for the house, but was refused on personal grounds. At least this is the story, but I take pleasure in saying it is far from true, as I shall proceed to show. A Mr. Fleming, a speculating manager, not Mrs. Wood, applied for the house at the conclusion of Jarrett's engagement; he represented that he had a fine company, and would play standard dramas, and had partially effected the lease, when he informed the directors that he had been disappointed in his company, but that he could get somebody—Mrs. Wood say. The Directors, however, forming a very poor opinion of him, dismissed Mr. Fleming, and it was currently reported that the house had been denied Mrs. Wood, and perhaps that lady might have thought so herself, but such was not the case. Had she applied for it personally or directly she could have got it then, as she has since done.

THE PARK THEATRE

was opened on September 14, 1863, by Mr. Gabriel Harrison, a sincere friend of the nobler drama, an actor of acknowledged ability, and a citizen of some years' standing. A better selection could not have been made, and his failure, after a short season, was a matter of universal regret. Mrs. F. B. Conway assumed the management on April 2, 1864. She still has it, being now in her fifth season. THE END.

A SOCIAL REVOLUTION IN POLLYWOG PLACE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

The ladies of Pollywog Place were in a fever of excitement. Never had their sensibilities been so worked upon before. That formerly quiet neighborhood having in the course of the march of improvements been thrown open, a swarm of new comers had invaded it from all sides, and there was no telling what would be the consequence. It was like the emptying of a sewer into a lake of pure and transparent water, for the residents had prided themselves upon the immaculate uprightness of their lives, and no amusement more exhilarating than a tract meeting or a Dorcas sewing circle had ever been heard of within the memory of the oldest inhabitant. Even a debating society had been discountenanced, as being calculated to exercise an immoral tendency—the elders arguing that in all discussions there must be a right side and a wrong side, and that the wrong side had no right to a hearing at all. The sleepy influences which had brooded over the spot since the days when it was simply a suburban village with acres of waving fields between it and the city were rudely dispelled, at first by a small army of dressmakers, upholsterers, and dentists, who hung their signs over the venerable fronts of houses which had been for years the exclusive abiding places of the Knickerbockers. In the next place a hotel and theatre sprang into existence upon opposite corners, and a howl of execration went up when Rev. Jonas Snarl, after emptying his phials of wrath upon the heads of the innovators, sold out his chapel and went off lecturing for a moral panorama—evidently thinking the "wages of sin" much better than no wages at all, since now he came in for his "regular hash," whereas before he had starved. The young men began to spruce up in their apparel and to keep late hours, as young men of spirit will do, and it was not unusual to hear a trio of unsteady voices hiccoughing the dulcet strains of "We won't go home till morning," at an hour when all respectable people should be in the Land of Nod. The "old stock" was sunk in an access of apathetic indifference when a concert room and a social club were instituted in the upper stories of the Ram's Head Hotel, and a police station was opened for public accommodation in close vicinity.

By and by the young men began to acquire the ways of the sons of Belial, and to invite the maidens to an occasional play, or a ball. This produced a general groan until Miss Mittens, the schoolmistress, who had submitted to be decoyed into witnessing a performance by the honeyed wheedlements of a beau, declared that it was all very nice and proper and no harm in it, when the last prop was knocked from under the ribs of Old Fogyism, and thenceforward the entire district surrendered to the enticements of Vanity Fair. The climax was fully attained when little Tommy Trot one day came running into his maternal parent with the exciting announcement, "Oh, ma! ma! just come, look! Here's Miss Sally Peden coming up the street with a Grecian Bend, and the boys don't think its right, because she's got it wrong side first!"

But, mark how excess of license brings its own retribution! The younger people had inter-married and harmony had begun to supplant the prevailing disorder, when all at once the quarter became infected with a mania for "clubs." The women started it by a mysterious society which was currently reported to have no less than the total uprooting of the social fabric. This startled the men, who soon had so many "societies" of one kind or another, that a fellow could not cough, or blow his nose, or sneeze, or whistle, but it was supposed he was making a secret sign. Two bright eyed, merry girls, having observed that the visits of the desirable young men were decreasing in frequency, and that they were sometimes so absent minded as to hang their hats upon the gas pendants and throw their overcoats over the stope-pipe, determined, if possible, to penetrate the secret. Their big brother, John, having agreed (for a bribe) to play the part of go-between, several wives and spinsters were, without much ado, persuaded to take part in the conspiracy, and Nance Lipscom, gathering spunk, determined to penetrate the enemy's works in disguise, and bear back the momentous news she might gather there.

No candid person admitted to the snugly furnished parlors devoted for one evening in every week to the social reunions of the "Cheerful All-nighters," could deny that, although life might be, as parson Snarl had declared it, a vale of tears and a slough of despond, there *were* conditions under which it might be rendered endurable, and this was one of them. What knight or squire of high degree but would have envied the burly suavity with which the libelous and facetious Joe Bagshot discharged the duties of chairman, as well as the boisterous hilarity with which all sallies were greeted. The jests might be good or bad, the puns villainous, the singing execrable, they were received with equal good humor by these happy convivialists, who cared but little so that the wines were good, the fare endurable and the cigars worth the smoking. It was a rule that each and every member of the conclave must sing a song, get off a merry thought, tell a story, make a recitation, or at least elaborate a sentiment, so that something was never lacking to fill in the pauses. The All-nighters became famous, and it grew to be fashionable for the young men to join it. Provided with a big and glossy mustache, duly arrayed in masculine attire, and protected by "Brother John," Miss Kate, as an old college chum aforesaid, safely passed the ordeal of introduction, and was honored with a seat at the festive board. It was as much as she could do to restrain her mirth. Directly opposite sat that great, good natured Fred Golightly, with whom the foolish world would have it she had entered into an engagement of marriage. The hypocrite! was this the way he attended to his lodge? Fred was already in his third bottle—or his third bottle was in him—and the mirth was getting to be fast and furious, but when Jack Haskell tipped them "The Captain and His Whiskers" the applause was tremendous. "Captain Jenks of the Horse Marines" was equally well received, and that lively ditty, "Comrades Arouse, let the Owl go to Rest," though chaunted in lugubrious accents by Tom Tiffany, who was already a little elevated, was received with similar marks of favor. A wink occasionally exchanged between Kate and the waiter testified that matters were getting on swimmingly. Midnight passed, and the company had dropped off by twos and threes, until Fred Golightly, Tom Tiffany, Joe Bagshot and Triptolemus Tape, who kept the thread-needle store that supplied the neighborhood, brother John and Kate, who had admirably kept up her disguise, and had drank cold water enough as sparkling champagne to float a seventy-four, were the only ones left.

The revel was beginning to lag; Joe Bagshot had told all the stories he could remember, Fred was so far gone that he mixed up the drinking song in "Don Cæsar" and the "Moon on the Lake is Beaming," in the most charming confusion; Tom Tiffany went snoring in the midst of "Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes;" as for Tape, he had quietly slipped under the table, where he lay fraternally embracing Tom's legs, under the impression that his arms imprisoned the yielding form of the uxorious Mrs. T. As for Brother John and Miss Kate, they severally and collectively did their best to keep up the illusion.

Two o'clock had chimed and nothing was heard but the heavy snoring of the revelers. Joe Bagshot and Tiffany appeared to be running a race against time and Tape to be occasionally mumbling forth his decisions as umpire. Now was the moment for action. The treacherous *garcon* cautiously poked his face in at the door, and it was evident that a conspiracy was brewing.

It might have been daylight when Joe Bagshot awoke, with an awful headache and a decidedly uncomfortable sensation in his bones. He sat bolt upright; it was dark as Erebus and cold as Nova Zembla, but by a dim reflection cast by a distant light, Joe could make out the forms of several of his acquaintance and fellow sociables lying about. One by one they recovered from their stupor, but all their efforts could do little toward recovering Mr. Bagshot from the deep perplexity into which he had fallen. At last a step is heard, and a bearded figure, muffled in a policeman's overcoat and wearing the regulation cap, was made out dimly approaching. The revelers started to their feet, but found that an iron grating separated them from the object of their curiosity.

"Tom," said Bagshot, steadying himself by the bars, "it's my opinion—"

"So it is mine," replied Tom, hazily, "that we're bilked; midnight row, p'licemen—station house—that's all about it."

"Hello, you!" shouted Fred, trying to catch the attention of the watchman.

"Stop your noise, there!" said the guardian of the night, gruffly. "Against the regulations."

"Tell the magistrate we want to see him," said Tape, whose teeth were chattering as he scribbled his name on a card.

"You'll see him soon enough," was the coarse rejoinder.

"Heavens! what has happened?" asked Fred, with a vague foreboding.

"O, a little matter of rough and tumble, that's all," was the rude reply. "Only a couple of policemen stabbed and a hotel or two burned down—but that's nothing."

"We must have been very drunk," said Joe, quite crestfallen. "I'm afraid we've done something outrageously wrong."

"We must get out of this somehow," said Tom Tiffany, with a feeling of desperation. "Here, you fellow, where are we?"

"Tenth Ward Station House—that's where you are," answered Cerberus, more morosely than ever. "Best be civil; Captain will be along presently."

Joe Bagshot saw the urgency of the dilemma. It was getting late—or early, the grey light of morning was beginning to creep through the corridor. The friends held a consultation, and, raking their pockets, got together some five dollars in odd change and resolved to try the effect of bribery. The reply they received was something like that accorded by the sentinel to Peruvian Rolla—"Bribes, to an old Castilian!"

Presently, bolts and bars were drawn, chains were heard to rattle, and there was a confusion of feet and voices, mingled with the sobs of women.

"O, Trip, Trip, shouted Mrs. Tape hysterically, "if you had come home with your head broke or your coat torn off your back, I would have survived it; but to think that you should have been arrested for a—O, dear, oh dear!"

Here they all broke out afresh.

"I can't stand a woman's tears," said Fred, beginning to snivel. "Tell us the worst, Kate, and keep up your courage, my girl."

"Why don't you know that—that last night, while under the influence of liquor, you—you—O, O, O dear!"

Another round of sobs and wailing.

"O, Tom," said Sally Simmons, Kate's partner in wickedness, coming to the grating "I—I little thought—"

"It's all up with us," said Tiffany—"We must be in for something horrible."

There was another rattling of chains and drawing of bolts; more rattling of footsteps.

"The Court will be full this morning, I shouldn't wonder," observed a bystander.

This scene was carried on for some time, to the excruciating torture of the culprits, who were now nearly frozen, and they did not feel greatly reassured when a portly man approached who proved to be the Captain, and who terminated the conversation by saying, in his gruff way, "Let your fellows out—put on the handcuffs!" The cage was then opened and the culprits were ordered to come out. As they filed into the corridor a burst of silvery laughter broke the stillness, and the victims to their intense relief found themselves, not in the station-house, where they ought to have been, but in the lumber room attached to their favorite rendezvous, the Ram's Head tavern.

"There comes the captain," said the watchman, with a malicious glee. "Now you'll get it!"

Several persons surrounded the grating, like spectators come to look at the menagerie.

"What's the price of old sherry?" asked one, with a satirical leer.

"Will you have your hair trimmed fancy or plain?" asked another of Bagshot.

"My eye! don't I pity them whiskers!" exclaimed another, with assumed commiseration, leering at Fred.

A female form approached the cell, weeping and sobbing, and Mr. Bagshot recognized, to his confusion, the sorrowing features of his wife.

"Oh, Joe, Joe! how *could* you?"

Two or three other female forms came near, and Tape recognized the voice of his wife, while Fred, in great trepidation, distinguished the musical notes of his Kate.

"O, oh! how could you?" went up in general chorus.

"Don't tantalize us in that way, young woman; tell us what have we done?" said Mr. Tape, nervously.

The mystery was explained. With a view to curbing the dissolute habits of their swains and husbands, the women folk had persuaded the host, for a consideration, to surrender a portion of his premises for a little interlude which they had concocted among themselves; a large cage, in which the publican had kept a number of animals to draw customers, now no longer in use, assisted the plot; a potent drug was infused into the wine consumed by the revelers, and they had been removed, while asleep, to the spot in which a later hour found them. The ruse had the desired effect, and there is now not a more orderly or respectable neighborhood in the city than Pollywog Place.

BOB O' GOTHAM

CHRONICLES OF THE PRESS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY AN EX-EDITOR.

No. 11—Flash Publications.

It is creditable to the great American metropolis to remark that whenever a paper of a decidedly disreputable character endeavored to obtain a foothold, the reprobation of the general public has stifled its existence or restrained it within the bounds of common decency. Hence, public opinion in New York has done that which has escaped the power of the best regulated police discipline, for, in almost every European capital, there exists one or more clandestine sheets, eagerly sought after, from perusal of which an American turns with innate disgust; and in this we exhibit a moral chivalry in averting the power of calumny to assail the weak and helpless, be their condition in life as it may.

Nevertheless a few years ago this observation would not hold true, for at that time public sentiment, if it did not reprobate the existence of scurrilous journals, at least tolerated their open sale, pernicious as it was to the peace and dignity of a community. In fact, for a considerable time the publication of flash papers, abounding with obscenity and assaults upon individual character, seemed to have become a mania, for they came upon us in every form of issue, weekly, monthly and even daily. But there was a point beyond which public forbearance could not be exerted, and with one fell swoop the entire brood of literary vampires were wiped out, doomed, let us trust, never to show their heads again in our midst, to contaminate, to injure, to annoy.

Nevertheless it is singular that among the editors or proprietors were many men of both sagacity and ability, some having since attained reputable, if not honorable positions in society, despite their ignominious commencement; others have either lingered out an existence in merited obscurity or perished in poverty and disgrace, seemingly as a punishment for a moral offence, aggravated by the intellectual qualifications of the transgressor; while one or two have come to a violent end, victims to brawls, or died by sudden disease, quite in accordance with the intemperance of their lifetimes.

Among the former publications of London to be found upon the tables of our beer shops and ale houses, the most popular with the publicans was *Bell's Life*, while the second in order most sought after was the *Satirist*, a good sized quarto sheet, the scandalous chronicle of the British metropolis, replete with allusions to the frailties and follies, the foibles and the failings of the Cockney world, both high and low. It was possible that the innate love of scandal, proverbially animating the lower classes of society against those of a more elevated position, whetted the appetite of the cis-Atlantic Britons to pore over the long record of charges and insinuations, ingeniously concealed by initials and asterisks, alleged against individuals whose very names were unknown to American ears. Yet certain it was that the arrival of the *Satirist* was awaited impatiently, and the sheet passed from hand to hand to be poured over until every line and paragraph had been canvassed and commented on. And particularly was it in vogue among actors from the Great Metropolis, as one of the main features of the journal was exposition of the secrets of the green room and of the private life of the ladies of the profession.

The editor of the *Satirist* was a man named Gregory, who finished his public career by an attempt to obtain a leading position upon the London stage, whence he was driven by a violent outburst of popular indignation, instigated chiefly by the Duke of Brunswick, a foreign exile resident in London, a man of no exemplary habits in life, and others who had suffered at the *debutant's* hands. The Duke, who had been driven from his duchy by a revolutionary movement, had been the subject of Mr. Gregory's vituperation, until it culminated in a direct charge of his participation in the murder of a woman who had ministered to his pleasures. The Duke appealed to the law to avenge his wrongs in the punishment of the *Satirist*, but whether popular belief in the fact of the noble exile's participation in the crime attributed to him, or whether public prejudice against the course of life he was accredited with leading, the prosecution failed of effect; but the *Satirist*, worn out by protracted legal expenses, without funds and sympathisers, subsequently closed its discreditable existence. When Gregory appeared upon the stage the Duke took a partial revenge by securing his utter annihilation as an actor, for the interruption of the performance convinced the aspirant to histrionic honors that no fair play would ever be allowed him to exhibit his abilities, however favorably they might be regarded by the management. The disappointed tragedian announced his intention of trying his luck in this country, but was dissuaded from so doing through being assured that, his literary reputation having preceded him, he would receive similar treatment from Americans.

It was upon the model of the *Satirist* that all the flash papers in this city were based, but with a far wider scope for the promulgation of malicious attack; for with us none were safe from the arrows of calumny, supplied, as they were, by thousands of contributors, and hurled against the reputation alike of the rich and the poor. The millionaire in his counting room, the mechanic in his workshop, the lady in her boudoir, or the dressmaker in her chamber, all suffered alike from the bitterness of occult enemies. It mattered little what was the nature of the charge brought against them, how deep the poignancy of the blow inflicted, the irresponsible editors of these scurrilous sheets published every contribution, from the dearth of matter to tickle the public palate to a nauseating extent, as they themselves dealt only with public characters whose failings were turned into a source of profitable speculation. Hundreds of dollars were demanded and obtained for the suppression of articles touching the domestic relations of moneyed citizens, for clerks turned voluntary evidence against employers, servants revealed the secrets of their masters' fireside, while discarded lovers sowed the seeds of discontent amid many a household.

One of the most notorious publishers of a flash sheet was a mulatto named George Washington Dixon, originally a barber by occupation, who issued semi-occasionally a broadside called the *Polyanthus*, the main body of which he kept constantly in type, emitting editions after editions as any scandalous occurrence gave him an opportunity to hash up a fresh sensational article, or to extort a financial suppression from some timorous transgressor. During the earliest days of negro minstrelsy Dixon had contributed to the amusement of the public in that line, appearing on the stage of the minor theatres, styling himself "The Great American Buffo Singer" and author of "Old Zip Coon," which for a time divided popularity with "Lubly Rosa" and "My Name's Jim Brown." Sustained by his dual occupations, the irrepressible Dixon alternated between this city and Boston for a series of years, when the occurrence of the insurrection in Yucatan suggested to him a military career. Under title of Brigadier General George W. Dixon, he announced himself as ready to lead an army for the re-establishment of Mexican supremacy in the revolted provinces, and after participating in a few barbecues, given in his honor at Hoboken, departed upon his self inspired mission. Arriving at New Orleans, where gentlemen of mixed colors are held in no extreme repute, the General was guilty of some indiscretion which consigned him to the calaboose, where he lingered for such a period of time as to permit his imaginary brigade to vanish into thin air. The Yucatan expedition being indefinitely postponed, and legal impediments interposing to debar a return to New York, the great American buffo honored New Orleans with his residence, during which his literary abilities secured him several brawls, in one of which he came near being assassinated by Col. Bill Bell, the one armed fillibuster, who shot away Dixon's neck tie in the bar room of the St. Charles Hotel, and thereby completely cured his penchant for libel.

Insignificant as was the appearance of the *Polyanthus*, and dubious as was the character of its editor, its influence was sufficient to disturb the public mind on more than one occasion, particularly in the case of Mrs. Lohman, better known as Madame Restell, then in the infancy of her business as a "female physician." By persistent attacks Dixon not only caused her house to be threatened with demolition by an excited mob, but induced the woman's arrest, indictment and trial upon criminal charges, upon one of which—that of causing the death of a Mrs. Purdy—she was convicted, solely through force of popular prejudice, and would doubtless have served a term in the State Prison had not an appeal to the Supreme Court set aside the verdict of an indignant jury. Upon a subsequent occasion Madame proved not so fortunate as to the interpretation of the law, for she was convicted of misdemeanor and duly served out her sentence in the penitentiary.

With other persons the editor of the *Polyanthus* proved not so signally successful, but oftentimes suffered temporary martyrdom in his so called crusade against immorality. By a noted gambler he was kicked and cuffed; by an indignant courtezan he was soundly cowhided, while an offended magistrate consigned him and his sheet to a mundane perdition.

About twenty-eight years ago was published an imitation of the *Satirist*, conducted by a man of thorough education and remarkable ability, who, at the outset of his literary career, earned a reputation as one of the most talented writers and scholars in America. Mr. Snelling, the son of an officer of high rank in the regular army, while quite a youth, contributed a number of superior articles to the New England periodicals, and afterwards followed the profession of journalism, with great credit and little financial recompense, in Boston, whence he was induced, in the hope of bettering his condition, to migrate to this metropolis. While in the "Hub" he had composed and published an elaborate burlesque upon the disclosures of Maria Monk, which had created so profound a sensation among a credulous religious community. His "Six Months in a Penitentiary" was a whimsical fiction, purporting to portray the persecutions of a Catholic servant girl by the Puritanical authorities of Massachusetts—a piece of exquisite satire, taken, however, by many as an actual narrative, and, in consequence of this error, violent antipathy towards its author, when discovered, pervaded the popular mind of that State.

While residing in this city, toiling assiduously with his pen and earning but a precarious livelihood, Mr. Snelling fell into dissipated habits. Taking advantage of his recklessness and personal courage, as well as his admitted abilities, the dispirited editor was induced to undertake the management of a satirical journal, which was issued under the title of the *Sunday Flash*, and backed by influential and interested parties.

Upon the appearance of the first number of the *Flash*, the entire town was startled at the fearlessness of its editor and the withering satire doled forth upon the prominent citizens whom he had marked out for application of his caustic pen. As the sheet was published anonymously, and so distinct in its literary character from everything in that line preceding it, the astonishment of those assailed was only excelled by their indignation. True, the subject matter of the articles was low, coarse and scurrilous, but the style of its treatment, the brilliancy of language and the wonderful power of sarcasm employed, denoted that some master mind stood behind the scenes. The initial number was followed up by others, equally as violent, unscrupulous and vigorous, and each week the circulation of the *Flash* augmented prodigiously, despite threats of prosecution, of personal violence, of brute force. It evidently had struck the popular taste, for the people at large, amused at its revelations, which struck almost wholly at political celebrities and popular characters, and delighted at the force and vigor of its composition, in no wise sympathized with the victims of its anger, writhing in patient misery.

But the pecuniary necessities of Mr. Snelling compelled him to disclose the secret of his printing office, and the authorship of the articles once known, brought down upon him dire retribution. Suits at law haunted him at every step, friends deserted him in the hour of his greatest need, bullies assailed him in the public streets, and finally his forms were more than once demolished by indignant victims to his spleen. At last, in a fit of despair, Snelling resorted to the device of sending proofs of articles about to be published to those he designed to assail, in the hope that their suppression would be paid for. This fatal error—a legal offence—accomplished a work which could be effected neither by force nor fraud, for, forewarned as to his intentions, writs of injunction were sent out, having bonds demanded, and the publication of the *Flash* judicially prohibited. Ruined in finances, reputation and credit, Snelling plunged deeper and deeper into the vortex of dissipation, until the last the public heard of this talented but fallen man was a police report regarding his appearance in an open police court, and there requesting his committal upon Blackwell's Island as a common vagrant, without trade, occupation, or visible means of support. Had it not been for this interposition of the magistracy there is little doubt but that Snelling, houseless, homeless and friendless, would have perished of starvation or of disease and neglect in some obscure street or alley.

Neither was the case of this man an isolated one, inasmuch as one of his chief coadjutors, a young man of talent and promise, who had filled an honorable position upon more than one reputable journal, followed his example, and giving himself up to dissipation, sank gradually in the scale of reputation, until he, too, became a houseless wanderer, dependent upon the charity of quondam friends. Once or twice he was partially reclaimed through the kindness of strangers; but relapsing in his confirmed habits, he one day fell dead in a public street, begging alms from door to door.

In the city of Albany there was for many years published a flash sheet called the *Switch*, which possessed not only a local but a State circulation, for as the members of the legislature composed the main subjects of its diatribes, and these were changed annually, their constituents naturally sought information as to their private doings while in presumptive discharge of their duties at the State capital. The *Switch*, however, was a paper of no ability, simply an expositor of that which no other gazette would publish, and which the common good ordinarily requires to remain unknown. Like Washington, our State capital being a place, in a great measure, of temporary sojourn, abounds with features tempting the wayfarer, be he legislator or mere lobbyist, and consequently the chronicle of the town's scandalous doings, which are lost in the obscurity of a great city, afforded an abundant theme for editorial comment.

The most able editor of the *Switch* was a young man who seems to have employed it rather as a stepping stone towards his political aspirations, as since that period he has not only been editor and proprietor of the *Knickerbocker*, the Clerk to the State Senate, but held other high offices in the gift of the government. Unlike Snelling, who scorned rather than invoked the advice of friends, possibly the editor of the *Switch*, perceiving the injudicious inclination of his incipient journalism, resisted the temptations provoking a continuance in a line of conduct which, in the case of the *Flash*, led to editorial suicide. Almost contemporary with the *Flash* came the *Whip* and the *Rake*, two journals which amply compensated for any lack of obscenity discarded in their predecessor, while they were quickly joined by the *Libertine*, which, as its name imports, was designed to outrage public decency to its utmost capacity. This last feather turned the weight of Justice's scales, and as the furore for illicit publications had by this time become thoroughly satiated, the public authorities found it incumbent upon them to prosecute and punish the offenders against popular decorum.

In consequence of this determination, one of the editors, who now flourishes as a guiding star of gentility in literature and the sporting world, underwent a six months' imprisonment in the Tombs as the most obdurate of the crowd, while the others merely submitted to a reprimand and were discharged on their own recognizance, to go forth and sin no more against morality.

For a time flash literature was at a discount until a man named Graham ventured upon the publication of the *Scorpion*, whose stings were particularly leveled against gamesters, prostitutes and strolling actors, persons whom he rightly concluded would be more destitute of influential friends than other classes of the community. For a time he limited his assaults in that direction, but growing emboldened through the impunity allowed him by the police, he, with the aid of a couple of unscrupulous coadjutors, embellished his sheet with what he called "spicy" matter, which, as he conjectured, bestowed on it an ephemeral reputation. While on the high road to fortune or the penitentiary the advent of the cholera carried off the enterprizing Graham, and the headless *Scorpion* perished with him in sudden death.

To the *Scorpion* succeeded the *Porcupine*, edited by a man named Hardin Andrews, and the *Broadway Belle*, whose main contributor was a writer named Thompson, who, under the signature of "Greenhorn," had turned out a variety of novels, regarded by publishers of yellow covered fiction as the *ne plus ultra* of artistic flash. But neither of these papers were sufficiently licentious to command extensive sales, and it was reserved for *Venus' Miscellany* to cap the climax in open effrontery. The seizure and confiscation of the establishment, whence emanated this last publication, entailing a heavy loss upon its proprietor, seemingly deterred others from venturing upon a forbidden field, access to which is furthermore debarred through the stringent laws the Legislature have recently enacted against all directly or indirectly concerned in publications whose moral tendency may be questioned by competent authorities.

A PERILOUS ADVENTURE.

Running and Swimming for Life.

Strange and romantic adventures happen continually to persons traveling through the unsettled parts of the West, but any more singular and exciting than those experienced by the hero of the following story have seldom, if ever, been published. The following account is given by the Grand Rapids (Michigan), *Eagle*:—

"Michael Tammany, of the township of Tyrone, in this county, who recently returned from a trading expedition through southern Kansas, and along that line of the Union Pacific Railroad as far as completed, has given us the details of his remarkable escape from the Indians, by whom his partner and a boy accompanying them were murdered in the valley of the Platte river. Mr. Tammany, at Fort Leavenworth, met a former acquaintance of his, of the name of Daniel Jones, of Jackson County, Ohio. A partnership was arranged between them for the business of selling goods as peddlers, which business for some time proved successful. On their last trip westward they left the railroad on the 1st day of September last, at Fort Sedgwick—where Julesburg was, but now is not—and proceeded up the South Platte valley, on the north side of the river, making about thirty miles per day, without interruption or special discovery until about eleven o'clock of the third day, after leaving the railroad, when they struck a fresh Indian trail, showing that a large body of mounted Indians had passed that point not many hours previously. Apprehending danger, the teams were stopped, and a careful observation with a field glass resulted in the discovery of four Indian huts on the bank of the river, not more than a half mile distant, and about a dozen horses feeding on the grass plat in their vicinity. The travelers bore off a little more to the east, and as cautiously as possible proceeded on their way until about five o'clock, accomplishing a distance of about eleven miles from the point where they crossed the trail. They had just passed through a strip of cottonwood timber, with some rather steep bluffs of land at their right, when they discovered a short distance ahead a plat of about six acres of land, covered with horses, and in their midst a large and compact body of Indians, apparently in council, and listening to an address from one of their number. Mr. Tammany at once dismounted, and turned the teams off to the right, for the purpose of getting under cover of the bluffs, but the travelers had proceeded but a few rods when a band of about fifty mounted Indians, each armed with a brace of large pistols, suddenly appeared in their front, simultaneously yelling their demoniac war cry, and making a rush for their victims. Mr. Tammany sprang to his saddle, and made an effort to turn the teams to the right; but the savages cut off retreat in that direction, and opened here upon the little party. Mr. Tamany saw both his companions fall dead upon the ground, and then made a desperate attempt to escape by putting his horse to his best speed, in the only direction which was now left open, the savages having nearly surrounded him. This direction was north and toward the railroad. This line of retreat was soon, however, cut off by his pursuers, and he turned in another direction; but he was again compelled to turn to the southeast, in the direction of Sedgwick. He was sharply pursued by seven of the Indians, on their fastest horses, and for a distance of about five miles they were not more than nine or ten rods in his rear. His horse was a remarkably fast one, but his best efforts failed to increase the gap between himself and his pursuers. At length, when Mr. Tammany had almost despaired of making good his flight, his horse suddenly came upon a bluff bank, dropping off into a deep slough directly in front of him. From this bank, which was not less than nine or ten feet high, the horse made a desperate leap, and instantly sunk into the soft alluvium to a depth which completely submerged his body, leaving only his head exposed to sight. At the instant of striking, Mr. Tamany was thrown over the animal's head, and completely covered with mud. The horse was entirely unable to extricate himself from his position, and Mr. Tammany closely clung to his neck, with his face only out of the mire, on the side of the horse's neck opposite the bank from which the jump was made. The Indians immediately appeared on the bank and fired a volley, several balls passing through the blanket saddle-cover, just above the body of Mr. Tammany. The firing then ceased—the Indians undoubtedly supposing they had killed their victim—and Mr. Tammany changed his position sufficiently to be able to make an observation of the bank whence the firing had proceeded. The savages had left the bank, and he observed four of them, with long knives in their hands, making an attempt to cross the ravine about ten rods above him, and three trying to get across below.

IN THE WATER.

"Although the horse had jumped nearly across the ravine, Mr. Tammany was at this critical moment so nearly exhausted that he at first thought he could make no further effort to escape the fate which he knew must be his if he remained a few minutes longer. But he jerked off his boots, leaving them with his helpless horse, and crawled out, until he reached a soil that would support him in an erect position, when he started on a very fleet run for the river; the dense growth of alder bushes, through which he crawled in starting from the ravine, favoring his retreat against the observation of the savages until he could get some distance away. After running, as he thinks, about two miles, he reached the Platte river, and hearing his pursuers yelling on his track, jumped into the stream and swam down it, keeping close to the clayey bank, which was several feet high, and so steep as in many places to reach several feet over the water. The water was beyond his depth, but Mr. Tammany was an expert swimmer. After swimming down nearly two miles he came to quite a sharp bend in the stream, and upon turning the bend he observed, near the middle of the stream, two or three islands about half a mile below him. Having taken but little time to rest during his progress down the river, he felt himself too much exhausted to hold out much longer, and the idea occurred to him that he would be safe for a time if he could reach one of the islands. So he struck out to swim across the channel, which was at that point thirty or forty rods wide. The rapid current swept him past the first island, but there was another immediately below, and knowing he would be drowned should he fail to reach it, he struggled for it with the energy of desperation, and fortunately for him he landed just at the outlet of a narrow gulch, which had evidently been the channel of a small watercourse, but was then dry, and bore a rank growth of tall grass. Mr. Tammany slowly crawled up this gulch, being very cautious not to leave any marks in the soil by which he could be traced to his hiding place. Here he stopped, and, lying on his left side, heavily panted for breath. Mr. Tammany kept his hiding place all that night, being without strength to renew his flight, and was compelled by prudence to remain in it all the succeeding day, until darkness should screen his movements from observation. When it became quite dark in the evening he carefully raised himself up, intently listened, and hearing no sound indicating the presence of Indians, crawled to the water, and swam to the south shore of the river, a distance of about half a mile

IN SAFETY.

"He then set out on foot, bare-footed and bare-headed, in the direction of Fort Segdwick, keeping at some distance from the river to avoid possible contact with Indians who might be camped near its bank. After proceeding about eleven miles he came within sight of the four Indian lodges he had observed while traveling with his companions on the previous day. He then bore off to the south for five miles, and then eastwardly for about an equal distance, when he again reached the river. Daylight was then appearing, and he swam to an island, where he concealed himself and remained during the day. His feet were much swollen and exceedingly painful, having been badly scratched in traveling through thickets of prickly pears, and their soles were badly lacerated by sand-burs. The next night he renewed his journey. Sunday morning brought him to the old abandoned Antelope mail station, at which point he stopped, and again found an island in the Platte where he could remain during the day. He had lain but a few minutes when he heard the report of a gun but a short distance from him. He then crawled up on an eminence near him to take an observation. Another report of a gun still nearer him directed his attention to two objects moving towards him, which he at once concluded were Indians still in pursuit. But his condition was now such that he had little dread of them. Almost unconsciously, however, he crawled into a thicket of sunflowers to escape their observation. He still carried with him a brace of small pistols, and as a last resort he thought of them. They had been through mire and water, and he thought, of course, they would be of no avail now. But he pricked the wet powder from the tubes, and resolved to try them if his savage pursuers came up to him. Soon hearing their tread, he prepared to sell his life as dearly as possible. As the foremost came up within a few feet of him, and as he was just about pulling the trigger, he recognized in his supposed foe two 'boys in blue,' soldiers of Uncle Sam, who were out from Fort Sedgwick, about eighteen miles, on a hunting expedition. The soldiers helped Mr. Tammany to their wagon, which was about two miles away from the place where they found him, and lifted him into it, at about sundown. They gave him bread, but nearly starved as he was, he was too weak to eat it. Mr. Tammany was placed in the hospital, where he received careful and attentive treatment; and at the end of two weeks he was able to get out. Mr. Tammany arrived in this city, on his way home, on Sunday morning, the 1st inst., and claims that their loss of property was about $7,700."

New Way of Managing a Theatre.—There is a novel way of managing a theatre in some obscure provincial town of Austria. The audiences are slim, the admittance fees are small, the manager is poor, the actors are poorer. Nine days out of ten the actors are not paid; but the manager is so poor he is obliged to be a pluralist; he is tavern keeper as well as theatre manager. What little money he gets comes from the tavern, for he charges high prices to unprofessional people, who like to sit at the table with the player folk. By this arrangement the actors, though they receive a paltry salary, and that irregularly paid, at least are sure of not starving, unless they are guilty of some breach of discipline visited by punishment. Absence or late appearance at rehearsal is followed by loss of dessert. Failure of memory deprives one of meat. Negligent costume deprives one of vegetables. Vulgar additions to one's part brings upon the offender bread and water diet.

BASE BALL.

THE NATIONAL CONVENTION AT WASHINGTON.

The Twelfth Annual Meeting of the National Association of Base Ball Players.

AN INTELLIGENT ASSEMBLAGE OF DELEGATES AND AN HARMONIOUS MEETING.

JUDICIOUS AMENDMENTS TO THE RULES.

REPORTED EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

The Twelfth Annual Convention of the National Association was held at Metzerot Hall, Washington, on the 9th inst, and the assemblage of delegates, both in dignity and intelligence, not only exceeded that of any previous convention, but the whole proceedings proved the correctness of the views of those advocating the basis of representation by State association instead of by individual clubs, as by far the best for the welfare of the game and the interests of the Association itself.

The attendance was not as numerous as before, but this was not owing so much to any falling off in the interest in the game as in the fact that the State representation at the previous conventions was not as legitimate as it was this time, and hence fewer organizations were represented—none but *bona fide* clubs had delegates at this convention. The States and districts represented, and the names of the delegates appointed, are as follows:—

NEW YORK.—J. S. Page, W. H. Murtha, J. Wildey, T. Tassie, E. T. Jenkins G. A. Porter, P. Norton, C. H. Van De Vinter.

OHIO.—G. F. Sands, A. H. Rogers, R. Spry, T. T. Beardsley.

NEW JERSEY.—E. A. Ward, F. B. Wood, J. A. Fenning.

PENNSYLVANIA.—H. R. Hellier, E. H. Hayhurst, J. T. Rogers.

MASSACHUSETTS.—M. M. Rogers, C. W. Clifford, A. M. Bush.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.—By individual clubs.—Olympic, C. E. Coon, J. Smith; Union, F. M. Marshall, R. M. Drinkard; Jefferson, G. C. Finney, T. W. Hungerford; Potomac, G. Mitchell, H. Chadwick.

OMAHA, Nebraska.—C. A. Downey J. F. Allen.

The Baltic Club, of Wheeling, Va., had no delegates, and neither had the Cosmopolitan, of South Carolina, or the Alabama State Association. The Maryland Association failed to send delegates. The number of clubs represented by the above State organizations were 174, of which New York had 72, Ohio 31, New Jersey 25, Pennsylvania 24, and Massachusetts 22, the individual clubs amounting to 12—total, in all, 186.

The New York State delegation was the first to be called. Mr. Wood, of New Jersey, protested against the reception of the same on the grounds of the action of that Association, at their last convention, in reinstating the Mutual Club. On motion, however, any further discussion of the subject was postponed until a later period of the session, and the call of the roll was proceeded with. As it was afterwards ascertained, in regard to the Mutual case, that no charges had been presented to the National Judiciary Committee against the New York Association, no matter affecting the status of that Association could be legally brought before the convention, the subject was dropped.

After the roll call, the reading of the minutes of the last meeting having been dispensed with, the reports of officers came up next in order, and the President proceeded to make a few appropriate remarks, in which he referred to the progress of the game during the past season, and alluded to the abuses which had been allowed to creep into the institution. The Recording Secretary then read his brief report, in which he referred to the prominent matters of interest connected with his office, the report being adopted as read. The report of the Treasurer was then read, the statement showing that $1,046 had been received and $802 disbursed, leaving a balance in the treasury of $244 only. The nominating committee not being present, the Secretary read a statement in place of their report, which enumerated the State Associations and clubs which had applied for admission to the National Association, among which was the Alabama Association, and individual clubs from Wheeling, Va., Omaha, Nebraska, and Beaufort, South Carolina. On motion, this statement was received, and the rules suspended to take such action as would elect the applicants to membership, the Omaha Club alone sending delegates, and, of course, being the only one elected.

On motion of Mr. Coon, of the Olympic Club, of Washington, to admit the Pastime Club, of Baltimore, the question came up before the Convention, whether in case of the disbandment of a State Association, or the failure to organize such an association, any individual club representation was admissible, as in the case of a district or State not having enough clubs to organize a State Association, and on a vote being taken, it was decided in the negative. The Pastime Club, of Baltimore, had delegates present to represent the club, and as they were a club of good standing as old members of the Association, they thought it rather hard that they should have been left out in the cold. But there was no option with the Convention in the matter, as they either had to do as they did, or, by receiving the club in question, have nullified the whole action of the previous Convention in putting a stop to individual club representation, and as it is a well known fact that there are more than ten clubs in Maryland, the three or four clubs in Baltimore had no legal standpoint for a similar representation to that of the Washington Clubs. During the discussion elicited by this motion of Mr. Coon, the fact was shown that the Pastime Club, as well as all other clubs named in the list of those belonging to the Maryland Association last year, are still members of the Association, and will continue to be so until the Convention of 1869, when, should the Association fail to pay the arrears of dues which will then be due, they will cease to be members of the National Association. Before that time, however, we trust that the clubs of the State will have found it not only to their interest, but in support of their good name, to have reorganized their State Association on a permanent basis.

The payment of dues was next in order, and the collection of fees being made, $358 was added to the treasury. This being done with, the report of the Committee of Rules came up in order, and Mr. Chadwick, the acting chairman, proceeded to read his report, in which he referred to the necessity of adopting such changes in the playing rules of the game as the season's experience had shown to be advantageous, and also to the fact bearing upon the subject of professional ball playing, that though a prohibitory rule had been on the statute books for years, it had been merely a dead letter; and that in view of the impossibility of framing a law on the subject which could not be evaded, and also of the lack of power to enforce it, even if such a law could be framed, the committee had deemed it expedient to divide the fraternity into two classes, viz., *professionals* and *amateurs*, leaving the two parties to have their intercourse governed by such rules as their State Associations might adopt.

The Chairman then proceeded to read the amendments made to the Constitution and By-Laws of the Association, and as each section was read it was acted upon. We give below the amendments as they were adopted:—

The latter part of section 1 of Art. 3 of the Constitution was amended to read as follows:—"No individual club shall be entitled to representation in this Association unless located in a State, Territory or District, where there are not sufficient clubs to form a State Association, in which case such club or clubs shall be entitled to one delegate, as in the case of a fractional part of ten clubs." The effect of this amendment was to cut off the existing basis of the Washington Club representation, and as a matter of course it promptly elicited a warm discussion. That the amendment was an equitable one no one could deny, but inasmuch as the benefit of the representation given the District of Columbia by a legal majority of the last Convention could only be enjoyed at this meeting, it was rather unjust to make an effort to throw out the Washington Club votes by moving that the amendment should go into immediate effect after its adoption. This was done, however, by the majority of the committee present; but afterwards they deemed it advisable to reconsider their action, and to adopt the clause presented in a minority report of the committee, which prevented the operation of the amendment in question until after the adjournment of the Convention, this latter report being adopted in this instance in place of the other. This section, too, was amended so as to exclude any in a State Association Convention from acting as a delegate unless he is a member of the club he represents. Sec. 4 of the same article, too, was amended so as to exclude any one as a delegate to the National Association, who is not a member of a club belonging to the Association he represents.

Section 1 of Art. 8 was amended so as to make the annual dues one dollar instead of two.

Article 10 was amended so as to limit the Committee of Rules to five, three to make a quorum.

A new article was added as follows:—"Article 13. This Association may, by a two-third vote of the members present at any annual meeting, admit to honorary membership any member thereof who has been an officer of this Association, in good standing, or a member of any of the committees thereof; such honorary members to be eligible to election or appointment as a member of any committee of this Association."

The only amendment made to the by-laws was one making the decisions of the Judiciary Committees of State Associations final, except reversed by the State Convention.

At the close of the amendments to the Constitution and By-Laws the Convention adjourned to dinner. At 3 P. M. business was resumed, and the amendments to the playing rules of the game were acted upon, the great majority of the changes introduced by the committee meeting with a unanimous endorsement. As we have previously published the most important of these changes in detail, we will briefly describe what has been done in the way of improvement.

The ball, bat and bases remain of the same dimensions as before, no changes having been made in the first rule. In rule second the pitcher's position has been enlarged to six feet square, so as to give him ample room for his preliminary movements in delivering the ball. The rule, too, has been amended so as to take from the umpire the discretionary power he previously had in regard to calling balls. Now he "must" call all balls not pitched within the legitimate reach of the bat. The section, too, governing the movement of the pitcher's arm in delivery, now requires the ball to be delivered "with a straight arm swinging perpendicularly from the body." The last section also provides that no ball or strike shall be called until the pitcher or batsman has been warned, and not until the ball has passed the home base.

In Rule third it is now provided that any player failing to take his place at the bat unless by illness or consent of the captain, shall be declared out.

Rule fourth has been amended so as to prohibit any base runner from forcing another to leave unless he himself be forced to vacate by the rules.

The section in this rule governing the scoring of runs when two hands are out gives the player running home his run, unless the striker be put out before reaching the first base.

In rule fifth, it is now provided that two nines in the case of a tie score at the close of the ninth innings may mutually agree to call it a drawn game. Before they could not.

No agreement is to be regarded as binding unless made in writing.

Section 9 of Rule fifth was stricken out entirely, and the following rule inserted in its place, viz:—"All players who play base ball for money, or who shall, at any time, receive compensation for their services as players, shall be considered as professional players, and all other players shall be regarded as amateurs. In this rule the word 30 days was made 60 days, and this is the term for members in their probation. In Rule seventh the section defining the duties of umpires was amended, so as to prevent any club from forfeiting a game owing to the failure of the umpire to discharge any of his duties, as in the case of the Empire and Union Clubs, of St. Louis. One of the most important amendments made was that on which the opportunities for playing a game into the dark were removed. As amended, the rule now decides a game by the score of the last equal innings played, unless one nine shall have completed their innings, and the other nine shall have exceeded the score of their opponents in their uncompleted innings, in which case the nine having the highest score shall be declared the winner.

The last amendment made was one much needed. Hitherto, the only penalty for an infringement of any rule of the game, was the rendering of the game in which the rules were violated, "null and void." This simple penalty, which was no penalty at all, has been replaced by one which makes a club violating any rule of the game, liable to suspension for one year for the first offence, and to be expelled from the association for the second. This will put a stop to so called "social" games.

The "revolvers" have been checked in their operations by the amendment changing the time of probation from thirty to sixty days. John Wildey voted for ten days, and Mr. Ward for ninety; but finally sixty was fixed upon, and now no man can take part in a match game unless he has ceased to be a member or has not played in any other club's nine than the one he plays with for sixty days prior to the time he plays.

College clubs have been made exceptions to the rule governing the playing of members of other clubs. The above are all of the important amendments made, and the game will undoubtedly be greatly benefitted by the changes introduced.

After the report of the other committees—that of the Printing Committee eliciting a rather warm discussion—the following officers were duly elected for the ensuing year:—President, Thos. Tassee, of Atlantic Club; First Vice President, F. B. Wood, of New Jersey; Second Vice President, J. T. Rogers, of Harrisburg, Pa.; Recording Secretary, C. E. Coon, of the Olympic Club, of Washington; Treasurer, M. M. Rogers, of the Lowell Club, of Boston. Mr. Downey, of the Omaha Club, was chosen Corresponding Secretary.

On motion of Mr. Bush, of the Massachusetts Association, it was voted unanimously that the Chairman of the Committee of Rules—Mr. Chadwick—should be named as the first honorary member of the National Association.

On motion, $200 were donated to Secretary Rogers. It was also moved that 2,000 copies of the Convention books should be printed.

After appointing Boston as the next place for holding the Convention, the meeting adjourned to the second Wednesday in December, 1869. We hope the New England clubs will present a full front of delegates from every State on the occasion.

Before adjourning a vote of thanks was tendered the President and retiring officers of the Association.

CLUB AVERAGES.

HARVARD COLLEGE CLUB.

The Harvard Club won 13 games during the season of 1868, and lost 2. The total number of runs scored was 504 by Harvard and 245 by their opponents. This gives the College boys the fine average of 33 runs to a game and 9 over, and their adversaries 16 and 5 over. The following is a list of the games and the scores:—

	Harvard.	Opp.		Harvard.	Opp.
Athletic	67	2	Brown University	37	15
Eureka	70	7	Lowell	27	24
Nassau	17	16	Lowell	30	33
Lowell	20	23	Lowell	28	15
Tri-Mountain	23	11	Brown University	29	25
Eon	42	13	Tri-Mountain	32	12
Lowell	28	27			
Yale	25	17			
Eagle	29	7	Total	504	245

In the following table is given the averages and other interesting details of each player:—

Players.	No. of Games	Outs	Average	Runs	Average	Left on bases	Clean scores	Blank scores	Most outs	Most runs	Leading score
Bush	14	32	2-39	59	4-21	7	0	0	4	7	3
Austin	7	16	2-29	25	3-17	6	0	0	3	5	0
Wells	8	20	2-50	27	3-38	3	0	0	3	4	2
Rawle	15	39	2-60	59	3-92	6	2	0	5	9	3
Shaw	11	30	2-73	52	4-73	4	0	8	6	11	3
Smith	15	43	2-86	61	4-07	10	1	0	5	10	3
Peabody	8	18	2-87	32	5-00	2	0	0	4	6	0
Hunnewell	8	24	3-00	22	4-00	5	0	0	4	8	0
Soule	7	21	3-00	21	3-00	4	0	0	5	4	1
Ames	8	25	3-12	31	3-87	5	0	0	4	7	0
Bowditch	4	13	3-25	18	4-50	0	0	0	4	5	0
Willard	15	51	3-40	42	2-80	9	1	0	5	7	0
Eutis	5	17	3-40	12	2-04	4	0	0	4	3	0
Sprague	8	32	4-00	24	3-00	3	0	8	5	7	0

AVERAGE OF INNINGS.

Total runs each innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Harvards	53	57	59	74	43	57	56	50	56	
Opponents	16	34	25	15	40	35	31	30	21	
Times double figures in each innings:—										
Harvards	0	1	2	1	0	1	1	0		1—7
Opponents	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0		0—1
Total blanks scored in each innings:—										
Harvards	3	3	5	0	1	2	4	2		1—21
Opponents	4	3	6	8	6	5	6	3		4—46
Greatest number of runs in a single innings:—										
Harvards	8	13	20	20	6	13	24	7		11—122
Opponents	4	8	6	4	7	9	13	7		5— 63

YALE COLLEGE CLUB.

This crack college nine engaged in thirteen games during the season just closed, mostly with first class clubs. They were successful in seven of the thirteen, scoring 249 runs to 223. The following is a list of the games played:—

	Opponents.	Yale.		Opponents.	Yale.
Union	10	14	Eckford	19	11
Lowell	16	13	Harvard	25	17
Liberty	5	20	Liberty	11	40
Nassau	23	30	Eckford	12	15
Star	14	31	Eckford	17	19
Union	19	9	Bridgeport	6	14
Atlantic	40	16			

The following are the averages of those players who took part in five games and over:—

Players.	No. of Games.	Outs.	Avgs.	Runs.	Avgs.	Clean Scores.	Blank Scores.
Buck	7	25	3-4	16	2-2	0	0
Condict	11	37	3-4	24	2-2	0	2
Deming	13	29	2-3	36	2-10	1	0
Hooker	13	35	2-11	33	2-7	1	3
McCutchen	12	47	3-10	16	1-4	0	4
Selden	12	33	2-9	23	1-11	0	1
Lewis	10	23	2-3	28	2-8	1	0
McClintock	12	35	2-11	32	2-8	0	1
Cleveland	10	31	3-1	17	1-7	0	4
Shattuck	6	15	2-3	12	2-0	0	0

In fielding, the Yale nine does not show as good a record as at the bat. Of the 158 fly balls which they had a chance to capture, only 115 were taken. The record in this particular of each one is as follows:—

	Flys Caught.	Missed.		Flys Caught.	Missed.
Buck	4	2	Selden	17	6
Condict	13	2	Lewis	9	9
Deming	19	4	McClintock	14	9
Hooker	11	3	Cleveland	6	3
McCutchen	6	1	Shattuck	4	0

WIDE AWAKE CLUB OF ALTON, ILL.

The Wide Awake Club played six games the past season, winning four and losing two. The total number of runs made in the six games was 196 against 167. The score made in each game was as follows:—

	Opp.	Wide Awake.	Innings.
Piasa, of Alton	46	49	7
Bluff City, of Alton	53	35	9
Bonar, of Alton	30	9	5
Bluff City, of Alton	40	21	7
Independence, of Alton	12	46	5
Picked Nine, of Alton	16	36	5
Totals	167	196	38

The following are the averages of those players who took part in five games and over:—

	Games.	Outs.	Averages.	Runs.	Averages.
Batterton	6	10	1-4	21	3-3
Dutro	6	12	2-0	27	4-3
Nixon	5	4	1-5	23	4-3
Platt	5	9	1-4	25	5-0
Clarkson	5	6	1-1	19	3-4
Logan	5	12	2-2	20	4-0
Clark	5	12	22	14	2-4

YALE COLLEGE CLUB.

The University nine of Yale College played 13 games during the past season, of which they won 7 and lost 6. Their total score was 249 runs against 223, an average of 19 to a game with 7 over, and average of 17 and 2 over against them. The following are the averages of those who played in five games and over:—

	Games.	Outs.	Average.	Runs.	Average.
Denning	13	29	2-3	36	2-10
Lewis	10	23	2-3	28	2-8
McClintock	12	35	2-11	32	2-8
Hooker	13	35	2-11	33	2-7
Condict	11	37	3-4	24	2-2
Buck	7	25	3-4	16	2-2
Shattuck	6	15	2-3	12	2-0
Selden	12	33	2-9	23	1-11
Cleveland	10	31	3-1	17	1-7
McCutcheon	12	46	3-10	16	1-4

THE AMERICUS BASE BALL CLUB, of Yorkville, announce their first annual invitation hop to take place at Mentger Hall, Fourth avenue and Eighty-seventh street, on Wednesday evening, Dec. 16th. In this connection we respectfully tender the Americus our thanks for conferring upon us honorary membership in this association.

MONTREAL GYMNASIUM.—On the evening of the 5th inst. the opening of the season was celebrated at the Montreal (C. E.) Gymnasium. Prof. Goldie (one of the Goldie brothers), who had just arrived from New York, attended the classes of the girls and boys in the forenoon, and expressed himself much pleased with the building and apparatus. At 8 o'clock in the evening the professor, who is appointed instructor of the gymnasium, presided over the first evening class of the young men. The exercises commenced with clubs, and some feats were then performed on the parallel bars, and the professor finally showed some astonishing feats on the horizontal bars, which delighted the spectators very much. The building, in addition to a gymnasium, has a billiard room on the upper flat, with one six pocket English table, and one four pocket and one six pocket American table, and the basement is filled up with a fine bowling alley and hot and cold baths.

THE FRENCH NOVELIST, Erckmann, is thin and pale, with light hair. He wears spectacles and is a great musician, besides smoking ten cents worth of tobacco every day. Chatrian, his associate, is a short, heavy set, broad backed individual, with a wide forehead, thick, straight, black hair, a big mouth and a bushy moustache. They live to themselves and are scarcely ever seen in society.

☞ Holloway's Ointment.—How painful and annoying it is to have the lips cracked and chapped, so that one can scarcely open the mouth or smile. A single application of the Ointment makes the skin soft and well.

CHEQUERS.

To Correspondents.

AGRA, Evansville, Ind.—A's move is final, the law being explicit on this point. See Laws of the Game in Anderson's work—or in any good treatise.

Game No. 36.—Vol. XVI.

Between Messrs. Wilson and Potter.

THE CROSS.

	Black. Wilson.	White. Potter.		Black. Wilson.	White. Potter.
1.	11 to 15	23 to 18	14.	27 to 32	31 to 27
2.	8 11	27 23	15.	1 5(d)	27 9
3.	4 8	23 19	16.	5 14	2 6
4.	9 14	18 9	17.	14 18	25 22
5.	5 14	22 17	18.	18 25	29 22
6.	15 18	26 22	19.	32 27	30 25
7.	11 15	17 13	20.	27 23	17 13
8.	7 11	22 17(a)	21.	3 7	13 9
9.	2 7	32 27	22.	12 16	9 5
10.	11 16(b)	27 23	23.	8 12	5 1
11.	18 27	13 9	24.	16 19	1 5
12.	15 23(c)	9 2	25.	18 23	22 17
13.	7 11	24 20	26.	22 23	26 22

White wins.

(a) A fine specimen of the "side and centre" game. (b) Poor fellow! the temptation was more than he could withstand. (c) 6 to 22 is no better. (d) 14 to 18 would have been "immediate death."

Solution of Position No. 68.—Vol. XVI.

BY COLFAX.

	Black.	White.		Black.	White.
1.	14 to 18	11 to 4	3.	5 to 9	13 to 6
2.	15 11	22 8	4.	1 10, and wins.	

Solution of Position No. 69.—Vol. XVI.

BY LOTUS.

	White.	Black.		White.	Black.
1.	28 to 24	20 to 27	5.	9 to 5	29 to 25
2.	32 7	2 20	6.	5 1	25 22
3.	31 27	22 25	7.	6 9	17 13
4.	13 9	25 29		White wins.	

(See Anderson's 2d Position.)

Position No. 70.—Vol. 16.

BY SAXBY.

BLACK.

WHITE.

Black to move and win.

Position No. 71.—Vol. 16.

BY I. D. J. S.

BLACK.

WHITE.

White to move and win.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

To Correspondents.

H STAUNTON, London.—Permit us to call to your attention the following interesting discovery in the "short, sharp and decisive" end you made of Herr Harwitz. *C. P. Companion*, p. 208:—

	Herr Harrwitz.	Mr. Staunton.		Herr Harrwitz.	Mr. Staunton.
1.	P to K 4	P to K 4	8.	Q to K 2	Castles
2.	K Kt-B 3	Q Kt-B 3	9.	Castles	K R-K sq
3.	K B-B 4	K B-B 4	10.	P-K R 3	K Kt-R 4
4.	P-Q B 3	K Kt-B 3	11.	Q-home	K Kt-B 5
5.	P-Q Kt 4	K B-Kt 3	12.	Q-her B 2	P-K B 4
6.	P-Q Kt 5	Q Kt-R 4	13.	Kt × K P	K R × Kt
7.	K B-Q 3	P-Q 4	14.	K P × B P, and our contributor, Mr. G. Reichhelm, announces mate for the Defence in 10 moves.	

G. REICHHELM.—We have made some search for the two endgames you require, but cannot, just now, lay our hands on them; when they do turn up, be sure of promptly receiving a copy.

CHAS. PORTER.—Does your 10-move solution of Reichhelm's 12-move ending still seem sound? If so, and you will write it completely out, we shall be happy to lay it before Mr. R., and our readers generally. If your 7-move version of the 4th proposition of Enigma 651 will "hold water," it is indeed a "discovery," and an interesting one, too. Some of our critics will go a sharp eye or two on it.

1.	B to Q B 5	P moves	4.	Kt to Kt 3	P moves
2.	B-K Kt 6	K moves, *best*	5.	Kt-B 5	P moves
3.	K-B 6	P moves	6.	Kt-R 6;	7. B mates

We hope for your speedy recovery.

WM. H. LYONS.—Your solution of "Eureka" is not that of the author, to whom we have submitted it. Please look at the above; the 3d proposition of Enigma 641 runs thus:—

1.	Kt to K B 6 +	K to his 4	4.	B to K Kt 7 + P to K 4
2.	Kt-K Kt 4 +	K-Q 4	5.	B × P, mate.
3.	Kt-K B 4 +	K-Q 5		Very pretty!

Your 1st termination of the 3d proposition is that of Messrs Fuller and Porter; the other we submit:—3..Kt to Q 4, P moves; 4..Kt to Q B 6, do.; Kt to Q B 6, do.; 5..Kt to B 6, or Kt 6, mate.

Critique on Healey's Problems.—No. V.

BY GEO. E. CARPENTER.

PROBLEM No. V

WHITE.—King at his R 5; Queen at K 3; Bishop at Q Kt 2; Knight at K Kt 5; Pawn at Q 3d.

BLACK.—King at his B 4; Rook at K B 8; Bishop at Q Kt 2; Pawns at Q B 4, Q 3, K B 3, and K Kt 5th.

White to play and give mate in four moves.

On a comparison with No. 131, it will be noticed that precisely the same pieces are moved in the solution of each, in precisely the same manner and order. [*Vide* 131:—

WHITE.—King at his R 2; Queen at K Kt 8; Rook at K sq; Bishop at Q Kt sq; Knights at Q R 4, and Q 7th.

BLACK.—King at Q 5; Rook at Q Kt sq; Bishops at Q sq, and K B 6; Pawns at Q Kt 3, Q B 5, and K B 3d.

White to play and give mate in four moves.

PROBLEM No. VI

Is not altogether free from blemishes, *teste*:—

WHITE.—King at Q R sq; Queen at K R 8; Rook at K B 2; Bishop at Q B sq; Knights at Q Kt 7, and Q B 6; Pawns at Q Kt 2, Q B 2, K Kt 3, and K R 5th.

BLACK.—King at his 5; Rook at K Kt 5; Bishops at Q B 5, and K 4; Knight at K Kt 2; Pawns at Q R 4, and Q 5th.

White to play and give mate in four moves.

1..	Kt to K 3		3..Kt to K 7	K to his 5, and
2..Q to K B 6	K-Q 4		now 4..Q may go to K B 3, or 5, mate.	

White might also play 3..Q to K B 3 +, and 4..Kt to K 7, mate.

If this flaw occurred from Black's 3d move, it would be less noticeable; but arising, as it does, from Black's 2d move, and in the main leader, it is a blur of some importance—especially as the problem is one of a prize sett. Nor is the above the only speck that mars the beauty of this excellent stratagem. After the key-move:—

1..	R to K B 5		3..Q to K R 4	R × R, and
2..Kt to Q B 5	K-his B 4		now White may mate with 4..Q	

to K Kt 5; or, Kt to K 7; or P to K Kt 4th. Still worse is it if Black instead of R × R, play 3..B to K B 3d, for then White may administer the *coup de grace* by 4..Q × R; or, R × B; or, Q to K Kt 4; or, P to K Kt 4th.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Enigma No. 654.

From the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.

"The following pretty position, in which the pieces are so arranged as to form the capital letter R, is inscribed to Mr. Reichhelm."

BY JACOB ELSON.

White: at his B 7, her B 2, Q B 4, K R 2, K 7, Q 5, K Kt 5th.

Black: at K 4, Q B 2, Q B 3, K Kt 7, Q B 6, Q B 4, Q 2, K B 4th, and Black Pawns at K B 5, and K B 6th.

White to play and give mate in three moves.

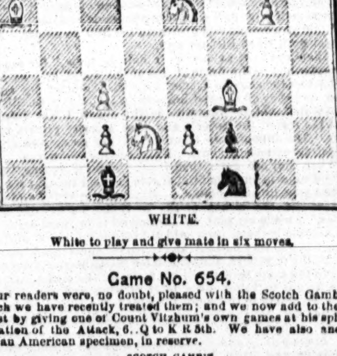
Problem No. 654.

M. J. H.

Dedicated, with friendly regard, to MIRON J. HAZELTINE,

BY GUSTAVUS REICHHELM.

BLACK



WHITE.

White to play and give mate in six moves.

Game No. 654.

Our readers were, no doubt, pleased with the Scotch Gambits to which we have recently treated them; and we now add to their interest by giving one of Count Vitzhum's own games at his splendid variation of the Attack, 6..Q to K R 5th. We have also another, and an American specimen, in reserve.

SCOTCH GAMBIT.

	Attack, Vitzhum.	Defence, Pollmaecher.		Attack, Vitzhum.	Defence, Pollmaecher.
1.	P to K 4	P to K 4	16.	K R to K sq	K Kt to B 4
2.	K Kt-B 3	Q Kt-B 3	17.	K-his R 2	Q-K Kt 3
3.	P-Q 4	K P × P	18.	P-K Kt 4	Q P × Kt
4.	K B-B 4	K B-B 4	19.	K B-B 4 +	K-his R sq
5.	K Kt-his 5	K Kt-R 3	20.	Kt P × Kt	Q × B 2d P
6.	Q-K R 5	Q-K B 3	21.	Q-K Kt 2	P-K 6
7.	P-K B 4	P-Q 3	22.	K R-B sq	K B-Q 3
8.	P-K R 3	Castles	23.	K B-Q 3	B × B P +
9.	Castles	Q B-K 3	24.	K-his R sq	Q-K 4
10.	K B-Q 3	Q-K Kt 3	25.	P-Q B 3	B-K R 7 (c)
11.	Q-K 2	P-K B 4	26.	K R × R +	Q R × R
12.	K Kt × B	Q × K Kt	27.	Q × K B	Q-K 3
13.	K-his R sq	B P × P	28.	B P × P	R-K B 7
14.	Q Kt-Q 2 (a)	P-Q 4	29.	Q-K Kt 3	Kt × Q P
15.	Kt × K P (b)	Q R-K sq	30.	Q × K P, and the Defence gave a beautiful checkmate in three moves.	

(a) This portion of the contest is intensely interesting and very well played.

(b) Ingeniously played! If Defence take this Kt he of course loses his Queen.

(c) A remarkable position. If Count V. now take the Bishop he will find it a difficult task to save the game, and if he does not take it, he will find saving the game still more difficult.

Partie in the recent Congress of the West German Chess League at Aix-la-Chapelle.—*Era.*

EVANS GAMBIT EVADED.

	Prof. Anderssen.	Dr. M. Lange.		Prof. Anderssen.	Dr. M. Lange.
1.	P to K 4	P to K 4	18.	K P × B (g)	K R to Q 3
2.	K Kt-B 3	Q Kt-B 3	19.	P-Q B 4	Q R-Q B sq
3.	K B-B 4	K B-B 4	20.	Q B-Kt 2	P-K B 3
4.	P-Q Kt 4	B-Q Kt 3 (d)	21.	Q B-his 3	K-B 2 (h)
5.	Castles	P-Q 3	22.	K R-R 4	Q R-B 2
6.	P-Q R 4	P-Q R 3	23.	P-K Kt 3	Q R-K 2
7.	P-Q R 5	K B-R 2	24.	K R-Kt sq	P-Q Kt 3
8.	P-Q Kt 5	R P × P	25.	K B-B 6 *good*	Kt P × P
9.	B × Kt 2d P	K Kt-K 2	26.	Q R × P	K R-Q sq
10.	P-Q 4	Castles	27.	K R-Q R sq	K B-Kt 3
11.	Q P × P	Q Kt × P	28.	Q R-Kt 5	K B-R 2
12.	K Kt × Kt	Q P × Kt	29.	K R-R 6	K-his B sq
13.	Q B-R 3	P-Q B 4 (e)	30.	Q R-R 5 (i)	K B-Kt sq
14.	Q × Q	K R × Q	31.	Q R × P (k)	P-K 5
15.	Q Kt-B 3	B-K 3	32.	Q R-Kt 5	P-K 6
16.	K R-Q sq	Kt-K Kt 3 (f)	33.	B " K P	Q R × P
17.	Q Kt-Q 5	Q B × Kt	34.	Q B-Kt 4 +,	Resigned;
for if 34..	K B to Q 3		36.	R-Kt 8 +	K-his B 2
35.	Q B × B +	K R × B	37.	R-R 7 +, 38. K 8 +, etc.	

Again, if 34..K Kt to K 2; 35..R to Q R 8, B to B 2; 36..P to Q 6th, etc.

(d) It has not yet been definitely settled whether this move or P to Q 4th is the safer mode of evading the Evans attack.

(e) Had he exchanged Queens the following is the natural continuation:—

13..	Q × Q		16..R to Q B 3	Q R to Q B sq
14..K R × Q	Q B-Kt 5		17..Q Kt-Q 2, followed by	
15..K R-Q 3	P-Q B 4		18..Kt-Q Kt 3, etc.	

(f) 16..K R to Q 5th seems much better.

(g) We much prefer the Attack at this point.

(h) This, as presently appears, was a mere waste of time.

(i) Prof. A. plays ingeniously to win the Pawn. Once upon a time, if we mistake not, he would have played for higher game in such a position as this. For example:—29..Q B to R 5th, which wins, at least, the exchange, Defence being compelled, as best, to move the attacked Rook to Q 3d. If he play it to Q B sq, Attack, 30..B to Q Kt 7; if to Q Kt sq, 30..P to Q 6th, and the game is virtually won.

(k) 31..K R to Q R 8, followed by P to Q 6th, or Q R to Kt 5th is more decisive, as that gains a piece by force.

DANCING BY LUNATICS.—The lunatics of the Blackwell's Island Asylum had a ball on Thanksgiving Day, in the afternoon, which was followed by a magic lantern exhibition in the evening. The inmates are chiefly foreigners, and of the humblest classes of society. Among them, however, are a number who have received good educational advantages. Externally they present but little distinction. The women wear short hair, clipped even at the neck, or closely cropped, and, by constant exposure to the open air, have acquired a rugged aspect. A few of the men allow their clothes to remain in good condition, and as worn in a state of sanity, but a majority tear them, and bedeck themselves in a fantastic manner. The ball opened by a quadrille. Several sets were formed, and the participants waited with due decorum for the music. At the commencement a disposition was shown by several side couples to dart forward at the same time with the head couples, but they were checked. When, however, it became the turn of the former to advance, the latter, once having begun dancing, were not disposed to stop. Being prevented from repeating their late performance, many branched off into polkas and waltzes, while some frantically performed jumping solos. The music was therefore changed to a polka, and the dancing was steady and commendable. Occasional quadrilles were formed during the afternoon by those who could not perform round dances, but they were always broken up before the close. One man perpetually came to the warden, saying, "Doctor, I got a good girl now." His partners were perpetually changed, and his "good girls" were invariably old females of the most hideous description. Prominent among the dancers was a woman approaching sixty, once known to New York fast characters as Fanny Lissington. She performed Highland flings and Irish jigs with much ability. Through the entire proceedings there was always a side show of solo jumpers, who bobbed perpetually up and down in a state of delight. Among the rational dancers were a Captain Weise, of the Seventh New York during the war, and an agreeable looking woman.

EUROPEAN LOTTERIES.—It appears from an official report published at Florence, that the revenue derived by the Italian Treasury from the Government lotteries is 60,000,000 francs. Lottery companies have been established at Turin, Florence and Rome; and in the province of Naples alone, which contains 868,000 inhabitants, the sums paid yearly for lottery tickets amount to from 25,000,000 to 26,000,000 of francs. This lottery mania is less prevalent in the North; thus Turin, with a population of 942,000, pays only 6,000,000 a year for lottery tickets. It is also stated that the books which have the largest circulation in the South are those which profess to give "lucky" numbers, explain dreams, and describe various modes of gaining prizes at lotteries by consulting cards, magic diagrams, &c.

CUPID'S FOIBLES, FOLLIES AND FANCIES.

"ALL FOR LOVE."

ONE MORE UNFORTUNATE GONE.

Ten years ago a happy family dwelt in a handsome cottage in one of the many beautiful villages of Massachusetts. The father of the family was named Morton, and the idol of the household was Stella, his only daughter, at that time about sixteen years of age. In all the old Bay State there was not a family so free from the cares of life, or that looked forward more hopefully to the future, which was all *couleur de rose*, for the shadow of death and disaster yet to be, had not then darkened the threshold nor dimmed the glow of happiness which made an Eden of the fireside. But death came to despoil this domestic paradise, and in a brief period the young, the gay, the beautiful Stella was called to mourn the loss of both father and mother, who sank beneath the fatal touch of the destroyer, leaving her almost alone in the world. But she was not wholly friendless. In Cincinnati lived an uncle, a wealthy coal merchant, and the weeping orphan was taken from the desolate hearth-stone, and removed to the bosom of her uncle's family in the west. There she was tenderly cared for, and the parental kindness constantly showered upon her soon taught her to forget much of the sorrow which came with the loss of father and mother. But alas, she was yet to know a still deeper and more lasting sorrow—the unutterable sorrow of a faded hope and a blasted life.

Stella Spencer was the pride, the light and the joy of her uncle's house, as she had been of the old homestead in Massachusetts. Surrounded by all that could make life bright and beautiful, the future was to her as a dream of Elysium. Not a cloud dimmed its radiance—not a star was lost in mist or shadow. But the trail of the serpent was over all the gay flowers of hope and promise that lured her footsteps to the bright realm before her. A few years later and the tempter came; and the flower of innocence which blossomed in her heart was blighted forever. We will not pause to tell how she was betrayed by him to whom she had given the wealth of her girlish love, nor how the result of that betrayal was immediate banishment from the house of her uncle, and the first step in that path of wretchedness and misery which finally lost itself in the dark shadow of death. Cast out upon the broad ocean of life, destitute of that virgin purity which is alone the passport to good society, without money or friends, she surrendered herself to the first offer to become a kept mistress. For a long time she lived in the affection of a man who represented her to be his wife, and Stella never, in reality, saw the dark side of life until she came to this city, some two years ago, and was deserted by the one to whom she had devoted herself with all the constancy of a lawful wife. But little is known of her career in Louisville after this event, as she kept herself secluded and was never known as a woman of easy virtue. About two weeks ago she called at the house of Nellie Sullivan, No. 408 Walnut street, between West and Eleventh, with whom she engaged board. During her stay at this home she revealed but little of her past history, further than the fact that she had an uncle and a brother residing in Cincinnati, both of whom were men of wealth and high social position. She still retained all her refined and accomplished manner, her associations having never been such as to sink her to the degradation so common to fallen women. She possessed a beautiful face and form, coupled with a gentle and amiable disposition, which marked her as a woman whose friendship was unfettered by any petty prejudices. The particulars of her death, as elicited at the inquisition held by Coroner Dick Moore, are substantially as follows:—On Wednesday evening, at 8 o'clock, she remarked that she was going to step out for a short time. It seems that she was in the habit of taking morphine, and while she was out she purchased a quantity of the poison at a drug store on the corner of Twelfth and Walnut streets. She returned in an easy hour and retired to her room. She did not make her appearance any more that night, and about 7 o'clock yesterday morning she was discovered to be unconscious, lying in her bed. Two physicians were hastily summoned, but all efforts to restore her to consciousness proved unavailing. She lingered until yesterday at noon, when death came to the relief of the unfortunate young woman. She never uttered a word during the time she was lying under the influence of the powerful opiate which she had taken. She lay like a corpse for four hours, and did not evince any signs of suffering. Her death was like falling off into a gentle sleep. There was not even a struggle. We never beheld a more life-like and beautiful corpse, and to the credit of the frail sisters by whom she was surrounded, be it said, they attired her in a neat and beautiful habiliment for the grave. She was twenty-six years of age, had beautiful black hair and eyes, with a fair and healthy complexion. It is not believed that she took the fatal dose with any intention of destroying her life, as she was cheerful, and gave no evidence of mental suffering. It was her custom to take morphine, and she, no doubt, inadvertently took an overdose. Her remains will be interred at 11 o'clock this morning. The following is the verdict rendered by the Coroner's jury:—

INQUEST NO. 237.—Held at 408 West Walnut street, in the city of Louisville, December, 3d, 1868, upon the body of Ann Stella Morton. Verdict of the jury—That deceased came to her death about 12 o'clock A. M., December 3d, 1868, by an overdose of morphine, administered by her own hand, at 8 o'clock P. M., December 2d, 1868 DICK MOORE, Coroner J. C.

—*Louisville Journal, Dec. 5.*

QUEER DIVORCE CASE.

THE MATRIMONIAL LINK BROKEN.

LINK VS. LINK.

This curious case, which is an action brought by the alleged wife for divorce from her husband on the ground of adultery, came up in the Supreme Court on the 9th inst., before Judge Cardozo, upon a motion on her part for alimony, on the usual allegations that the plaintiff was destitute of means, and that there was issue of said marriage. The defendant, in opposition, produced voluminous affidavits and an exemplified record of a judgment recovered in the Steuben County Court in the State of Indiana, in September, 1867, granting a divorce in favor of the husband, the defendant, against the plaintiff, on the ground of the adultery of the latter, in an action in which personal service of the summons was made on the plaintiff, which service she admitted, and appeared by attorney and defended the action. In the affidavits it was alleged that the parties had lived separately since about 1855, and that since that time the plaintiff had been living in adulterous intercourse with one Dr. Hermon Baalon, a *ci-devant* Russian Count, from 1859 to about 1864, and that she had for several years kept houses of ill repute in Laurens and Bleecker streets in this city, and that the child alluded to in the moving papers was not the child of defendant, but of Dr. Baalon. A letter of plaintiff's to the Doctor was produced in evidence of this allegation, and the affidavits of several persons, who said they often saw the plaintiff and the Doctor together, and a child with them, which one would carry and then the other. That the defendant had no means except that derived from his practice as a lawyer, and that plaintiff was worth considerable money. The plaintiff denies these allegations, and states that though she had lived apart from her husband for many years, yet that he occasionally visited her when he came to this city, and that the child is his. The plaintiff's counsel claimed that the judgment of the Indiana Court was procured fradulently, and was void, the parties never having resided in that State. The defendant's counsel insisted that whether the Indiana judgment was valid or void, the parties having appeared in the Indiana Court and joined issue, and submitted the evidence to that Court, and the Court having rendered judgment thereupon, they were estopped from attacking that judgment in a collateral proceeding, and that the judgment was conclusive between them until impeached or set aside in a direct proceeding for that purpose. The parties being already divorced, the plaintiff should not have her alimony. The Court reserved its decision.

AN ELOPEMENT PLANNED.

A serious shooting affair occurred at Cuba, in this county, very early on Thursday morning last. It appears that a young man by the name of John Heller had been paying his addresses for some time to a young lady, the daughter of Jacob Mowry. The young lady received the young man with favor, but her father manifested the most decided hostility to his visits, and forbade him the house. The young couple kept up a clandestine correspondence, and finally planned an elopement. The young man wrote a letter to his betrothed, telling her that he would be at her bedroom window the following night at twelve o'clock ready to receive her. This letter, as was his custom, was dropped in her bedroom window, but it appears that it fell into the hands of her father. The young lady was placed in another room, and the father occupied her room, armed with a shot gun. Soon after twelve o'clock the young man presented himself at the window, and the young lady not making her appearance, he supposed her to be asleep, and, gently raising the window, he inserted one arm, and with a stick struck the bed for the purpose of waking her. The man leveled his gun and fired, the whole charge passing through the arm just above the elbow. Heller immediately went to the house of Dr. Piersol, where his wound was dressed. The young man now lies at the house of his father, and is reported to be in a very critical condition. His arm is terribly lacerated and much inflamed, and the main artery in great danger of sloughing. He is said to be of good character, and is about twenty-one years of age.—*Canton, Ill., Register, Nov. 26th.*

ALLEGED UNFAITHFULNESS.

In the Supreme Court, this city, before Judge Ingraham, the case of John A. Ward vs. Charlotte A. Ward, was brought up on the 9th inst. The parties occupy a prominent social position in this city. The plaintiff seeks a divorce from his wife on the ground of her alleged unfaithfulness to the marriage vow. They were married in June, 1864. The plaintiff in his complaint states that although he conducted himself toward defendant as a kind and faithful husband, and had provided for her all the comforts and luxuries of life, yet she, disregarding her duties as a wife, did, in July, 1867, wilfully desert him and abandon her offspring without any cause or justification; that in the same month and afterwards she committed adultery at the New Haven House, and other places in New Haven, with one W. J. Hennessy, and that she is now living in adulterous intercourse with him; that the child is ten years and three months old; and the plaintiff demands judgment that the bonds of matrimony between himself and defendant be dissolved, and that the child be awarded to him. The case came up upon a demurrer upon two grounds; first, that two causes of action were improperly joined, and second, that the first alleged cause of action did not state sufficient facts to constitute a cause of action. In reply, it was contended that there was but one cause of action for which judgment was asked, viz.: adultery; and that the allegation of abandonment was inserted merely to better show the plaintiff's right to the custody of the child. The Court reserved its decision.

EXTRAORDINARY LOVE AND MARRIAGE AFFAIR.—A very extraordinary and romantic affair, in which a young lady of Newark played a part, is related by the *Advertiser* of that city. It appears from its story that some time ago a young gentleman, whose parents reside in respectable quarters in New York city, and are said to be wealthy, won the affections of a daughter of Mr John Englehorn, of Newark, and eloped with her, before yet her parents thought her old enough to be influenced by the tender passion. She was taken to the residence of a friend on Long Island, from whence she was soon after reclaimed by detectives from Newark on complaint of Mr. Englehorn, who also commenced a suit against the man for abducting the girl. Pending the suit, the youthful adorer, who seemed to have the most innocent intentions towards Miss Englehorn, carried her off for the second time and placed her again on Long Island at some hotel. While here and during his absence she yielded to the entreaties of a gentleman living in the same hotel and married him. The indignation of lover No. 1 when this phase of affairs was presented upon his return was almost uncontrollable. He states that he was only restrained from turning the comedy into a tragedy by the absence of his pocket-pistol. He returned to Newark, and so did the newly-married couple, the husband expecting to find only a warm reception from his father-in-law. His turn for surprise, however, had come. He was summarily ejected from the house and his bride locked up in her room. It was too late to quench the flame, and the girl, clinging to her last love, was allowed to return to her husband, leaving a disconsolate father and an extra lover.

SLANDER AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.—The case of Maria Henrietta Gumeroth against Jacob Lessing was brought up in the Supreme Court, Chambers, before Judge Cardozo, on the 9th inst. It was a motion to vacate an order of arrest granted in July last, holding defendant in $1,000 bail, since which time he has been in prison, being unable to get bail. The action is brought to recover $5,000 damages for alleged slander uttered at various times against plaintiff's character. She is a married woman, doing business (bakery) in her own name, and it is alleged that these slanders caused trouble between her and her husband, and that through them she had lost customers and had been otherwise specially damaged. The moving papers allege that defendant had a wife and children here, who were suffering; and on the other, it was stated on the part of plaintiff, that these children were illegitimate, and that defendant had a wife and seven children now living in Germany. It was also alleged that defendant was a common slanderer of women

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Profession.

Notice.

ADVERTISERS must hand in their favors before 6 o'clock on Monday evening, in order to have them appear in that week's issue.

Clipper Post Office.

TAKE NOTICE.—A stamped envelope, with address, must be enclosed for each and every letter sent for.

Harry Robinson,
H. Henri, 2.
Robert Vosburg,
Chas. Nesbitt,
Add Weaver,
Dr. Jas. Thayer,
C. L. Banks,
Edward Flanagan,
T. E. Mills,
Frank Mason,
W. W. Pound,
Billy Wright,
Joe Lang,
Ned Kneeland,
John Ernst,
Archie Mc'auley,
Lew Collins,
Gus Mortimer,
Side Show, 2.
Henry Healer,
Ned Turner,
Chas. E. Lovell,
A. W. Hayes,
B. Crosby,
George De Louis,
G. H. Richards,
Frank Gilford,
Deichanty & Bengler,
Edwin Forrest,
Frank Newhall,
James Russey,
Add Ryman,
Harry Wallace,
Mr. French,
Dan Castello,
Melinda Nagle,
May Montall,
Belle Montrose (2),
Mollie Bernard,
Georgie May,
Addie Johnson,
Molly Fielding,
Fannie Archer,
Pauline Cushman,
Joe Cheast,
J. C. Myers,
J. J. Showles,
E. Gratton,
George Warren,
Frank Cardello,
Geo. F. Bailey,
J. L. Sackhouse, 2.
Sol Smith Russell,
Geo. A. Florance,
M. B. Leavitt,
Chas. Seeley,
Eddie Fox,
W. J. Jacobs,
Harry Bardesar,
Old Hickory,
Eugene F. Gorman,
Barry Carter,
George Chapman,
Claude De Haven,
Peter McGuire,
Harry Wenham,
Chas. Kidder,
Prof. Haselmyer,
Thomas Warhurst,
John Hart,
Geo. Deagle,
Billy Hoyt,
E. J. Mack,
Geo. Gaston,
John O'Brian,
Jake Budd,
Jos. Jefferson,
Henry Linden,
McKean Buchanan,
Mrs. Geo. Gray,
Matilda Heron,
Miss Fitzsimmons,
Jennie Beanson,
Ella Sands,
Mary Gladstane,
Jennie Johnson,
John Hill,
Isadore Odiorne,
Mad Macarte,
Tom Murray,
John S. Potter,
Chas. Vivian,
Fred Fargo,
Dan Shaiby
A. B. Newcomb.
Thomas Shannon,
Adam Forepaugh,
John. W Keefe,
Geo. W. Danforth,
I. M. Wickwire,
John L. Lawton,
John Whiston,
J. G. Stuliz,
James Taylor,
Johnny Donohoe,
Barry Alden,
Willie Budd,
T. H. Jefferson,
A. S. Whitcomb,
Edward Henryson,
O. K. Axtell,
J. W. Allinson,
Fred Buckingham,
A. Glassford,
Wm. West,
John F. Donoughue,
Billy Sheppard,
Chas. Nisbitt,
Low Gaylor,
Wm. Case,
Frank Bonita,
Chas. Forbes,
Sydney Cook.
W. C. Crosby,
Jenny Anderson,
Annie Wood.
Mexican Queen,
Therese Berrie (2),
Mrs. L. E. Seymour,
Kate Fisher,
Fanny Prestige,
Ada Newton,
Marietta Ravel.

City Summary.

MONDAY, Dec. 14, '68.

THE GAY and festive season is upon us, and joy and gladness, probably, pervade the tabernacle of the rich man, as well as the hut of the poor and lowly. Confiding, unsuspicious members of the poultry tribe are living on the best the farm yard affords; but, alas, how soon will those feathered warblers be brought to an early bier for the mere gratification of sinful man's depraved and voracious appetite. How serenely we could all get along together in the world if it were not for this ever unappeased appetite! How harmoniously the hours would glide away in the cares of continually supplying the lunch table did not weigh so heavily upon us. But so it is, we are but a community of imitators, and so we have been since the world began, and so will we remain till time shall be no more. And speaking of imitators reminds us of a little story strictly founded on fact, and therefore it must be true. Some years ago, one John Stinsman commanded a vessel trading "to Barbadoes and a market," as our commercial reporter, might term it. John had an only daughter, around whose golden tresses sixteen summers had not yet made their circuit; she was of that blissful age when maidenhood delights in rainbows and moonlight, in ice cream and sauer kraut; she was truly a lover of all things beautiful, and wore a patent waterfall of suspicious dimensions. While at Barbadoes, on one occasion, old John Stinsman saw a very pretty parrot, which he thought would make a nice present for his per-ecious cheild. But alas, unlike the general run of parrots, this Barbadoes parrot had nothing to say; no coax'ng, no flattery, no extra rations could draw anything from him in the way of conversation. The owner, however, assured the Captain that the bird could be learned to talk. "He is a little sulky now," said he, "but I tell you, sir, *there is talk in that bird!*" Well, Captain John Stinsman took the man's statement on *trust*, and his parrot on paying *cash down*, and bore the beautiful prize away. In due time he reached home, and presented the bird to his lovely and accomplished daughter who was delighted with her present, and located it in a corner of the spacious garden. During the entire voyage the parrot had moped and sulked, but as soon as he found himself among green trees, bushes, and flowers, he began to brighten up and look alive. After a few days, the accomplished and refined young lady thought it about time to learn Polly to talk, so taking the bird on her finger she commenced the necessary education. "Pretty Polly," said she, in orthodox style, "pretty Polly; Polly have some breakfast?" The parrot reared his head, and taking sight of his mistress, ejaculated:—"Does yer mother know you're out? Does yer nibs weed the slang? Dry up, you red nosed swab. Toddle up, you lubbers. What'll you take to drink?" followed by additional slang too profane and obscene to repeat. The damsel dropped the lovely bird in horror, and called the attention of her father to the wondrous powers of the pet. The Captain speedily set the bird adrift, and in telling the story afterward he was wont to say:—"Ay, ay, that fellow in Barbadoes was right, when he said there was *talk* in that bird!" So the young lady lost her first love, merely through his power of imitation and too much talk.....Our Jim" says he lost *his* love in another sort of way, as the following expressive lines from his fluent pen will amply testify:—

MY LOST LUV;
A Sad Story of a Wounded Hart.
BY "OUR JIM."

I met her by the seller dore—
The kids she giv was cold and sturn;
Her eves looked pitchforks into mine—
And mine looked plain into hers.

For we had loved in dase gone by;
Her daddy said that I might take her;
But, alas! for my dreme of wedded bliss,
She got up and got with a Dutch shoemaker.

Years has flone since last we parted;
I made plenty stamps from sellin' dams—
While the Dutch galoot who stole my bridase,
Wasn't worth two continental dams!

I turned to take a last, yurning look
At her for which my heart has bled,
When an ornery nigger, a livin' un stares,
Split a bucket of slops onto my hed.

I eurst till the hare of me hed cum off,
Till my hide begun to brake and crack,
And my teeth cum out, and toe nails, too,
While my bran nu cote split up the back.

O! didn't I throw bricks at that dusty nigger?
And didn't I bust the winders in?
Then I went for the Dutch shoemaker,
And hammed him out of his dirty skin!

No more girls for me if I knows it—
No more frauds me luv to dim;
In the words of the poet "not for Joseph,"
And he *might* have added: "Not for Jim."

.....A stranger in the city, not finding that hospitality and liberality in the boarding house which he had been accustomed to at home, determined to spend an evening at the theatre to while away the passing hours. While there intent in the play, with no thought for aught else save the luscious looking dancers, he was so unfortunate as to have his pocket picked of all its contents in a mean and surreptitious manner. All the sympathy he met with was that expressed by a religious (?) paper, which said, "Had he not gone to that vile den of iniquity, he would not have lost his money." And yet in the same paper, a few days after, we read an account of a robbery committed in a church, where the thief stole the poor box during service. We could not help remarking that if the poor box had not been in the church it would not have been stolen. Stealing that poor box, however, is likely to get the thief into a *bad* box if he is caught. We must not be too severe on the pursued thief, nevertheless, for the man who stole the box during *service* thought he was doing a *service* to the church members, because it is often hard to tell who are worthy objects of charity, and poor funds are frequently bestowed on impostors; the thief knew himself to be in want, and saved the members the trouble of discriminating. Ah, well, thieves are no respecters of places or persons, and a man is as likely to have his pocket picked in a crowded assemblage at one place as at another.....Our Jim" wishes to know why "Taffy was a Welshman," at Wood's Metropolitan Theatre, is so much like a celebrated dancer at the Olympic. "Because," says he, in a voice saturated with benzine, "because it *sang gaily!*" This fearful and abortive attempt at witticism is but another convincing proof that people now-a-days require close watching. We have examined numerous members of our *corps* as to Jim's state of mind of late, and more particularly in reference to his actions exterior and subsequent to the perpetration of the above cruelty; and it is the united verdict of our *corps*, in whom there is no guile, that Jim was perfectly sane the moment before the commission of the fatal deed, as well as at the moment after; but during its perpetration they have a strong doubt as to his sanity, and recommend that he be given the benefit of that doubt.....It is worth while, occasionally, to visit amateur performances at the halls of our dramatic associations, though for that matter the regular boards frequently exhibit performances of an amateur character. But the full fledged amateur is one who sees in himself the germ of a future Forrest, Booth or Cooke. On "his night," three five-act tragedies—in which he essays the hero in all—have no terrors for him; it is but once in a while that he is permitted to name his pieces, and when he has the opportunity he gives full and plenty for his patrons' money. Jimmy, a little gooseralia on the crank, and turn her:—

ON AMATEURS.

An amateur is one who seems
To have no true foresight;
To be an actor, one's oft *left*
On a place—which isn't *right*.
They'll do most anything to get
A chance to spout the bard;
They think—*some* are so very *soft*—
An actor's life's not *hard*.

They here their friends with text of play,
And quoting loud, they'll shout;
They insist he is the *juvenile* or *hero*,
If is a thing deserving praise:
They all want *good characters*,
But we won't be too hard on them—
They oft amuse the town—
And did we blow them up too high,
They might become *cast down*.

.....Do you think that, because you take a number of hot whiskey punches these cold nights, you are necessarily like the author of "After Dark?" No! Well, some tretolally depraved natures say that you are so, because you would be *boozy, cooled*. This damp weather is enough to make *any* man sick.....We think those young ladies over at Grau's French Theatre, in "Gen-vieve de Brabant," must be very cold without their tights on. In summer time that sort of undress uniform might do very well, but in wintry weather, ugh, how the poor creatures must suffer.

LINES COMMEMORATIVE.

At Grau's, the pretty, gay *Rose Bell*—
A *lass* who quick to favor *rose*—
Is but a puppet, but in that puppe
She *cut* and *made* volumes shows;
While sweet Desclauzas (Genevieva)—
To use a *figure* of speech, her *poses*,
Grace, and suppleness of limb,
To gracious public thare *discloses*.

But the dinner *bell* warns us to ring down the curtain which rose on sweet *Rose Belle*. We ring many changes on our bells, however, almost as many as the promptor rings on *his* bell, when he wishes a change of scene, flown curtain, and hundreds of other things. But there's another bell that rings a greater change than all—the dentist's bell it is. Who has not felt a change for the better when ringing the dentist's bell? And did you never have a change come o'er you, abstemious reader, after you'd taken a little something seothing? To hear the ringing of the glasses at such a time is the whiskey ring. Speaking of rings, we were rung in by an elderly party the other evening on Broadway. We had been on a visit to the Young Men's Christian Association, when a seedy looking gent approached, and thus did hold communion with us:—

"Where, oh where are the Hebrew children?"

"You'll find 'em down in Chatham street," we said, "engaged in the charitable amusement of changing old clothes for new ones."

"Anger me not," responded he; and then continued; but the machine shall do the subject that justice which our feeble pen might fail in.

WHAT HE WANTED.

"Where can a *row* be found?" he cried,
And gazing wildly round,
He stamped his foot impatiently,
But made no other sound.

Then we did answer him at once,
Which did his anger rouse,
By saying to him "Good old man,
There's a *row* at the station house!"

.....A feeble sort of person, whose intellect seems to have been sorely tried by his arduous duties of "hooting the rag" in one of our first class theatres, has made so bold—seeing the latitude given by "Our Jim" to correspondents during our absence—as to send us the following communication on criticism and kindred subjects. We are always disposed to encourage the *rising* generation, and to let fall the curtain on the errors of mankind, and were it not that "Our Jim," in a night carousal up in the flies with the writer of the article, had given his solemn promise that anything of a literary character he might send would be accentable, we should hesitate in making public the contents of the humble curtain man's communication; although we admit that it contains ideas which, written in more refined language, would warrant the attention of the profession from the gentlemen in the cellar who send up the fairies and sprites, to the parties in the flies who cast refulgent beams and golden showers on all below. Read "Our Jim's" friend's

ART CRITICISM,
BY THE MAN IN THE FLIES.

MISTER EDDITURER.—Kritticism is probable one o the most tickhish arts o moddern times, and has allus struck me as kind o like playing with edge tools—the man as meddles with it is ap to get hurt hisself. A unkilfilly armed kritticism is verry much like a Boomerbang, such as the natives use to open each other's heds with in South Australia—you gin it a throw, and when you think it's a goin to bite it comes a scyuglein back agin, and gives it to you in the chops, and that's the way of it. Ennvey a kritic? Not of I knows myself, an I think I do—a few! Altho' I be only a kurten roller, I mind the time when I could tip 'em Richard Number Three and Mac Beth as fierce as Booth or Forrist, and if it had not bin for that enemy of aspirin genius, the sordid mannagers namely, there is no tellin how high I might a gotten, tho' perhaps, konsiderin' my present egsalted position, you will say I am pooty igh as it is, bein' up among the flies. Lemme give you a few memoranders taken at random from an old note book o' mine, into which I recorded the circumstances of mi last appearans on any stage. It is hard to bid ajew to any professhn to which you have took a liking, and my tarn havin' come, I chose the arjoons role of Shylock to jew it to, but the lady who was to jew Portia bein' sick, I fell back of course onto Richard, which was one of my strong pints then as now. The eventful night bein' come, I was somewhat puzled whether to be wheeled on drunk in a arm chair, as Cooper was, or to stumble on tight, tangle-foot fashn, as Hambling did, but as this was onely the little Frankling theatre and some too near Kattering Market, I decided to go on without eccentrinsatties of any kind, like little Booth. I'd a crowded house, and quite fashnable for that part of the city, and old Amherst, who was the manager, was kind enough to tell me in his paternial wa, that I could'nt but make a it. There was much excitement and scrougin in the pit, and I heard a large newsboy, wich is name it was Mealy Pertaters (a great friend of mine), shout to another big newsboy, "Hi! Sullivan! stand by for his Nibbs when the curten rises!" I went on, I confess, with some trepidation, but my reception at the hands of these generous patrons of art soon reassured me. The risin of the curtin was the signal for a perfec rore of welcome—the great Mac Reedy himself never had such a novation. "Hay, hay—stump along, ole lather boots—go in lemmins—pitch it in good and lively—shine 'em up old lobster back!"—much my greetings. Feelin ighly flattered I kommenct, bendin my head and foldin my arms, and walkin as if it was slippery.

Dow is the widnter of our discodtet,
(Hear the nutsy carpinter began a show'rin' down of snow paper,)
Bade glordius subber by the sud of Yawk,
(Calcium light turned on full,)
Ad all the clouds which lowr'd upod our house
(Scene shifters let down gauza drapery,)
Id the deep boozub of the ocead buried.
Now are our brows bew'd wid victorious reefs,
Our broozed arbs hug up for bodubets,
Our stard slarlubs (slappin' of my back) chadged to berry beetigs,
Our dredful barches to delightiffe beasures;
Grib bisaged war hab smoved his wrickled frut,
An wow, instid of bounting barbed steeds,
To fer-rights the sculs of warrile adbersaries,
E capers dibbly id a lady's chaber
To the iasebibous plessig's of a leute.

This, I think, Mister Eddituru, is the trew consopshn—a voo into which I am sustained by a resent critiqueue in that standard dramatic authority, the Trybyoon, which is exally sound on the stage, religin and politicks, and gives you a tew kolleem report of the last races at Jerome Park in one page, while it whales it intoo the sporting gossy must unmercifully in another. When I came to the line about "an amorous lookin' glass" I held up a small mirror and turned on the gas my self; when I came to "I that am rudely *stamped*," I pinted to a revenew stamp upside down on my left cheek (sensasshn); when I had to say, "I that am cur-tailed," etcaterer, I shwatted, and turning round, exhibited such an spendage; the words "scarce half made up" elicited konsiderable applause, bein', as I was told an absolute fac, and therefore true to nature. At the proper pint, when Richard says,

"That dogs bark at me as I halt by them," the sagacious prompter had half a dozen of 'em at the wings, and as I hobbled across the stage in keepin' with the karacter, he let 'em loose, and they all came at me with a yell, being so much in earnest that, not knowing what might appen, I was forced to omit the rest of the speech, and beat a hasty retreat off the stage. The animals was secured, and the scene was finished amidst uproarious applause. When coming to the line

"When they are gone then I must *count my gains*," and I went off coun'in out a handful of gold pieces, I thought the owse would a gone into convolutions. Rememberin what I said about it in sendin the bishop of Ely to Holborn after the 'strawberries,' I made my pint by coming on in my next scene with half a dozen baskets, from which I continued sellin' durin the scene. It was very natural and created much applause. My friends, the newsboys, allus called me 'Strawberries' afterwards. Pursuin the same sevear critikite rools, in the tent scene, after tellin Ratelif to 'bring me a bowl of wine and set it down,' suitin the action to the werd, I drained the requested draught (Jamaica hot) to the las drop, and immediately fell asleep on the sofa, so fast I didn't hear a word the ghosts was sayin to me. Some perfidjus rascle had mixt a sleepin poshun with my bevverridge, and when I woke up the lights was all out, the hows was deserted, and wasn't nobody at hand but the watchman. 'Wachman, tell us of the nite,' said I quoting. 'It ain't nite at all,' said he, 'it's mournin'.' And with that I changed my close and quickly vanisht. The newspapers said I was a suckcess, but, somehow, I found it impossible to get an engagement

THE "EMERALD RING"—the new Irish drama written by John Brougham for the Williamses—was presented at the Broadway Theatre on the 7th inst. It is in three acts and a prologue, and has been carefully placed upon the stage, with some new scenery and appointments, in a manner very creditable for this house. Without being a work by which the author's reputation can benefit, it is still a cre itable and ingenious play. The framework is weak and cumbrous, and efforts have been made, with partial success, to strengthen it, but it is still a little awkward and out of shape, though it answers, after a fashion, its purpose. It is an excitmy and fairly original piece, with sufficient novelty of design and treatment to separate it altogether from the dramas of the day. It has some plot and some comic dialogue. The rising of the waters in the second act is very cleverly done, but what appears a mystery to all is how the soldiers and Mike became aware of the perilous situation of Geraldine. She is tied to a rock, and is left there where the water rises, and just as she is about perishing—without making the least alarm, owing to having fainted—Maggie is seen approaching her in a boat and rescues her. Some of the gang who tied Geraldine there appear immediately on the scene and there ten to shoot Maggie if she escapes, when Mike and the soldiery appear very quietly with leveled muskets. How Mike and others knew the situation of Geraldine is a profound mystery, and knowing it, it is singular they let Maggie put out in an open boat, when the sea is running high, to save Geraldine instead of going themselves. Many other incongruities appear through the piece. Kate Newton made her first appearance since her indisposition on the 7th, as Geraldine, and was well received.

MISS SCOTT SIDDONS terminated a two weeks' engagement at the Worrell Sisters' Theatre on the 7th inst. Artistically and pecuniarily it was a success. The "Hunchback" was presented on the 7th. Her Julia was a plain, simple, girl-like performance. We are apt to draw comparisons between actresses, and Julia is one of those characters with which are associated the names of many that stand high in the annals of the drama. Among these may be ranked Fanny Kemble, Julia Dean, Mrs. D. P. Bowers and others. We scarcely expected to see in Mrs. Siddons' performance the realization of our own conception of the character, and were, therefore, not disappointed. The scene with Clifford, in the fourth act, was her best. She wanted power, variety, intensity—that earnest, unobtrusive, outgushing, overwhelming expression which carries the soul, almost unconsciously, away from the actual, and concentrates it upon the ideal. Considering the great drawback she encountered in her principal support, it is astonishing that she got along as well as she did, for John Mortimer's Sir Thomas was absolutely the worst we have ever seen. It would be impossible to enumerate the defects and deficiences of his acting; but what could be expected from an actor who was in such an "indisposed" condition as scarcely to be able to stand? It was a great insult to Mrs. Siddons, and he should have been hissed from the stage, for his "peculiar infirmity" was noticed by every one in the house. He ruined every scene he had with Mrs. Siddons, and whole pages of the piece were cut out owing to his inability to speak what was set down for him. He muddled through his part and the piece terminated, and with it his engagement, for he was discharged the following morning. As Helen, Blanche Grey was excellent. Her comedy is sprightly, arch, yet elegant in the extreme. Mr. Harkins' Master Walter was on the whole a good performance. Mr. Gossin played Modus badly. Modus is a gentleman and a scholar. It is his extreme modesty not his buffoonery that provokes laughter. "Much Ado About Nothing" introduced Mrs. Siddons in a different character—that of Beatrice—one of the best female comic characters anywhere to be found, and her conception of the part was excellent, and exhibited with a great deal of spirit and propriety. Her voice and figure are admirably associated with our ideas of this witty and volatile character. Her performance throughout was distinguished by excellence; but in the scenes where she broke out in her satire at Benedict she was particularly happy. Mr. Harkins played Benedict instead of Mr. Mortimer—and we unhesitating ly pronounce it the most brilliant display of histrionic ability he has yet exhibited. He displayed a correct study, a refined and quiet perception, and a familiar acquaintance with the author. Blanche Grey as Hero, and Davidge as Dogberry, were good. Saidee Cole played Ursula, although Kate Ryner's name was on the bill for it. "As You Like It" was repeated on the 9th, with Harkins as Orlando on the 10th, "Much Ado About Nothing," was given, and for Mrs. Siddons' benefit on the 11th, "King Rene's Daughter" and "Taming of the Shrew." The first is an exquisite one act dramatic poem. The principal role is that of a blind daughter of the King, who has been brought up from her infancy in ignorance of the fact that she is blind. During the absence of her attendants, Tristan, a young cavalier, gains admittance to her presence, and becoming charmed by her beauty, talks in love with her, and discovers her blindness, which he discloses to her. The day arrives when it has been determined to make an experiment on her eyes by a physician, which proves successful, and she gains her sight. It is one of the most pleasing dramatic productions we have witnessed in a long time, and Mrs. Siddons has not previously appeared to so much advantage. In the latter piece she played the Shrew to the life, and was deservedly called before the curtain several times. Mrs. Siddons repeated the same bill for the *matinee* on the 12th, and closed her engagement on the evening of the 12th with "Much Ado About Nothing." Tom Owens was prevented by "indisposition" from appearing on the 11th, and his part was read by Mr. Dunn. Taken on the whole, and considering the many difficulties in the way of bad support, etc., that she had to contend with, her success here has been remarkable. Had she received the support of artists instead of stilts, some of whom had to be prompted throughout the entire engagement, her success would have been still greater. Those who admire her new, if we are not greatly mistaken, will be astonished in a year or two hence, to find how much the Mrs. Siddons of then will exceed the Mrs. Siddons of now.

"AFTER DARK" enters upon the fifth week of its production at Niblo's Garden this evening. Although there has been a falling off in the attendance, still a good paying business is being done.

BOOTH'S THEATRE will not be ready to open this month. The time at present fixed upon is January 15th.

FANNY HERRING opens an engagement at the Bowery Theatre this evening.

PROF. HILTON, ventriloquist, who was prevented from sailing for Europe on the 2d inst., left on the 12th. He expects to return in about four months.

BARNUM'S MUSEUM VS. THE INSURANCE COMPANIES.—Barnum's Museum, destroyed by fire last March, was insured for about $140,000. Several companies promptly paid their losses, amounting to about $20,000, while the other companies refused to pay. A suit was entered by the associate managers at the expiration of the usual sixty days. The companies sued now make a motion for reference to take account of loss, and in opposition the managers offered an affidavit to this effect, that prior to the 3d day of March, 1868, the said company carried on an exceedingly profitable and lucrative business at the buildings, Nos. 537, 539 and 541 Broadway, in the city of New York; that on the 3d day of March, 1868, the said buildings, and nearly all the contents thereof, were accidentally destroyed by fire; that the contents of the said buildings destroyed by said fire consisted of animals and natural and artificial curiosities used by the plaintiff in its museum and menagerie business, and the scenery and apparatus used by it in its theatrical business, and of the fixtures, furniture and improvements in and about the said buildings, and that the said contents were fully worth the sum of $288,906.83 and largely over, and that the said plaintiff was insured against loss or damage by fire on the said contents by numerous companies within the State of New York, and also by numerous companies without the State of New York in various sums, amounting in the aggregate to about $130,500. The case was heard in the Superior Court on the 10th inst., after which the Judge took the papers and reserved his decision.

"IXION" will hold the boards at Wood's Museum until the 26th inst., after which it will be withdrawn and the burlesque of "The Field of the Cloth of Gold" produced. The farce of the "Quiet Family" will precede the burlesque this week, and every afternoon excepting Wednesday, and Saturday a spectacular drama, entitled "The Giant of Palestine," will be offered, introducing in the small lecture room, Com. Foote, the miniature man, and Bibin, the giant, who will take important characters.

"THE LANCASHIRE LASS" which has been kept on the boards of Wallack's Theatre to a succession of very poor houses of late, is withdrawn, and this evening Lester Wallack commences in a round of characters.

OLIVE LOGAN delivered her new lecture at Steinway Hall, on the 15th inst. It is entitled "Paris—City of Luxury," and on this theme it is certain the lady ought to be as completely at home as in talking about "Stage Struck" folks. That she will draw some charming pictures of the brilliant French capital, get off some capital puns, tell some laughable stories, and otherwise fill her evening with pleasantness, no one can doubt who has ever heard her speak. Miss Logan resided in Paris for seven years.

THE BANJO MATCH.—The Dobson Brothers and Chas. T. Plumer had a final meeting at Sandy Spencer's on Tuesday evening, Dec. 8th, when every arrangement was made for the banjo match, to take place at the Cooper Institute on Monday evening, Dec. 28th, for, it is said, a purse of one thousand dollars and the championship. Mr. Spencer was selected as the stakeholder. The referee and judges were satisfactorily agreed upon, and their names will be announced on the 27th inst. The following articles of agreement were subscribed to:—We, Chas. E. Dobson and Chas. T. Plumer, agree to meet at the Cooper Institute, on Monday evening, Dec. 28th, 1868, in presence of the public, and to there have a trial of skill in banjo playing, for a purse of one thousand dollars—$500 a side. The trial of skill to be conducted on thorough musical principles. Two judges and a referee are to decide as to who is the superior artist in the several styles and capabilities and characteristics of the banjo; their decision is to be final, and these officers are to be qualified in musical skill. Seven pieces of music, selected by the players, are to be the limit of each contest. The articles of agreement, the conditions of which are as above, are signed by Chas. T. Plumer and Chas. E. Dobson.

AS THE TREE APPROACHES for the opening of Booth's new Theatre, the manager is besieged with piles of letters from parties in this city, as well as in various cities in the country, requesting engagements for the first night. Mr. Booth is desirous of obliging all, but to commence securing seats at this early day would be unfair to many of his friends who cannot get them, and he is determined, so far as it lays in his power, to prevent the best part of the house falling into the hands of speculators, who would demand such an advance on each seat that it would tend to do considerable injury to the house. Already one speculator has offered $500 for one hundred seats, which has been refused, and up to the present writing no reservation of seats whatever has been made, excepting to the press. It is suggested by many friends to Mr. Booth, that the seats be put up at public auction a few days before the opening, thereby giving all the same chance. There is no doubt but what this would be the most satisfactory way, but as yet no seats have been secured or promised to any one.

THE COMPANY engaged in this city by Barrett & McCullough, for the new Bush Street Theatre, San Francisco, sail on the 16th inst. for that city. Among those who go are W. Sedley Smith, John T. Raymond and wife, Fanny Marsh, Hattie Johnson, George Middleton, Louise Maitland, E. B. Holmes, W. T. and C. D. Burroughs, Edwin S. Marble, and Lorraine Rogers, business manager.

"THE FOUR QUARTERS OF THE GLOBE" formed the subject of the entree at the New York Circus the past week, and is announced for the current week. Caroline Rosland continues her dashing and graceful feats of equestrianism on the bare back of her noble charger, and the Melville Family—who are no doubt, without superiors in their classic groupings—continue their pleasing, graceful and daring feats. Robert Stickney, one of the best principal riders in the business, does a pad act, and the entire company do the leaping act. For the current week Wi ham Conrad reappears, with his trained dogs, and the educated mules conclude one of the best circus performances ever given in this city. It continues good at this house, particularly on Saturday afternoons.

"BONE SQUASH DIABLO," one of Daddy Rice's most popular operas, is to be given by the San Francisco Minstrels this evening, after considerable preparation. The production of old Ethiopian operas like this is a step in the right direction, and will remind us more of Ethiopian minstrelsy of other days than the production of burlesque operas, no matter how magnificently they may be gotten up. Of late years minstrelsy has been undergoing a terrible ordeal, so much so that all traces of minstrelsy as it was in the days of E. P. Christy have been lost sight of. Minstrel managers, like managers of the leading theatres of the country, have been paying their attention to the production of burlesques on many of the operas of the day with magnificent scenery, costly wardrobe and appointments, to produce at considerable expense, but in very few instances have they proved a success, or paid for the outlay. While some of them have been slightly on the extravaganza order and laughable, others have been produced with only one principal character, the balance of the parts being only "fill ups."

HAVENS' MINSTRELS gave a pretty good show the past week, and offer a programme this week replete with new acts, new songs and new faces. F. St. Clair, tenor, joins the company, and Raphael De Solla, the boy tenor, who has made a most favorable impression, remains. "Genevieve de Bryant," a burlesque on the two soldiers in the opera of "Genevieve De Brabant," is one of the most mirth provoking acts we have witnessed in a long time. Dan Bryant takes off Gabel in capital style. He was *encored* every evening from two to three times. Neice Seymour as the "Belle Helier," is ludicrously funny. The burlesque of "Ill True-Bad-Doer" continues. A *matinee* is given on Saturday afternoon.

WHEN "HUMPTY DUMPTY" is withdrawn from the boards of the Olympic, we shall have something new to write about this popular establishment, but judging by the continued good houses, that time appears to be some time hence. The three hundred and tenth performance is announced to take place this evening. A greater success in the pantomimic, spectacular or dramatic line has never been witnessed in this city, and all connected with its production are proud of its success. On the evening of the 7th inst. at the conclusion of the performance, the orchestra serenaded Manager Hayes and G. L. Fox at their residences on the occasion of the three hundredth representation of this pantomime.

TONY PASTOR proposes to take his patrons this week on a tour around the world, showing them all the sights, and to carry out this idea has secured a panorama measuring two hundred feet in length, upon which is painted many objects of interest in America, England, Ireland, Scotland &c., and invites the general public to his Opera House any evening this week and see the sights. In addition to this, Frank Dillon, the comique, lately arrived from London, puts in an appearance; also the Torree Brothers, gymnasts, and Johnny Thompson, the popular Ethiopian comedian, whose continued illness prevented him from appearing the past week.

KELLY AND LEON'S MINSTRELS offer an attractive programme for the current week, consisting, among other good things announced, the burlesque sketch entitled "The lame Cats" and a burlesque on "Barber Blu," with Kelly as Barber Blu, J. H. Surridge, tenor, and Mr. Myers, basso, appear. Harry Raynor having retired from the tamborine end, Dick Carroll jingles it this week. All the new patent iron chairs have been placed in the parquet circle in place of the long benches, and are very comfortable.

THE TABERNACLE is fast approaching completion, and it is thought will be ready for the opening next week, probably on the 23d, if not sooner. The stage is built, parquet and circle all built, and the upper gallery has been torn out and new seats made. Already it presents a very attractive appearance, and when done, will no doubt be one of the handsomest and most comfortable places in the city. Leonard Grover, the manager, is on the go all the time, pushing forward its completion. On reaching the main entrance we find large rooms on each side, devoted to conversation and smoking purposes; one of these will be used as a reading room, where the latest telegraphic news will be found. Ascending a flight of stairs, we come to an extensive scale, where everything that the public can afford will be served up, smoking hot. Reaching a flight of stairs, we come to the parquet and circle, similar in design to Niblo's Garden. The proscenium is already decorated, and the drop curtain is a representation of Lake Como. The proscenium pillars are flanked by a pair of bronze statues, supporting candelabra, representing a Gaul and a Pictish warrior. The stage has four entrances each side. The audit rium has undergone a complete transformation. The floor slopes from the wall to the foot of the stage, and will be seated with chairs similar to those at Niblo's. The orchestra, which will be a large one, will be under the direction of Sig. Operti, of Europe. A new burlesque company will appear on the opening night, in a new extravaganza, written by H. B. Farnie, "Punch and Judy" will be one of the features of the evening's amusement. On the opening night an inaugural address, written by A. Oakey Hall, will be delivered by Matilda Heron, and the entire company performing the past week at the Holliday Street Theatre appear.

THE WORRELL SISTERS, after an extended starring tour, which has been successful, reopen at their favorite theatre this evening in an English version of "Barbe Bleu" adapted by J. P. Ware, who localized "Ixion" for Wood's Museum. It will be presented with all the original music, arranged by Mr. Tissington, and with the following cast:—Blue Beard, Sophie Worrell; Fleurette, Irene Worrell; Boulotte, Jennie Worrell; King Bab-che, Geo. Lingard; Prince Saphir, Fannie Prestige; Count Oscar, S. B. Villa, and Popatani, Charles Morton. The burlesque of "The Field of the Cloth of Gold" is in active preparation for the Sisters. This week the old pieces will be resumed, and after nine o'clock each evening the admission to orchestra seats will be only half price.

Dramatic.

FANNY JANAUSCHEK opens at Mozart Hall, Cincinnati, O., on the 14th, with her company, who produce "Mary Stuart," "Bride of Messina" and "Deborah." The admission is put at one dollar, with fifty cents extra for reserved seats, and it is thought doubtful whether she can draw at those rates, even with the assistance of the Germans "over the Rhine."

MR. A. MALLEN is sick in Dubuque, Ia., with the ague, and unable to play.

EMMA WALLER appeared at the Theatre Royal, Montreal, the past week, in "The Duchess of Malfi," "Mary Stuart" and other pieces.

THE POOLE DRAMATIC SEASON was inaugurated at the Metropolitan Theatre, San Francisco, Cal., on Nov. 21st, and up to last advices had been a success. The season opened with the production of the drama entitled "The Dream of Destiny," the leading characters being sustained by J. A. Herne, Harry Courtaine, Wm. Barry, Harry Hawk, J. Harrison, Mrs. Sophie Edwin and Mrs. E. F. Keach. Mr. Herne's Paul of Toledo is said to have been a studied, careful, and very impressive effort, and the Mareswoa of Mrs. Sophie Edwin was a vividly effective portrayal. "The Dream of Destiny" was withdrawn on Nov. 26 h. "The Groves of Blarney," "Dick Tarpin" and "Tom King," were given. Mme. Marselius and Mlle. Julia Lehman, *danseuses*, appear each evening. Mr. Poole has got a good company, with Harry Courtaine as stage manager.

CHARLES WHEATLEIGH has been running "After Dark" at the Opera House, San Francisco. The "Lancashire Lass" was in active preparation at last advices.

IN PHILADELPHIA, the approach of the holiday season is beginning, as usual, to have its effect upon theatricals, shopping for the customary Christmas presents requiring the time as well as money of the good people of that burgh. The stores are arrayed in all the fanciful paraphernalia so attractive to purchasers, and the juveniles are in great glee over the coming advent of Kriss Kringle, as that good old gentleman is still called in the Quaker City, notwithstanding that the "great metropolis" will persist in styling him Santa Claus. Christmas is the great juvenile holiday in Philadelphia, and even those of a larger growth look upon it as *the* festive season of all the year. It is as nee sary for Philadelphians to give and receive presents on Christmas Day as it is for New York to keep open house and make calls on New Year's Day. And thus it is that, at this particular time, the stores have more attraction for the people than the theatres, and those in it, also, that a portion of the ample funds go into children's stockings instead of into the treasury boxes of the theatres..... The most noticeable event of the past week was the presentation of Col. Fitzgerald's new play, "Wolves at Bay," produced for the first time on Monday evening, Dec. 7, at Mrs. John Drew's Arch Street Theatre, to a crowded house. The new play is mainly founded on old materials, a strike among workmen in an iron mill in Pennsylvania being the pivot on which the plot of the play hinges. These strikers are emboldened by the advice and assistance of a clerk of the mill owner, the said villainous clerk having once committed forgery on his employer. The strike assumes such formidable dimensions that it is deemed necessary to send for the military to put down the rioters. Aware of this fact, the strikers cut the trellis work of a bridge over which the train carrying the soldiers is to pass. The daughter of the mill owner, having ascertained the infernal designs of the rioters, hastens to the bridge in the hope of being able to save the passengers. The bridge is a lofty one for a theatre, but the daughter climbs to the top as she hears the whistle of the locomotive; instantly she waves a signal of danger, but ere the full speed of the train is checked the locomotive reaches the bridge and plunges through, while the passenger cars are preserved on "the edge of the dread abyss." One of the gang attempts to kill the daughter, but he is shot to death before he can accomplish his end. Villainy is punished, as usual, while virtue, and all that sort of thing, finds its due reward in orthodox style, the lovers of the piece being made supremely happy in the union of hearts and hands. To say that "Wolves at Bay" is a popular success would be to falsify the record, and yet it is not really bad. It contains some good points and telling situations, the most effective being the precipitation of the locomotive through the broken bridge; the effect of this scene might have been heightened by toppling over at least *one* of the passenger cars, and thereby crushing a few of the unfortunate passengers to death; people are not satisfied with a railroad catastrophe where no one is killed. The press of the city has been extremely lenient to the author—an editor himself—and bestowed rather too much praise upon the Colonel's handiwork for his own good; for if nothing is said concerning the *faults* of a new play, the author will take it for granted that it *has* no faults. Although "Wolves at Bay" was intended for the holiday attraction, its reception does not warrant the management in

farce of "Ixion," besides other attractions. Billy Sheppard, who joined the company last week, on the tambourine end, has been most favorably received, both on the end and in the olio. He has already made a hit. John Mulligan and Dave Reed are established favorites. At the Williamsburgh house the burlesque of "The Lankysire Lass," produced last week to laughable audiences, will hold the boards. Joe Mack, the eccentric comedian, puts in a first appearance. Among the other acts given are "The Kitchen Belle," "We Die to Live," and "Brown's Horse."

"JACK AND GILL" is to be produced by Carncross & Dixey's Minstrels, Philadelphia, as their holiday pantomime.

A FIRST CLASS ETHIOPIAN COMEDIAN is wanted by Fisk & Thornton, who advertise in another column.

FISH AND THORNTON'S MINSTRELS will be at Little Falls, N. Y., on the 14th and 15th; Fort Plain, 16th and 17th; Amsterdam, 18th and 19th; Schenectady, 21st and 22d; Albany, 23d; Springfield, Mass., 24th, and Providence, R. I., 25th and 26th.

FRANK WELLS, late of Newcomb's Minstrels, was on board the ill-fated America, and barely escaped with his life, but he lost all his wardrobe. He is at present in Cincinnati, trying to recover damages.

HAVERLY'S MINSTRELS perform in Columbus, Ohio, on the 16th and 17th.

BUCKLEY'S SERENADERS will put in one night at Music Hall, New Haven, Ct., Dec. 18th. H. E. Parmlee is advance agent.

THE CHAMPION BONE PERFORMER, Joe Mack, states that he is prepared to make a match with any bone soloist in the country for the championship, the trial to consist of style, execution and time, and that the contest take place in the city of New York.

ARLINGTON'S MINSTRELS held forth at Library Hall, Newark, N. J., on the 9th inst., to a crowded house. Sam Price has the bone end and Arlington attends to the tambo. The vocal and instrumental music is pronounced good. The singing of Mr. T. L'Estrange was a feature of the entertainment, and brought forth loud applause. Arlington was as funny as ever, and kept the audience in a continual roar. D. L. Morris gave his burlesque of "Richard No. 3," introducing new features and hits. It is a very laughable piece, and, as played by Mr. Morris, convulses the audience......Cool Burgess' Minstrels showed at Library Hall on the 10th and 11th inst. to good houses. Our correspondent remarks "that the company give a good entertainment, but not equal to the one given by Arlington the night previous. Burgess has the "Trip Around the World" panorama, which constitutes the first part of the show. Cool is as funny as ever, and contributes his share to the entertainment, but the support given from the other end is very tame. Mr. Mortimer sang very nicely, and received an *encore*."

EMERSON, ALLEN AND MANNING'S MINSTRELS, of Cincinnati, had a touch of business last week suited to the hard times. As Billy Manning remarked one night, the house was light enough to dispense with the gas. John Rushton made his first appearance during the week in clog exercises and a sailor's hornpipe. Billy Emerson did not give his song and dance, but substituted instead a jumble of everything, under the title of "Jumping Jack." Manning sang "Hark, I hear an Angel Sing" very pathetically, and Allen appeared again in his last song and dance, "Josephus Orange Blossom." The Reynolds Brothers appeared in a double song and dance; their dancing is much better than their singing. Allen's oft-acted farce, "Hit him Again," wound up the programme. The prize-fight between Bayton and Lafferty afforded food for a good many "gags," particularly on the night after the mill, when Gallagher, Halloran, and others of the boys were present. Dick Parker, late of this troupe, is playing at the Fourth Street Varieties, of which he has become manager.

HARRY SANDERSON, Ethiopian comedian, advertises for brief engagements.

Circuses.

MARTINI CHIRISKI, juggler, advertises that he can be engaged.

DAN CASTELLO'S CIRCUS will appear in Mobile during holiday week, and go into winter quarters there......Mr. Bailey, of Lake's concern, was in that city on the 3d, looking around to see what the chances were for that party to open .... Fred Shaw, clown and variety performer, paid a flying visit to Mobile on the 2d.

AMES' CIRCUS opened in the Mobile Theatre on Nov. 30th. Our correspondent says:—"The party is in every respect a first class one, and gave general satisfaction. Among its chief attractions are Lucille Watson, Eugenie, the 'lion queen;' Herr E. Lingle, who performs his animals outside of the cage, in the ring; the Miaco Brothers, Harry Tibbs and his trained horse, 'Stonewall;' J. H. Smith, and Johnny Lawton, clown. Lawton does not worry the audience with the usual old budget of jokes and stories, but has a flow of running wit that is refreshing and pleasing. Mr. Johnson performed the baby elephant, 'Bismarck,' for the first time to an audience, on the opening night. The concern goes from here to Texas, where they will travel during the winter."

STONE & MURRAY'S CIRCUS exhibited in Marion, Ala., on the 8th inst., and was followed on the 11th by Lake's Hippo-Olympiad.

CHAS. NOYES' Circus exhibits in Vicksburg, Miss., on the 14th and 15th inst.

THIS IS THE LAST week of the Jas. Robinson party at the Chestnut st. Theatre, Philadelphia, a new troupe being announced to open there next week.

MRS. CHARLES WARNER is announced to open the Philadelphia Circus, corner of Tenth and Callowhill sts., on Saturday evening, 19th inst. In the company are Mrs. Warner, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Hemmings, Jas. Hemmings, Luke Rivers, Tournaire Brothers, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Rivers, W. La Rue, Peter Conklin, F. Brian, Charles Tesse, etc. Cheap rates of admission are to be the rule, twenty-five cents being the price to all parts of the house.

THE COMPANY at present performing at the Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, including James Robinson and Son, open at the Front Street Theatre, Baltimore, Md., on the 21st, and a new organization appears at the Chestnut st. house.

ALBERT AYMAR, clown and general performer, advertises for an engagement for the season of 1869.

Music Halls.

MARIAN, wife of George R. Edeson, the well known comic vocalist, died in Pittsburgh, Pa., on Dec. 8th, of inflammation of the bowels, after only a week's sickness. She leaves a child only six months old.

THE MELODEON, Bryan City, Texas, was short lived, having closed on Nov. 26th with a benefit to Sallie McVeigh. Pretty waiter girls were in attendance.

LOLA'S MUSIC HALL, WASHINGTON, D. C., is reported as doing a good business. On Monday, 14th inst, Annie H. Hall, the Australian vocalist, makes her first appearance there. A lady vocalist and twelve ladies for *corps de ballet*, capable of doing solo dances, are wanted. See advertisement in another column.

MISS ANNA, jig dancer, can be engaged. See her card else where.

AT THE VARIETIES, Mobile, Ala., business during the week ending Dec. 5th was rather bad, owing to the counter attractions of the circus and no novelties being presented. The company has dwindled down to Johnny Keegan, Dave Williams, Geo. Caulfied and Miss Lotta Starr.

THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Kansas City, Mo., closed on Dec. 5th, after nine weeks of poor business. John Denier, Miss Willett, Tommy Queen, C. Richards and A. Barron remain there, with D. K. Russell. Manager Scott, wife and daughter Elise, went to St. Louis. Little Jonny Burnett went to Chicago with his father, J. G. Burnett, to play at the Crosby Opera House. The place re-opens with Sam Hubbard and wife, from Little Rock, and Miss Willett. The latter will do the "Dandy Pat," presented to her by Mr. Carleton. The citizens have raised a purse for John Denier, who is to cross the Missouri river there on a rope, as soon as the weather will permit.

A VISIT to the Metropolitan Music Hall, Washington, D. C., will well repay a visitor at the present time, so says our correspondent, "Novice," who adds:—"Manager Henze, through his efficient stage manager, G. L. Hall, is constantly adding to the attractions, and the troupe engaged is complete and well organized. The latest addition to the company is in the person of Miss Annie Hindle, announced as the London sensation. Miss Hindle made her first appearance on the 7th inst. As the lady had been extensively advertised, the large audience in attendance was on the *qui vive* to see and hear her. Miss Hindle is of medium stature, with a pleasing figure and voice. The Lingard style of business is the lady's *forte*. She first appeared as a gent of the first water and sang 'Pretty Jemima;' after which, as a gent in the army, with song, 'The Perambulator;' followed by the Washington fop, with the song 'On a Seventh Street Car;' concluding with the lively young swell, with an amusing song called 'Racketty Jack.' The changes were cleverly executed and the songs given with a vim and dash that was really refreshing. Miss Hindle has a habit, however, of humming the interludes to each song, which greatly detracts from her singing and which would not meet with approval in your city. In the first part Mr. Hall sang 'Kiss Me Good Night, Mother;' Charlie Howard, tamborinist, 'Constantina Brown;' Viola Clifton, 'Annie Lee;' Johnny Harris, 'Kissing and Colic;' and Kate Clare, 'Mary Aileen.' Charlie Howard is a late accession to the company and is a valuable one; he is one of the most original Ethiopian performers I have seen at this hall for some time. He has a very funny way of giving puns, and, they are not of the ancient kind, but good and fresh. Mr Howard gives a description of a 'cullered meetin',' in which he capitally imitates the singing of old women. Johnny Harris has at last discarded his old end gags and now indulges in a selection of original ones. Nelly Edwards meets with increased favor, the secret of which is, she sings the very latest songs and dresses accordingly."

FRANK WILD has opened a counter attraction at Washington st., Buffalo, N. Y. Louisa Birch Clark and Norman, cloggists and Ethiopean personators, are the principal attractions.

OPERA HALL, Hamilton, Ohio, is advertised to rent; it is centrally located, and holds about one thousand persons.

MANAGER GREGORY has engaged the Pyne Galton English troupe for his Theatre Comique, Philadelphia. The Gregory Family, M'lle Gertrude and her dogs, Ethardo, the Ascensionist, M'lle Augusta, Leona Cavender, and Little Bessie are in the last week of their engagement.

THE CONTINENTAL HALL, GREENPOINT, N. Y., is advertised to let for balls, concerts, minstrels, and lectures. See card in another column.

THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, New Orleans, continues on the even tenor of its way, with no new faces, but an occasional change of programme. M'lle Turnour, the female gymnast, has been the prinipal card, but has taken her departure for Mobile Ala. In deference to the numerous requests to the management by many of the citizens who have been restrained from witnesssing the perilous feats of M'lle Turnour, through fear of an accident to the daring young gymnast, they had a net of sufficient size and dimensions, so as to preclude all danger and allay the fears of the most timid, suspended beneath the trapeze, upon which the lady performed......At the Olympic the main cards have been "Robinson and his Donkey," Garcia Cummings, Addie St. Clair, and Fred, T. Shaw and his burlesque on the "Black Crook," entitled the "Black Book." The burlesque is pronounced fair, and is replete with good hits. It was first produced by Fred. at Esher's Theatre Comique, St. Louis, Mo., last summer, with success......Luke Schoolcraft, who has been dangerously ill in New Orleans for some time, was at last advices considered out of danger, although not able to leave his bed.

OXFORD MUSIC HALL, Cincinnati, the new name of the Fourth Street Varieties, is now owned by Kappes and Parker the latter being Dick Parker, the banjoist, late of the Emerson and Allen's minstrels He takes the tambourine end, and is also stage manager. Tom Clannon is the bones. The rest of the company is composed of Prof. Miller, Lew Cavans, Master Reed, Belle Miller, Rosa Lee, Mary Russell, and Celia Iferd. Miss Belle Miller had a benefit on the 10th, when a number of volunteers appeared......The Sixth Street Varieties is doing a flourishing business. Sullivan, the principal comedian, does a good act entitled the "Teutonic Warbler." Charley Bartine has severed his connection with the establishment..... The Race Street Varieties does a very fair business. There is nothing new to report about the company. So writes our correspondent.

THE NEW AMERICAN THEATRE, Baltimore, Md., among other cards, brought out the past week a new sensation in the shape of Louisa Boshell, who is said to perform on the slack wire with dexterity and grace, and is certainly a child wonder of great merit. Billy Hart, a professor of burnt cork and an old favorite there, does a song and dance in his peculiar style, and seldom fails to receive the marks of approval so desirable to an artist. Kitty Lee is pronounced a pleasing *danseuse*, possesses a good figure and thoroughly understands her business.

THE UNION MUSIC HALL, New Haven, Conn., is in full blast at present, Charlie Hall, J. B. Whitman, Nellie Huntley and Tom Baner being the attractions, the latter doing Lingard's business. Doc Hurd, the tumbler juggler, retains his old "posish."

AT THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Cleveland, Ohio, notwithstanding the strong counter attractions, business is said to have been good the past week, and many novelties have been offered.

AT THE BALTIMORE OPERA HOUSE the Can-Can continues the attraction. During the past week new features and cards have been introduced; among them M'lle LeFavre, who does the statuary business, and is really graceful in her *poses*. Our correspondent says:—"I would suggest that some new gags be introduced in the sayings and doings of the Can-can. The 'Hunkidor' negro act of Hart and McIntyre is humorous and replete with laughable effects, Millie Bequet and M'lle Louette have been added to the *ballet*, and Miss Bradden to the vocal department."

Miscellaneous.

HEYWOOD'S PANORAMA will be unrolled in Phoenix, R. I., on the 16th and 17th; Compton, 18th; and Woonsocket, 19th.

"ALLYNE," the prestidigitateur, appears at the St. James Hall, Buffalo, on the 12th inst.

OLE BULL concertizes in Harrisburg on the 15th, and Reading, Pa., on the 17th.

JAMES E. MURDOCH will give a reading in Williamsport, Pa., on the 15th.

PROF. HUTCHINGS, "Lightning Calculator," delivered one of his lectures at Carlisle Pa., on the 7th.

MISS GEORGIE DEAN HARLAND, assisted by R. H. Levere, Bessie Davis and Alex. Vincent, gave an entertainment at Morristown, Pa., on the 12th.

JOHN B. GOUGH will deliver a lecture on Jan. 11th in Harrisburg, Pa., for the benefit of the friendless of that city.

GEORGE B. WOOLDRIDGE, better known as "Tom Quick, the Old Sport," for the past ten years, died at his residence, White Lake, Sullivan Co., N. Y., on Dec 7th. Of late years, having met with a painful accident, resulting in the sacrifice of a limb, he has continued his literary efforts with the proprietorship of the Grove Hotel, at White Lake. He leaves a large family to mourn his untimely "taking off," among them a brother attached to the detective force in this city. In 1843 he went to Europe, as Manager, with the Virginia Minstrels, consisting of Dan Emmit, Frank Brower, Billy Whitlock, and Dick Pelham.

A PARTNER with a few hundreds of dollars is advertised for in another column by J. C. Robinson.

PAREPA ROSA'S CONCERT TROUPE appear in Cleveland, Ohio, on the 15th inst.

SPAULDING'S BELL RINGERS had two full houses at Scranton, Pa., on the 7th and 8th, and were to appear at Great Bend the 9th, and Binghamton, N. Y., 11th and 12th.

SIG. FRANCISCO, magician, arrived in Kansas City, Mo.. on Dec. 6th, after an extended tour in Southern Kansas.

A YOUTH OF NINETEEN SUMMERS advertises in another column for a position as an assistant to a magician.

THE CONTINENTALS sang in Erie, Pa., on the 7th; Granville, 8th, and Lancaster, 9th. Frank Lamb, humorist, formerly of Father Baldwin's Old Folks, has joined them.

HOWORTH'S PANORAMA is traveling through Canada by wagon conveyance.

"IKE PARTINGTON" gave a lecture called "The Great Question," in Cleveland, O., on Dec. 11th.

SIGNORINA OBERTI, *premiere danseuse*, from the Venetian and Parisian theatres, announces, in a card elsewhere, that she is open for long or short engagements with responsible managers.

HENRY SPARKS, tent maker, publishes a card to showmen in our advertising columns.

LIBERTY HALL, East Liberty, Pa., is advertised. It has stage and dressing rooms. Population of town about 10,000.

BROWN'S HALL, Rockport, Ill., having a seating capacity of one thousand, with stage, scenery and dressing rooms; is lit with gas and can furnish orchestra, is advertised in another column.

MATTISON HALL is the title of a new hall at Washington, N. J., which is advertised for rent elsewhere in this issue.

A. G. COOPER, concertina player, or any other first class player on the instrument, wishing a winter engagement, should address as per card in advertising columns.

NOT CORRECT.—A notice, copied from another paper, recently appeared in the CLIPPER, which seems to have done injustice to Madame Parepa Rosa, as will be seen by a card from that lady, which we append. As we gave publicity to the report in question, we cheerfully make the *amende* by publishing Mad. Parepa Rosa's contradiction. Read it:—

CARD.—MILWAUKEE, Dec. 3d, 1868.—EDITOR NEW YORK CLIPPER—Seeing in your paper of Nov. 28th a statement of things which I am supposed to have done, and which never happened, in justice to myself and public opinion, I beg to state that in San Francisco I was never asked to sing for the Orphan Asylum; had I been, I would willingly have done so, as on other occasions; consequently, could not send in a bill! The concert in Dayton, Nevada, was postponed in consequence of Signor Ferranti's illness; Mr. Rosa, myself and Mr. Brookhouse Bowler not being in sufficient numbers to make out the programme for an entire concert. As to the remark quoted from the *Sacramento Union*, I think any personal allusion to anything but my profession, uncalled for. As to Mr. Bateman's "spoiling me," I *sang* and he *paid* me; so I consider he spoilt *me* about as much as I spoilt *him*, if attending to our mutual obligations is termed spoiling! Hoping you will insert this explanation as soon as possible, believe me, sir, yours truly,

EUPHRASYNE PAREPA ROSA.

BARRY ALLEN advertises that he composes words to music; also translates songs from the German.

THE DAVENPORT BROTHERS are announced to "seancize" in Buffalo, N. Y., on the 14th and 15th inst.

MONS. EUGENE THIODON, who came to this country several years ago and exhibited the Fantocini Figures in Philadelphia fifteen years ago, and afterwards traveled with the Museum of Arts," among which was an automaton wire dancer, died in Philadelphia on the 7th instant, in the forty-fifth year of his age.

VAN HAMME'S BALLET TROUPE appeared in Baldwinsville, N. Y., on the 8th and 9th; Fulton, 10th; Romeo, 11th, and Schenectady, 12th. Charles Melville left the company as agent at Syracuse, N. Y., where he took a benefit on the 7th, and A. H. Peare volunteered. Mr. Melville was sued in Syracuse by the publisher of the *Times and Playbill*, a sheet used in places of amusement as the programme for $15 advertising. Mr. Melville nonsuited him, the publisher not putting in an appearance. Melville says that the advertisement was inserted without any orders.

"THE INVISIBLE CHARACTERS OF SHAKESPEARE," a new lecture by Prof. Geo. Clair, was delivered by that gentleman on Sunday evening, Dec. 6th, in Troy, N. Y., to a large audience. It is pronounced a novel and excellent discourse, full of thought and scholarly research.

GRAU'S GIFT TROUPE perform in Indianapolis, Ind., all this week.

THE SHADOW PANTOMIME, with everything complete to form a miniature theatre for parlor amusement, can be had per mail by addressing Thomas Yates as per advertisement in another column.

NEW MUSIC FOR THE BANJO, banjos and a work on jig and clog dancing, may be procured of the accomplished banjoist, J. K. Buckley. He may be addressed as per advertisement in another column.

AMES' MUSEUM on St. Charles street, New Orleans, is doing pretty well, the principal attraction being Mrs. Briggs (the little woman) a two-headed girl, Ella Eugene and Herr Leugel, the lion king; also a "man fish" does Harry Gurr's feats under water.

OLIVE LOGAN lectures in Salem, Mass., on the 17th and Fall River 18th.

OLD BULL, who was neither drowned nor found dead on the river O-hi-o, during the late steamboat collision, is to give two concerts, afternoon and evening, on Saturday, Dec. 19th, at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia. He is to be assisted by Miss Barton, of Boston, soprano; Gustavus F. Hall, baritone; and Egbert Lansing, pianist.

P. T. BARNUM lectures on "Money Getting" at Concert Hall, Philadelphia, on Dec. 23d.

THE HANLON BROTHERS were at Snyder's Opera House, Lafayette, Ind., on the 1st and 2d, and at the Metropolitan Theatre, Indianapolis, on the 3d, 4th and 5th. In the latter city they are said to have been quite successful, though stormy weather prevailed. They commenced a six nights' engagement at Weisiger Hall, Louisville, Ky., on the 7th, concerning which a correspondent in that city writes:—"A more disagreeable night than that selected by the Hanlons for their *debut* is rarely seen in Kentucky. Hail and snow fell, while the wind blew a gale, the mud in our streets was ankle deep, and it seemed improbable that any one would venture out to a place of amusement. Not fearing the elements myself, I dropped in at Weisiger Hall, and was surprised to find a very respectable audience, constituting, I should judge, a three hundred dollar house. The performance was a most pleasing affair, and where all the artists are really first class it is hard to particularize. The audience seemed attracted by the Hanlon pupils, who are styled the "Three Midgets," and whose acrobatic feats are truly astonishing. Mr. and Mrs. Brennan are very talented burlesque performers, and were vociferously *encored* in their comic duets. Their names, however, were not in the bill, and I learned that they have recently joined the company. Our old Louisville favorite, Emily Thorne, appeared as a balladist, and her voice has lost none of its sweetness since last we heard it. The harpist, Blamphin, is assuredly a great artist, and was deservedly welcomed, while the concertina, though not a notable instrument, was made melodious by Mr. Sedgwick, who appeared here several years ago with Mad Bishop. The young Russian, Pfau, did a flying trapeze act, which was certainly the most daring performance ever witnessed here, though I have since learned that owing to some defect in the lights he was unable to do as much as usual. He displayed skill and nerve enough, however, to satisfy the most incredulous. One of those sudden cold snaps peculiar to our sunny south occurred on the 8th, but the Hanlons' business improved, and they have every prospect of a fine engagement."

A MUSICAL CONVENTION will meet at St. Albans (N. H.). January 6, and continue four days, at which George F. Root, of Chicago, is expected to be present.

PAREPA is billed for a concert in Cleveland, Ohio, on the 15th inst., assisted by Brookhouse Bowler, tenor; Sig. P. Farranti, baritone; Carl Rosa, violinist; and G. W. Coley, pianist.

AT THE CONCORDIA OPERA HOUSE, Baltimore, Max Strakosch has been catering the past week for the disciples of "Orpheus," and has been successful with Miss Clara Louise Kellogg, the American cantatrice, assisted by Mlle. Alida Topp, Sig. Petrelli, baritone, and Herr Kopta, violinist, in a series of concerts. Our correspondent says:—"Miss Kellog's voice has considerably improved since she was here last, both in volume and tone, and her appearance was the signal for a genial outburst of enthusiasm. She rendered 'Puritani' exceedingly well, and for an *encore* gave 'Home Sweet Home' with much feeling and expression. The violin solos of Herr V. Kopta enlisted the admiration of all, and his execution will compare favorably with that of Ole Bull. Mlle. Alida Topp is a pianist of great abilities, and together with Sig. Petrilli and Lotti, form a combination of rare excellence. On the 11th inst. the third act of 'Faust' was performed, with Mlle. Frida de Gebele (who was engaged especially for this occasion) as Sibel. The company have been greeted with crowded and fashionable houses at every concert.'

J. H. TAYLOR AND ALF. BURNETT open in Columbus, Ohio, on the 14th, for a few nights.

CHARLES MELVILLE, having withdrawn from the Van Hamme Troupe advertises for a situation as agent.

ON THEIR OARS.—Quite a number of agents are at present scattered through the country, some of whom are first class. William Allinson, C. Amory Bruce, Mark L. Townsend, T. D. Fitch, J. M. Wickwire, Charles Melville, Harry Tyndale, John P. Smith, Charles A. Wing and several others, are laying up.

A PARTY styled "Mack and Collins' Varieties," show in Portsmouth, N. H., on the 14th. The troupe is headed by Joseph Wermald, 'champion of the world," with John Mack, John Collins, Luke Welch, John Thompson, John Leavitt, Nellie Anderson, &c.

NEW PANORAMA.—"The Martyrs in the Catacombs" has just been completed, under the direction of Prof. J. DeLaunay, the eminent lecturer on the above subject. This painting covers more than 4,000 square feet. It is a truthful representation of the various crypts, galleries, &c., that underlie the Eternal City. It has been already exhibited at Newark and vicinity, to large and intelligent audiences, and will appear this week at Princeton, N. J. See advertisement.

MAC EVOY'S HIBERNICON has been attracting large houses at the Maryland Institute, Baltimore, and is undoubtedly one of the best paying exhibitions on the road. As a work of art it has but few equals. The Hibernicon remains there the current week.

OLE BULL and his troupe were on the steamer United States, which collided with the America and burned up. All of them were saved, and the old gentleman also rescued his violins, and consequently was happy. They did not arrive in Cincinnati in time to give the concert announced for the 12th, which they had advertised, and deferred their entertainments till the 14th and 15th of this week.

HERNANDEZ'S BALLET AND PANTOMIME TROUPE put in an appearance at Mozart Hall, Burlington, Iowa, on the 10th.

PROFESSORS ROLF AND ROMMEL gave a concert in Burlington, Iowa, on the 11th.

GRANGER'S CONCERT BAND, assisted by the Orchestral Union, give a grand concert on the 15th in Burlington, Iowa.

THE PEAK AND BERGER FAMILIES OF BELL RINGERS play in Zanesville, Ohio, on the 14th and 15th; Circleville, 16th and 17th; Lancaster, 18th and 19th; Newark, 21st; Mount Vernon, 22d and 23d; and Columbus, 24th, 25th and 26th.

LINGARD AND COMPANY appear at Wall's Opera House, Washington, all this week.

A PANORAMA on any subject but the war is wanted by an advertiser.

Amateur.

THE BOOTHENIAN ASSOCIATION, of Philadelphia, performed "Spectre Bridegroom" and "My Fellow Clerk" on Dec. 3d, with E. H. Hayhurst as Tactic. On the 7th, N. Tustin was tendered a benefit. He selected "The Ticket-of-Leave Man." Mr. Joseph M. Thomas, who has just concluded an engagement east, volunteered as Brierly, and gave, says a correspondent, "a very natural delineation of the character. Mr. Tustin as Dalton was frequently applauded throughout the play. His acting and make-up for the part was really excellent. Mr. Francis came in for a goodly share of applause as Hawkshaw. Mr. Fenno as Moss was also good, but the event of the evening was Sam, played by Miss Winters, who showed more than ordinary talent. She sang 'Not for Joe,' and received an encore. Mrs. White as Mrs. Willoughby convulsed the audience with laughter by her short speeches. May Edwards in the hands of Miss Norton received very little attention, as to business, but the lady deserves credit for being so perfect in her lines. All in all it was certainly the best performance I ever witnessed on an amateur stage."

NEW YORK DRAMATIC UNION.—At a regular meeting of the above association held at headquarters, Twenty-third street and Broadway, on Dec. 7th, the following gentlemen were elected officers of the incorporation for the ensuing year:—J. P. Sandell, President; A. K. Phillips, Vice President; F. C. Mace, Secretary; J. Cooper, Jr., Treasurer; J. T. McKever, Stage Manager; J. P. Sandell, J. Cooper, Jr., A. K. Phillips, Trustees. The association is in a flourishing condition, and intend to give an entertainment shortly.

Foreign Show News.

MABEL GREY, *nee* Miss King, is under an engagement to appear this Christmas at the Lyceum, London, Mr. E. T. Smith having, after considerable trouble, effected an engagement with her.

IT IS REPORTED in theatrical circles that Miss Furtado was married to Mr. Benjamin Webster, at Kennington, Eng., Church, on Nov. 19th.

ASTLEY'S THEATRE, London, is let to a Mr. Godderer, and the Christmas pantomime, always celebrated at this house, will be produced with the customary splendor.

MR. W. S. WOODIN returns to the Polygraphic Hall, London, at Christmas, and opens with an entirely new entertainment.

THE FIRE at Messrs. Greeves' studio, Drury Lane, London, has been most serious, much valuable theatrical property having been destroyed. Happening, too, just a month before Boxing night, makes it doubly unlucky. Among the scenery totally destroyed is the act drop painted expressly for the opening of the new Globe Theatre, and nearly the whole of some beautiful scenery and decorations designed for the forthcoming extravaganza of "Robertoil Diavolo" at the new Gaiety, two scenes painted by the Messrs. Grieve for the Christmas pantomime at the Prince's Theatre, Manchester, and nearly all that intended for the same purpose at the Theatre Royal, Dublin. It is a strange coincidence that the scenery for the Dublin Theatre fell a victim to the devastating element last year as Mr. Tolbin was painting it at her Majesty's Theatre, and it was nearly completed when that building was destroyed.

DR. HENRY LAUBE, the dramatist, will become lessee and manager of the two city theatres at Leipsic in February.

ULMANN is again traveling on the continent with his concert troupe, which includes Carlotta Patti, Vieuxtemps, Jaell, Godefroid and Bottesini.

IN GERMANY audiences are attracted to musical entertainments by the names of the composers whose works are to be performed; in England and in this country, by the names of the performers.

MLLE NILSSON has concluded an engagement with an English Concert Society upon the extraordinary terms of eight thousand pounds for two months, two concerts per week; one fourth of this sum to be paid in advance, besides the expenses of herself and three companions.

TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF ROSSINI.—At the Communal Theatre of Turin a mark of respect was rendered to Rossini on the evening of the 15th of Nov. After the second act, the curtain rose upon the stage hung with black, and the whole of the company, wearing crape scarfs, were perceived standing round a bust of the deceased maestro. The audience at once rose and remained uncovered while the orchestra played a symphony made up of music from the "Gazza Ladra."

LONDON THEATRES.—"A Loving Cup" is the title of a new serio comic drama, by Mr. Haliiday, produced at the Royalty Theatre on Nov. 26. Its whole action takes place in the parlor or in the garden of a public house. The whole incident it contains is the theft of a presentation cup belonging to the landlord, and its whole characters consist of the frequenters of the parlor, or of those whose duty it is to minister to their wants. An innkeeper, three of his women-folk, and three of his customers constitute the whole of the *dramatis personæ*. To compensate for absence of action there is complete absence of accessories. Real champaign comes frothing out of real bottles, and tobacco boxes require the insertion of real halfpence to open their springs, and real pewter pots, battered and bent after approved fashion, are served up with what may be real porter......The Pavilion reopened on Nov. 23d with the sensation drama of "Danger," introducing the real shower of rain and the steam engine......Sadler's Wells is once more under the management of Miss Hazlewood. On Nov. 23d "Stolen" ("Nobody's Daughter") was produced, with Miss Hazlewood as Mrs. Brewer......."The Grande Duchesse" was brought out at the Standard on Nov. 23d, introducing the Covent Garden company of singers, including Julia Matthews, M. Aynesly Cook, Frank Matthews, Wilford Morgan, Mad. Albertazzi and others, under the management of Mr. Douglas......"Jolly Joe" is the title of a new drama full of sensational scenes and situations, produced at the Alexandra on Nov. 23d ....."Curling Tongs and Irons" is a laughable absurdity presented at the Grecian on Nov. 23d......A new drama produced at the Britannia on Nov. 23d, under the title of "The Scarlet Mark," is a piece in which strong incidents and exciting situations are said to be liberally employed ....At the Lyceum Mrs. Hermann Vezin was taken suddenly ill on the afternoon of November 24th, and the notice being so short, Mr. E. T. Smith was compelled to close the theatre that evening. On the 25th and during the week Miss Palmer represented the Lady of Montreville in Lord Lytton's play of "The Rightful Heir," and Miss M. Saunders took the character originally enacted by Miss Palmer. No change has occurred at Drury Lane, Haymarket, Adelphi, Princess', Queen's Olympic, Strand, Prince of Wales', Holborn, or Surrey Theatres, or Holborn Amphitheatre. At the Victoria, "The Scamps of London" has been followed by "The Wild Huntsman" (a version of the opera of *Der Freischutz*)......The Drama of "Striking the Hour" has been followed by "Waiting for the Verdict" at the New East London......Mr. Macabe has given his "Begone Dull Care" at the Royal Alfred......Charles and Carrie Austin were announced to open at the Amphitheatre on Nov. 30th, in the Zouave drill. ......Kate Bateman was announced to open in a new romantic play entitled "Pietra," on Dec. 7th, at the Haymarket. ......Bandmann was to appear as Othello, in London, at the Lyceum, on Nov 30.......John S. Clarke, the American comedian, continues his performance of "A Widow Hunt" at the Standard. Mdlle. de Mursca appears at Covent Garden on Nov. 21st as Dinorah.......Paul Herring, pantomimist, died Nov. 28th. He had been in the profession from a child and had attained a more advanced age than that usually reached by the followers of his arduous vocation. Originally engaged as the clown for Richardson's Show, he speedily acquired an extensive popularity, not only through the country, but in the metropolis, and in parts of a Wieland-like character he was especially prominent on the spacious stage of the Albert Saloon, a theatre in all but the name, existing thirty years ago in the Shepherd and Shepherdess-fields, north of the City road. At the Victoria, Surrey and other theatres he was for some years engaged as clown for the Christmas pantomimes, and of late he has been secured at Covent Garden for the part of Pantaloon. Displaying not only remarkable activity but a fund of comic humor which was peculiarly his own, Paul Herring filled a prominent place among those who will be now only pleasantly remembered by middle aged play goers as having brightened their childhood's holiday......Christy's Minstrels—The Moore and Crocker party—announced an extra performance for December 2d, in St. James' Great Hall, for the benefit of Frederick Burgess, their manager. W. P. Collins was to resume his original position as bones, and Pony Moore tambo. The company is announced as having been augmented to forty performers, consisting of seven principal tenors, six basses and baritones, four alti, one soprano, two cornets, four first violins, two second violins, two flutes, two harps, two violoncelli, one contra-basso, one trombone, and six comedians, with twenty-one pieces in the first part. In this concern is every surviving member of eminence attached to the original company taken to England in 1857, including W. P. Collins, A. Nash, I. Spiller, Joe Brown, and G. W. Moore (who succeeded the late Mr. Pierce a few months after the company arrived in that country). The late T. Christian was also a member of this troupe at the time of his decease.

WILLIAM COOPER, an old favorite with the playgoers of Brighton—where he was known as Old Potter, a character in "Still Water Runs Deep," which he had made peculiarly his own by his clever acting—died on Nov. 20th, at his residence in Brighton, after a lingering illness. He was sixty-seven years of age.

RUMOR says that Mr. Bandmann will shortly marry Miss M. Palmer, in England.

HOWARD PAUL, who is in Paris, has, it is reported, offered M. Offenbach 25,000 f. ($5,000) to write the music to a sequel to the 'Grand Duchess' under the title of "The Grand Duchess More Married than Settled," and M. Offenbach has the proposal under consideration. Mr. Paul's suggestion is that the vivacious duchess should marry Prince Paul and henpeck him; that a blacksmith should be sent for to put straight the twisted sabre, *de mon pere*, and that a legend of the celebrated sabre should be given. The libretto will be furnished by two English authors. If M. Offenbach accepts this offer it will be the first English libretto he has attempted.

MRS. ANNIE CRUSE (one of the Dashwood Sisters), died of bronchitis in England on Oct. 25th, aged 23 years.

KATE ROBERTSON, lessee of the Brecon, Eng., Theatre, died in that town on Nov. 25th, after a long illness.

KATE REIGNOLDS took a benefit on Nov. 27th at the Princes' Theatre, Manchester.

BELL AND MYERS' CIRCUS is traveling on the continent and is pronounced a great success. At Ghent, in Belgium, the receipts of this mammoth establishment amounted in three days to the large sum of 23,000 f. ($4,60[illegible].)

HARRIET, wife of Tom Carey, comic vocalist, died in Northampton, Eng., Nov. 19th, after a long and painful illness.

MISS J. HENGLER took a benefit on Nov. 20th, at New Castle-upon-Tyne, with Hengler's Cirque. The principal item in the programme was the presentation, by the *beneficiaire*, of a gold medal to the Aquatic Champion of England, James Renforth. Mr. Powell introduced Renforth, who was accompanied by his trainer, James Taylor, and with a few remarks made the presentation, amidst great cheering. The recipient returned thanks for the gift, and said that as long as he had health and strength he would do his best to retain the Championship of England.

LUCRETIA BORGIA, M. D.; OR LE GRANDE DUCHESSE," Byron's latest travesty, was produced at Theatre Royal, Manchester, Eng., Nov. 20th, with Mr. and Mrs. W. Gomersall, lately returned from America, as the Duke and Gennaro.

THE THEATRE ROYAL, Liverpool, was announced to reopen on Dec. 2d, with Barry Sullivan as Richard. Bessie King was to make her *debut* there on that occasion.

EMMA STANLEY was in Dudley, Eng., Nov. 25th.

LIZZIE WILMORE was in Belfast at last advices. She is in Liverpool Christmas week.

HENRY J. BYRON has a new and original "eccentric" comedy ready, entitled "Not Such a Fool as He Looks," in which the author intends personating the hero, Sir Simon Simple, Bart., at the Theatre Royal, Manchester.

MISS NEILSON was announced to commence an engagement in Liverpool, at the Prince of Wales' Theatre, on November 30th.

REGNIER, the brilliant actor of the French Comedy, Paris, who has played at this theatre for thirty-eight years, recently asked for his retiring pension. The manager refused to entertain his demand, and all the company went in a body to him to request him to withdraw it. He has agreed to postpone it for two years. He will then have played forty years at the French Comedy.

OFFENBACH always took care to give Baron James de Rothschild one of the best boxes at each of the first performances of his pieces. Seats, and especially boxes, are eagerly sought on these nights; many a man would pay $1,000 for a first rate box. When Offenbach heard that the Baron had secured his first vintage at Chateau Lafitte, he wrote to the great banker:—"Monsieur le Baron.—Whenever I have had a first performance I have remembered you; you now have a first performance at Chateau Lafitte; think of me. Offenbach." Baron de Rothschild sent him the following day a box of Chateau Lafitte, 1868.

"L'ENFANT DE TRENTE-SIX MERES" (The Child with Thirty-six Mothers), a four act vaudeville by MM. Guenee and Jaime *fils*, has been produced at the Theatre Dejazet, Paris. The thirty-six mothers with whom the hero is provided consist of an equal number of work girls, who have each spent a night at his bedside nursing him through a severe illness.

THE THEATRE DES DELASSEMENTS, Paris, has reopened under new management. The opening programme consists of "Nos Bons Paysans" and an old drama, "Le Secret du Soldat." This once fashionable house, after undergoing many changes, seems at length to have sunk to the level of a suburban theatre.

COMBINATION OF YOUTH AND AGE.—A son has been born to Gen. Steinmetz, the bravest of the brave at the battle of Sadowa. The father, who was born in 1796, is 72 years old, and the mother, *nee* Mlle. de Krosigk, one of the most beautiful young ladies in Prussia, just nineteen.

A TOAST FOR PRINTERS' WIVES.—In celebrating Franklin's birthday, the printers at Buffalo had "a good time," and among others the following toast was drunk; "Printers' Wives—May they always have plenty of small caps for the heads of their little original articles."

TO ANNIE.

FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

The love of this heart that is broken,
I freely bestowed upon thee;
You returned me a kiss as a token
Of love that was centered in me.
I wooed with respect that became you,
And sought you with honor and pride;
I thought not to ever defame you,
But make you my beautiful bride.

We wedded when life's gushing fountains
Were pure as the dews of the morn;
When verdure of ever green mountains
The gay halls of Christmas adorn.
I plucked thee from nature's fair garden,
As sweet and as fresh as the rose;
I thought not thy heart could e'er harden,
Or sin with thy virtue repose.

Thy love was so chaste and so smiling,
That sparkled in life's happy bowl,
Like strains of soft music beguiling,
Sweetly crept into my soul;
The winecup we fill'd to o'erflowing,
The ruby we quaffed with delight,
Thy rose tinted cheeks that were glowing,
Enraptured the soul at their sight.

With vows of the purest devotion
We glided through vistas of time;
No real or fancied emotion
Spoke ever of guilt or of crime;
No tremor of sadness or sorrow,
In honor were never remiss,
Untroubled by cares of to-morrow,
We lived in the shadows of bliss.

But quickly that bliss was declining,
The reason I could not divine;
The breast that was daily repining,
Echoed its troubles in mine;
The smile that once was my greeting,
Abandoned the throne of its grace,
And chose for each sorrowful meeting
A scowl and a frown in its place.

You left me, 'tis true, but in starting
A moment you paused at the door;
You did not deceive me at parting,
You told me you loved me no more;
The love of another so filled you
With passion, it shamed you to tell;
His magical voice so thrill'd you,
You whispered, "dear husband, farewell."

I fondly remember you, Dolly,
Though long since forgotten by you;
Though my life has been wasted in folly,
The love of my heart is still true:
FOREVER AND EVER now parted,
Sweet flower that once was so dear,
For the love that this bosom imparted
It silently craves but a tear.

J. A. LEONARD.

CAPITAL is the child and not the father of labor; and science is the daughter and not the mother of intelligence.

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BROADWAY, CORNER OF THIRTIETH STREET.
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TWO PERFORMANCES IN GRAND THEATRE.
Afternoon at 2. Evening at 7½.
Continuously CROWDED HOUSES to witness the matchless entertainment every evening, and Wednesday and Saturday Matinees, by the charming
LYDIA THOMPSON BURLESQUE TROUPE,
whose production of the great success of the season,
IXION,
THE MAN AT THE WHEEL,
is most positively limited to only ONE WEEK MORE.
LAST NIGHTS AND LAST MATINEES OF IXION! IXION! IXION!
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THE QUIET FAMILY,
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MONDAY, TUESDAY, THURSDAY and FRIDAY AFTERNOONS, the drama of the
GIANT OF PALESTINE.
Giant, Mons. Bihin—supported by the full company; to be preceded by the farce of
MY NEIGHBOR'S WIFE.
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MONDAY, DEC. 14, 1868, AND EVERY EVENING,
will be presented for the twenty-ninth time a drama by DION BOUCICAULT, entitled,
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LONDON BY F NIGHT.
DA T RK.
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THE CAST SUSTAINED BY A COMPANY ESPECIALLY SELECTED.
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Mr. GEORGE L. FOX, AS CLOWN.
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WORRELL SISTERS. WORRELL SISTERS.
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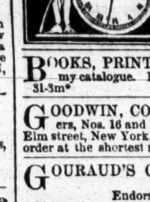

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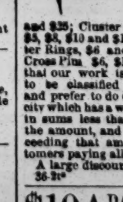

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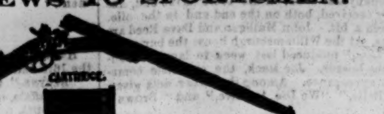

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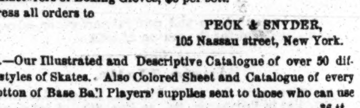

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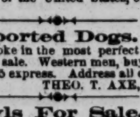

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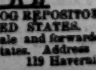

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